VOL · V AUGUST 1925 NO · 20

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

50¢ FOR ONE COPY

$5.00 BY THE YEAR

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

At college—where fashion is tempered with good taste—where popularity rests upon merit—where the favorite style reflects the dignity and refinement of the student body—*there* you will find a distinct preference for Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

ICED

Ridgways

ORANGE LABEL

Tea

bines the fragrance of Orange Pekoe with the full rich flavor of the fully matured Pekoe leaf.

BOOKS FROM SELTZER'S

The Woman I Am

by *Amber Lee.* $2.00

The true story of a mistress about herself. A sensational career honestly and absorbingly recorded.

N. Y. Evening Post—"She is just a glorified 'Gold Digger,' yes. But what do you think Phryne, Thaïs, Aspasia, Cleopatra, Helen were?"

Unveiled

by *Beatrice Kean Seymour*, author of *The Hopeful Journey*, *Invisible Tides*, and *Intrusion.* $2.50

Toledo Blade—"Her earlier novels were arresting, perhaps brilliant, but this last one is the best of the lot."

The Groote Park Murder

A detective story by *Freeman Wills Crofts*, author of *The Cask.* $2.00

N. Y. Evening Post—"A book the most intensive seeker after baffling mysteries will find a thrill in."

Salt Lake Tribune—"One of the most cleverly written detective stories that one may hope to find. The plot is handled with such mastery and is of such ingenuity and complexity that it is safe to say hardly any practiced reader of detective stories will be able to guess the ultimate outcome until the end is reached."

My Portion

An autobiography by *Rebekah Kohut*, introduction by *Henriette Szold.* Handsome 8vo. $3.50

You will read, reread and glow with the richness of *My Portion.*

N. Y. Evening Post—"A narrative that is not only engagingly readable but of historical value, and of value, too, in the direction of racial and religious understanding and sympathy. Mrs. Kohut has told the tale of an unusual life; much that she has to reveal will be entirely novel to most Americans, and the things she writes need to be better and more widely known."

WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

Novels

Women in Love. $2.5
The Rainbow. $2.5
The Lost Girl. $2.0
Sons and Lovers. $2.5
Aaron's Rod. $2.0
Kangaroo. $2.5
The Boy in the Bush, in collaboration wit
Miss M. L. Skinner. $2.5

Short Stories

England, My England. $2.0
The Captain's Doll, Three Novelettes. $2.0

Travel

Sea and Sardinia. Eight full-color illustra
tions by Jan Juta. $5.0

Poetry

Tortoises. $1.2
Birds, Beasts and Flowers. $2.5

Essays

Studies in Classic American Literature. $3.0

Plays

Touch and Go. $1.2
The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. $1.5

Translations

Mastro-Don Gesualdo, by Giovanni Verga. $2.5
Little Novels of Sicily, by Giovanni Verga. $2.0

PUBLISHED AT FIVE WEST FIFTIETH STREET, NEW YORK

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME V August 1925 NUMBER 20

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Salesmanship	Clarence Darrow	385
Bringing in the Millennium	Charles Fiske	393
Steel (*A Poem*)	Joseph Auslander	400
A Man of Learning	Nelson Antrim Crawford	403
The Legend of Roger Baldwin	Robert L. Duffus	408
Unshapely Things (*A Story*)	Francis Hackett	415
Shafter	Owen P. White	420
Americana		428
Musings of an Inebriated Historian	Clarence Walworth Alvord	434
Shrines of Opportunity	George A. Scott	442
Barrett Wendell	Walter Prichard Eaton	448
The Arts and Sciences:		
Tissue Transplantation: Real and Bogus	Waro Nakahara	456
American Sociology in 1925	Harry Elmer Barnes	458
Hired Men	Mary Alden Hopkins	463
Muzzling Editors in Haiti	Arthur Ruhl	468
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan	472
San Francisco: An Elegy	Idwal Jones	477
A Note on Breakfasts	Carl Van Vechten	485
The First Families of Oklahoma	Stanley Vestal	489
Notes and Queries		495
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	499
The Library	H. L. Mencken	505
The American Mercury Authors		511
Index to Volume V		512
Editorial Notes		xviii
Check List of New Books		xxiv

Unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes will not be returned and the Editors will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1925, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

NEW BOOKS of JUNE

Dutton's

NEW BOOKS of JULY

Memories of Forty-eight Years' Service
By General Sir HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN
A record which beginning with the Zulu War covers campaigns in Egypt and India, the Boer War, closes with service in France in the Great War. In the meantime before and while he was Commander-in-Chief he was in contact constantly with men in high places and of interesting personalities. $8.00

Victory
By Baroness LEONIE AMINOFF
A new volume in the Torchlight Series of portraits of Napoleon set in proper proportion with the men and events of his time. $2.00

The Rational Hind
By BEN AMES WILLIAMS
A masterly picture of the deep-rooted, slow-moving life of a New England rural community, and of how it molds, body and soul, those who are bound to the land. $2.00

Lorenzo the Magnificent
By DANE COOLIDGE
A tale of the border warfare between the Texan cattlemen and the half-Spanish sheep-herders of New Mexico—breathlessly exciting from start to finish. $2.00

Society Women of Shakespeare's Time
By VIOLET WILSON
Author of "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honor." Her researches have yielded a book that is piquant and amusing as well as instructive. $5.00

Cancer and the Public
By CHARLES P. CHILDE
A part of a concerted effort to reduce the toll of human life due to cancer by convincing the public of its curability if attended to in its early stages. $4.25

Two new volumes in the TODAY AND TOMORROW Series

The Conquest of Cancer
By DR. W. H. S. WRIGHT
With an introduction by F. G. Crookshank. $1.00

Quo Vadimus?
By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE
A study of the trend of the human race—a companion volume to Daedalus, Icarus, etc. $1.00

A Prime Minister and His Son
By the Hon. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY
Letters to and from the Earl of Bute, including many written by his son while in America during the War of Independence. Just ready

A Sheaf of Memories
By FRANK SCUDAMORE
Who as doyen of the oldtime war correspondents is one of the most traveled men in Europe—and a good story-teller. $5.00

The World of the Incas
By OTFRID VON HANSTEIN
A fascinating narrative of the Incas as a socialistic state in its purest form. $2.50

From President to Prison
By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI
A record of personal experiences which came between those in "Man and Mystery in Asia" and in "Beasts, Men and Gods"—during the Japanese War and the Revolution of 1905. Just ready

New Fiction

The Rector of Maliseet
By LESLIE REID
An impressive leisurely story of double personality rising to a finely handled climax. $2.00

Knight at Arms
By H. C. BAILEY
The adventures of a free-lance seeking honor in the cities of northern Italy in the fifteenth century. $2

Tonty of the Iron Hand
By EVERETT McNEIL
The story of a French lad who was in the company of the famous explorer La Salle when he discovered the Mississippi. A tale of wild adventure.

Two new volumes in the TODAY AND TOMORROW Series

Lysistrata
By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI
On woman's future and future woman. $1.00

Hypatia
By DORA RUSSELL (Mrs. Bertrand Russell)
An answer to "Lysistrata" taking an extreme view of feminine independence. $1.00

These are, of course, only a few titles from the rich list of Dutton publications. Send for their announcement list. These books can be purchased through any bookstore; or, if not, direct from

E. P. DUTTON & CO. **681 Fifth Avenue, New York**

William Beebe

Author of "Galapagos; World's End"

presents his readers with a new volume devoted to those far-off corners of the earth which he delights to penetrate, and which he alone can describe so well. The eminent naturalist writes once more of the British Guiana jungle, with its strange appeal, its exotic growths, its queer inhabitants that crawl or walk or fly; and he makes us view these amazing sights through the eyes of one who is an artist as well as a scientist.

JUNGLE DAYS

is a volume which all Beebe followers will welcome, for its mass of interesting material, its polished style, and its unquestionable scientific accuracy.

A beautiful book, liberally illustrated. $3.00 at all booksellers or at The Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street, just west of 5th Avenue.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK LONDON

New Fiction

Georgian Stories

A new collection of stories by fifteen leading British writers, including Michael Arlen, Martin Armstrong, E. M. Forster, L. P. Hartley, Richard Hughes, Aldous Huxley, F. Tennyson Jesse, Hugh Kingsmill, Naomi Mitchison, C. E. Montague, Arnold Palmer, Osbert Sitwell, Frank Penn Smith, J. C. Squire and H. A. Vachell. With portraits of the authors. $2.50

Fame

By MICHELINE KEATING

Fresh from a French convent, the heroine of this novel finds herself in the midst of New York's brilliant theatrical world. Her adventures make up a tale as unusual as it is enthralling. $2.00

Charmeuse

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

In the same vein as his "City of Beautiful Nonsense," Mr. Thurston tells a fantastic story of how a gay dress brought romance into the drab life of Laetitia and what came of it. $2.00

The Cheerful Fraud

By K. R. G. BROWNE

There's a breeziness and lilt to this novel that make it just right for sultry summer days. It concerns the extraordinary experiences of a young man whose fancy turns, not too lightly, to thoughts of romance. A delectable literary cocktail with humor, sparkle, and a constantly entertaining story. $2.00

The Carillon of Scarpa

By FLORA KLICKMANN

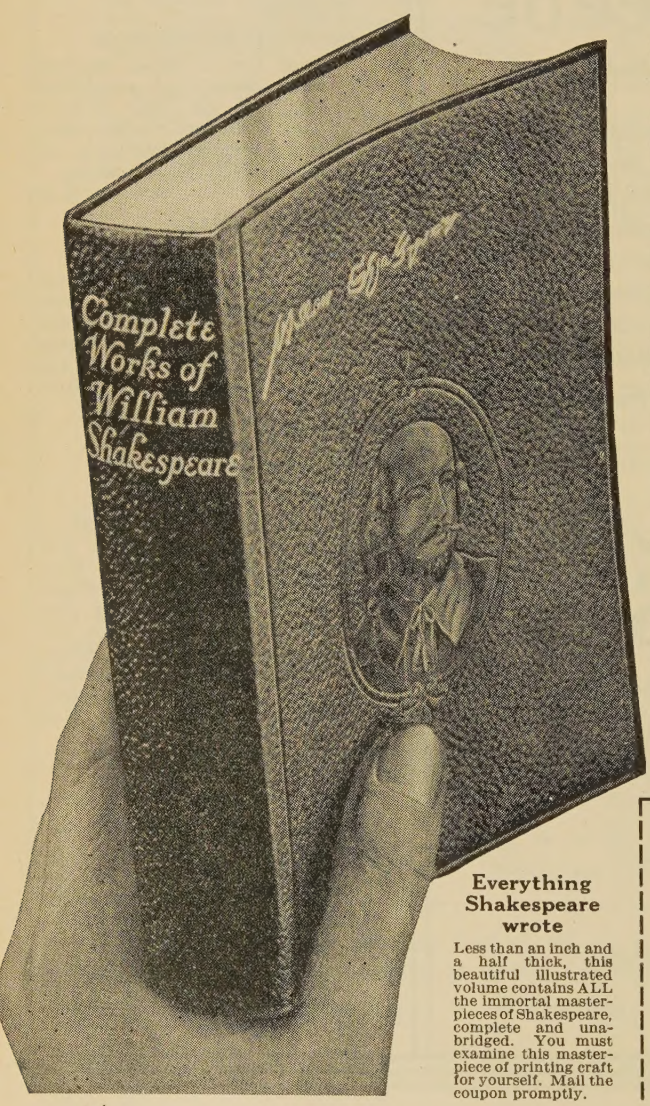
The author combines wholesome sentiment and gay humor in this tale of Mrs. Potter-Poggs and her daughter, who visit the Royal Palace of Scarpa as paying guests. It is as delightful as a breath of the sea, and leaves a feeling of happiness behind it. $2.00

Just Arrived from Scotland!

Only $2.98

A Beautiful One-Volume Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works

The genius of a Scottish printer made this marvelous book possible. His achievement is one of the publishing sensations of the decade. Into one slender, convenient volume of exquisite craftsmanship he has put the *complete works of Shakespeare.*



Everything Shakespeare wrote

Less than an inch and a half thick, this beautiful illustrated volume contains ALL the immortal masterpieces of Shakespeare, complete and unabridged. You must examine this masterpiece of printing craft for yourself. Mail the coupon promptly.

ALL the plays, poems and sonnets of the immorta Shakespeare are in this wonderful volume—and in addition, a biographical introduction by St. John Ervine, Sir Henry Irving's famous article on "Shakespeare and Bacon," an Index to Characters and a Glossary. It is a book whose richness of appearance is a delight to the eye—a book whose convenience is a blessing to everyone who would like to know Shakespeare better—and at the present low price *it is the bargain of a lifetime!*

What an Opportunity !

Think of it! The price of this beautiful, imported book is only TWO DOLLARS AND NINETY-EIGHT CENTS! But the barest suggestion can be given here of the quality of this masterpiece, which has been dedicated to the great Shakespearean actor, Sir Henry Irving.

The binding is flexible keratol with deep, rich graining. The front cover is embossed with bust of Shakespeare, facsimile signature stamped in gold. The backstrap is titled in gold, the pages have gold tops; sixteen full page illustrations. A total of 1312 pages, printed in *large*, clear type on fine quality Bible paper, which though marvelously light in weight is strong and opaque.

The Supply Is Limited

A small importation of these books has been received —far too few to supply the full demand. So these copies will be distributed direct from this announcement. *These are the only copies available in this country.*

Mail the Coupon Now

You need send no money. When the book arrives, pay the postman the small price of $2.98 plus the few cents postage. *Then examine the book carefully; if you are not more than satisfied, your money will be refunded without question.*

As you take absolutely no risk, and as this opportunity may never come to you again, mail the coupon TODAY.

The Walter J. Black Co., Dept. 408
7 West 42nd Street, New York City

Walter J. Black Co., Dept. 408
7 West 42nd Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Send me for examination one of the imported copies of your new ONE-volume Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works, bound in flexible grained keratol. On delivery I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus postage, in full payment. If I am not delighted with the book, you are to refund my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ **Mark X here if you prefer the thumb-indexed de luxe edition, bound in genuine suede leather, at only $1.50 more.**

The BORZOI *Broadside*

JULY-AUGUST, 1925 — VOL. VI. NO. 3.

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

firecrackers ! !

YOU may test yourself by a book of Carl Van Vechten's. The degree to which you are civilized, the sharpness of your wit, and the keenness of your perceptions may be gauged in reading his work. If you are anything like Sinclair Lewis, you will agree that "he has now gone beyond Aldous Huxley though the production of a story which, without ever losing wit, dexterity, an instinct for civilized charm, yet presents full-length portraits," but, if you are otherwise-minded you will say of this new book, "Another of Carl Van Vechten's unimportant, light novels, disfigured by all of this author's customary annoying mannerisms: choice of a meaningless title, rejection of quotation marks, adoption of obsolete or unfamiliar words, an obstinate penchant for cataloguing, and an apparent refusal to assume a reverent attitude towards the ideals of life which are generally held most precious." Mr. Van Vechten describes FIRECRACKERS, the scene of which is laid in the New York of 1924, as "a realistic novel." A disturbing—or pleasant, according to the reader's point of view—feature of this story is the reappearance therein of several characters from PETER WHIFFLE, THE BLIND BOW-BOY, and THE TATTOOED COUNTESS.

In this new novel, Gareth Johns explains to Campaspe Lorillard: "You must think of a group of people in terms of a packet of firecrackers. You ignite the first cracker and the flash fires the fuse of the second, and so on, until, after a series of crackling detonations, the whole bunch has exploded, and nothing survives but a few torn and scattered bits of paper, blackened with powder. On the other hand, if you fail to apply the match, the bunch remains a collection of separate entities, having no connection one with any other. Explosions which create relationships are sporadic and terminating, but if you avoid the explosions you perdurably avoid intercourse."

FIRECRACKERS. *By* CARL VAN VECHTEN, *author of "Peter Whiffle," "The Blind Bow-Boy," "The Tattooed Countess," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

There will also be a large paper edition of 195 copies printed on all-rag Borzoi water-marked paper, bound with cloth backs and boards, each copy numbered and signed by the author. $10.00 net.

BORZOI BOOKS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FIRECRACKERS	9
DALE COLLINS' THE HAVEN	10
BENONI	10
IN TRUE AMERICAN	11
ECA DE QUEIROZ'S THE RELIC *by Ernest Boyd*	11
MURDER WILL OUT	11
MY PAST AND THOUGHTS	12
STILL MORE PREJUDICE	12
WRITING THE ONE-ACT PLAY	12
CAN BUSINESS PREVENT UNEMPLOYMENT?	12
WHY, OH WHY ARE WE DRY?	13
THE DAWN OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION	13
THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN TODAY	13
HELLENIC CIVILIZATION	14
RESTORING SHAKESPEARE	14
THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES	14
A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT ENGLISH LITERATURE	14
TWO NEW MAUPASSANT VOLUMES	15
AN OLD BOOK AND A GOOD ONE	15
FIRST IMPRESSIONS	15
LATEST PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS	16

All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Dale Collins' The Haven

DALE COLLINS in THE HAVEN has written a novel with a Pacific setting which is as far removed from the ordinary Western story as ORDEAL from the rank and file of sea stories. The theme is fantastic and daring, but Mr. Collins handles it with complete success. Its central figure is Mark Antoine, the handsomest man in the world, the idol of millions of women, who flees for brief respite to a tropic island. He is deliberately pursued by five sensation-craving women of widely-differing types. The link connecting them with the world is snapped, and they are left marooned to work out their destinies. The result is an intensely moving romance—and vastly more than that, for Mr. Collins has contrived to give THE HAVEN significance and realism, making it a satire, a study in psychology and a commentary on human endeavor, although never neglecting to tell a tale of strength, humor and beauty. The style is brilliant, and the book confirms all the prophecies made on the appearance of ORDEAL. Mark Antoine—to be pitied or envied, to be scorned or loved—steps alive from the pages as one of the most remarkable figures in recent fiction. It is an extraordinary book.

When ORDEAL was published by Mr. Knopf last year, William McFee said of it in *The Saturday Review:* "A study of modern sophisticated people in an environment of elemental savagery and naked passions. There is about the book a reminder of THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS. Great strength."

THE HAVEN. *By* DALE COLLINS, *author of "The Ordeal."* $2.50 *net.*

Benoni

IN his new novel BENONI, Knut Hamsun again makes his appearance in English.

Mr. Hamsun, as usual, sees the commonest stuff of life in story designs of unvaryingly noble proportions. His work emerges in the round with precisely that calm finality of simplification which only the great sculptors make visual and only the clearest literary genius can evoke. Benoni, the sly, unwillingly lowly mail-carrier; Mack, the sly, bourgeois, would-be patrician; and Rosa, whose greatly desired lips are bestowed inconstantly by the irony of petty circumstance, cut into one another's lives with exactly the action, speech and emotions of actuality. The story moves against the minutely detailed, yet always freshly alive and hugely amusing background of a tiny Nordland fishing village and in it Hamsun presents a human study possessing not only warmth of feeling, humor and beauty, but a sure interest of plot and incident which places this book among the most readable of his novels.

Established as one of the world's greatest writers by his GROWTH OF THE SOIL, which was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920, Mr. Hamsun has continued to win the plaudits of readers and critics by the works that followed. Among his recent novels are: WANDERERS, VICTORIA, CHILDREN OF THE AGE and SEGELFOSS TOWN.

BENONI. *By* KNUT HAMSUN. $2.50 *net.*

In True American

MR. WEAVER'S interpretations of the thoughts and characters of plain people, done in their own "American" language, are too well known to need more introduction. Here, in his peculiar and individual style, with his range from amusing anecdote and chuckling humor to arresting drama and sincere pathos he has lifted the vernacular to new dignity as an authentic literary medium. In this volume the dexterity and the psychological insight of his former volumes are surpassed. And there are apparent new tones—graver, deeper and more universal.

H. L. Mencken says: "Weaver tries to express the infantile feelings of shop girls, teamsters, merry-makers in the summer parks, and somehow the thing rings true. Weaver opens the way for a ballad literature in America, representative of true Americans and the American dialect."

MORE IN AMERICAN. *By* JOHN V. A. WEAVER, *author of "In American," and "Finders."* $1.50 *net.*

Eça de Queiroz's The Relic

By ERNEST BOYD
(*In the New York Tribune*)

THE RELIC is a curious work and ought long ago to have appeared in English, for it is an excellent illustration of the strange hybrid character of Eça de Queiroz's imagination, of the defects and qualities of his style. It is the story of a ribald nephew's struggle to elude and delude his bigoted and inquisitorial aunt, ending in one of the most farcical tragi-comedies imaginable. Teodorico Raposo's ideals are as much of the earth earthy as those of D. Patrocinio das Neves are of the most intolerant purity. She controls the fortune which this youth hopes to inherit, but his sinful ways are a constant source of irritation and suspicion to his aunt. Partly to escape her and partly in the belief that he can do something to secure her permanent approval, Teodorico sets out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he promises to find a relic which will cure the old lady's rheumatism and bring her spiritual consolation. At Alexandria he finds an English girl, who charms him to such an extent that, not for the first time, both of them succumb to the weaknesses of the flesh. He has a pleasant sojourn in the land of this Circe, and on leaving her carries away as a trophy and tender souvenir, a perfumed garment that had lain next to the skin of the fair creature.

Comforted by this batiste relic he arrives in the Holy Land, where Eça de Queiroz, with characteristic versatility, reconstructs the sacred scenes of which it is the background. After this interlude we again behold the sinfulness of Teodorico, who procures for himself a fake relic of the kind likely to appeal to his aunt's piety and credulity. . . . As he nears Lisbon, however, he decides that it would be wiser to preserve only the more important and irreplaceable memento of his pilgrimage, so he throws one of the parcels away. On his arrival home he joyfully announces the success of his quest and mysteriously invites his aunt to come into her private chapel to inspect the holy treasure. Trembling with emotion, Maria Patrocinio das Neves assists at the impressive ceremony in the presence of her spiritual adviser and several worthy old friends of her household. The parcel is opened, and amidst the not too suave perfumes affected by the Alexandrian charmer the astonished group contemplates the gauzy chemise ornamented with ribbons of tender blue, which he had carried away for remembrance.

On this framework of burlesque humor Eça de Queiroz constructs a story in which a classical severity of style in the descriptive passages is allied to a savage and brutal analysis of character. . . . Within the limits of this sordid and blasphemous, this grotesque and satirical novel, Eça de Queiroz has drawn a picture of the Portugal of his day during the last quarter of the nineteenth century which is one of those caricatures whose every stroke tells more than the strictest realism could have done. . . . Eça de Queiroz was a Zola with a sense of burlesque humor, a poet with something of Flaubert's imagination, but without the discipline of form and style.

THE RELIC. *By* EÇA DE QUEIROZ. *Translated from the Portuguese by* AUBREY F. G. BELL. $2.50 *net.*

Murder Will Out

THE author has given us in THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY a mystery tale which abounds in intriguing plots that lead Chief Inspector Pointer from an English estate to Italy and back, ever following a hot trail and yet always shifting from one clue to another until he can denounce the true murderer of Rose Charteris. It is no easy task to prove

that murder was committed and to implicate her fiancé, her cousin, her uncle and several other prominent characters when this beautiful young girl, engaged to an Italian nobleman, is found lifeless at the base of a cliff on her uncle's estate, seemingly as the result of an accident. Yet Pointer sticks to his theory and finally denounces an unsuspected individual as the murderer. In every way this is a worthy successor to THE EAMES-ERSKINE CASE.

THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY. *By* A. FIELDING, *author of "The Eames-Erskine Case."* $2.00 *net.*

My Past and Thoughts: The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen

THE publication of Volumes IV and V of THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN completes one of the greatest autobiographies in Russian literature. Those who have read the previous books need not be urged to continue this fascinating story of an important and active life; to others, the important chapters which appear in Volume IV and for which, as Herzen himself more than once said, all the rest of the work was written will serve as a splendid introduction to the character and value of this series.

* *

"I know few autobiographies which can compare with Herzen's in charm, power, and interest. . . . It has so many different merits that I can hardly imagine anyone who would not find something in it to arouse his enthusiasm."—Leonard Woolf in *The Nation* (London).

"They belong in the first rank of published reminiscences. They contain not only the personal record of a life of engrossing interest; they offer as well a commentary on the complexion of social and political life in Russia. . . . They are rich in historical portraiture, they are tinctured with a ripe philosophy and they have an enduring literary vigor and charm."—*New York Times.*

"Herzen's whole life is in itself a chapter of Russian history, in which he represents all that is noble, high-minded, generous and true."—*Saturday Review.*

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS: THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN. *Translated from the Russian by* CONSTANCE GARNETT. *Volumes IV and V uniform with Volumes I, II, and III.* $2.00 *net each.*

Still More Prejudice

THIS new collection of essays by the famous dramatic critic of the London *Times* is in his most charming and characteristic vein. Mr. Walkley, who has been called the finest dramatic critic of our time, is also a scholar, a wit and a distinguished commentator on life and letters. In these papers, he does not confine himself solely to the theatre. On the contrary, their scope is as varied as possible and ranges from Eleanora Duse to Jazz. A few of the titles are: Anatole France, Congreve, Long-Haired, Simple French Cookery, Character in Fiction, Office Boys, London Surprises, The Oxford Jane Austen, Catch Words, etc.

STILL MORE PREJUDICE. *By* A. B. WALKLEY, *author of "More Prejudice."* $2.75 *net.*

Writing the One-Act Play

IN THIS volume the author has sought to present only the essential elements of dramatic composition. With a minimum of rules and definitions, he offers guidance and suggestions which the veriest amateur may use to advantage in writing his first and even his second play. The method is simple and direct and one which the author himself has successfully employed in his teaching for a number of years.

WRITING THE ONE-ACT PLAY. *By* HAROLD N. HILLEBRAND. $3.00 *net.*

Can Business Prevent Unemployment?

YES—to a great degree—is the answer of two business leaders and two economic authorities who have studied the question for years. Mr. Lewisohn is the well-known New York financier and industrialist, vice-president and treasurer of several industrial and mining companies; Mr. Draper took a leading part in the installation of the plan for eliminating unemployment in The Hills Brothers Company, of which he is assistant to the president and treasurer; Prof. John R. Commons, one of the country's leading economists, and Mr. Lesochier, authority on labor supply and demand, are in the Department of Economics of the University of Wisconsin.

That by preventing unemployment each business can increase its profits is the thesis of the authors' sound theory and common-sense practice. They believe that the employer's intelligent self-interest and not the worker's fear of hunger should turn the wheels of industry. They believe that the answer of the unemployment question is not the task of politicians or welfare-workers but that of every hard-headed business man. The only practical book on the subject, it tells exactly what to do and how to do it—its methods have been tried out and they work.

This readable and convincing book should prove not only an inspiration but a help to executives of every business, large or small. It may well serve to guide industry during the next decade and to stimulate the most vital industrial change since the beginning of the modern industrial system.

CAN BUSINESS PREVENT UNEMPLOYMENT? *By* JOHN R. COMMONS, ERNEST G. DRAPER, SAM A. LEWISOHN, *and* DON D. LESCOHIER. $2.00 *net.*

Why, Oh Why Are We Dry?

THE many Americans who are still speculating about the forces responsible for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act will welcome this book. From the sociological point of view prohibition isn't simply a question of drink, but also of the general regulation of life of the American people by a given majority. While offering no complete solution of the riddle of prohibition, the discussion presents the interesting combination of factors which prepared the way for the destruction of the saloon. From its origin in early evidences of social concern over the intemperate use of intoxicants the temperance crusade in the United States is traced through many devious turnings to the day when it became a campaign for prohibitory legislation. No element in this important story is omitted in the telling. Personal influence, political expediency, economic interest, and religious enthusiasm are given their proper place in a narrative that clearly reveals to the reader the intimate interrelation of many different forces. In discussing the philosophy of the temperance movement Mr. Krout gives many amusing but informing extracts from the propaganda of the reformers, which serve to throw a flood of light on the liquor problem of today. The theme of the volume throughout is a description of the manner in which the way was prepared for the later victory of the Anti-Saloon League and its allies in their fight for a "saloonless nation."

ORIGINS OF PROHIBITION. *By* JOHN A. KROUT. $3.50 *net.*

The Dawn of European Civilization

"MY THEME," says the author of this book, "is the foundation of European Civilization as a peculiar and individual manifestation of the human spirit." Dealing with the established facts of early cultural history, he seeks to expound the diverse views of competent authorities upon their interpretation. This is an important volume in the History of Civilization series; send for free pamphlet with detailed descriptions of the book.

THE DAWN OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. *By* V. GORDON CHILDE. $6.00 *net.*

The Literature of Spain Today

WITH the publication of CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE by Aubrey F. G. Bell, a fourth volume is added to our library of studies of the last fifty years of European literature, inaugurated a few years ago with IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE by Ernest Boyd. The second and third volumes, ITALIAN SILHOUETTES by Ruth Shepard Phelps and CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE by René Lalou appeared last Fall. A fifth title, CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE by Prince D. S. Mirsky, who contributed an introduction to TALES OF THE WILDERNESS by Boris Pilniak, will be published this Fall.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE comes at a time when Americans are fast awaking to the fact that there are other and better Spanish authors than Ibáñez. The works of Pío Baroja, DON JUAN by Azorin, the famous essayist, THE PLEASANT MEMOIRS OF MARQUIS DE BRANDOMIN by Valle de Inclan, FIGURES OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD by Gabriel Miró, ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES by Miguel de Unamuno and many other translations from the Spanish have created a demand for more information concerning the little known contemporary litera-

ture of this country. There is no book in English that pretends to cover the field of Mr. Bell's book: 1870–1920. Practically every writer of any account is treated and a full bibliography is appended. Some of the chapters are: Valera and the Classical Idealists; The Lyrical Novel; Ramon Perez de Ayala and the Psychological Novel; The Forerunners of Modernism; The Drama and Social Problems; etc.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE. *By* AUBREY F. G. BELL. $3.00 *net.*

Hellenic Civilization

THE distinguished author of this book, whose researches in Greek literature have prepared him to speak with final authority on the life and thought of the ancient Greeks, has here achieved a truly remarkable success in condensing into one volume the essentials of his subject. The treatment covers a period of more than a thousand years, beginning with the eighth century B.C.; but the role of Athens, as a democracy and as the seat of culture of the fourth and fifth centuries before our era naturally forms the center of the picture. The translation adheres as closely as possible both to the letter and to the spirit of the French original.

HELLENIC CIVILIZATION. *By* MAURICE CROISET. *Translated by* PAUL B. THOMAS, *with the collaboration of* EDWIN H. ZEYDEL. *With an introduction by* EDWARD DELAVAN PERRY. $2.50 *net.*

Restoring Shakespeare

RESTORING SHAKESPEARE embodies the most important contribution to the textual criticism of Shakespeare that has been made in many years. Starting from the obvious fact that many of the obscurities and absurdities in the quartos and folios originated in errors by the printers of the text, due to misreadings of the original manuscripts, Dr. Kellner undertook an elaborate examination of Elizabethan handwriting. He discovered quickly that its letter forms favored the recurrence of certain errors. This discovery he then applied to the early texts and instantly he was able to translate many confused and unintelligible passages into simple English. The results of his investigation are set forth full in his book. It is the work of a profound scho and though some of his concrete conclusions may challenged, there is no doubt whatever that t principles he lays down will be accepted hereaf by all serious students of Shakespeare.

RESTORING SHAKESPEARE *By* LEON KELLNER. $3.00 *net.*

The History and Prospects of t Social Sciences

THE purpose of this volume is to trace the histor analyze the present status, and outline the futu developments of each of the Social Sciences. T text consists of ten monographs, each by a speciali as follows: History, by Harry E. Barnes; Sociolog by Frank H. Hankins; Biology, by Howard P Parshley; Social Psychology, by Kimball Youn Economics, by Karl W. Bigelow; Political Scien by Walter J. Shepard; Jurisprudence, by Rosc Pound; Human Geography, by Jean Brunhes; Et ics, by Robert C. Givler; Anthropology, by Ale ander A. Goldenweiser. Owing to the general a increasing interest in so-called "social studies," t material here presented is of special value and i portance at this time.

THE HISTORY AND PROS PECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCI ENCES. *Edited by* HARRY E BARNES. $5.00 *net.*

A Frenchman Looks at English Literature

IT IS a curious fact that many of the best cri cisms of the literature, the manners, the custom even the government of a country have frequent been made by a foreigner, as, for example, Bryce AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. M Chevalley's li has been varied and full of experience. As write teacher, journalist, as French Consul-General i South Africa, as charge d'affaires for Franco-Amer can relations, as Minister Plenipotentiary to No way, and finally as High Commissioner for Franc in the Caucasus, he has never lost sight of his pr mary interest in literature.

n these chapters he has traced systematically the velopment of the twentieth century English novel l described its tendencies. Beginning with a brief tory of the novel before and during the nine- nth century there follow appreciations of great ters of the twentieth century and of the leading vements today. Meredith, Hardy, Samuel But- , Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, l all the others come in for criticism which *The stminster Gazette* says "will attract and hold the ention of English readers by the clearness of its position and the general good sense of its judg- nts."

* *

"Mr. Chevalley's extraordinarily able book sur- ys the whole period of English novels from Defoe the present. It is an admirable summary to which e French language gives an added scintillation." *The Times.*

"The writing is so alive and fresh that what is lly a résumé of the soundest English criticism ounds with judgments that seem almost new."— *anchester Guardian.*

HE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL. *By* ABEL CHEVALLEY. *Translated from the French by* BEN RAY REDMAN. $3.00 *net.*

Two New Maupassant Volumes

HE OLIVE ORCHARD and STRONG AS DEATH rm the fourteenth and fifteenth volumes of the rzoi Maupassant, which will probably be com- eted in eighteen volumes, and which has been ac- pted everywhere as the definitive edition in Eng- h of the works of this great figure among the assics of modern literature.

Of the *Borzoi* edition, edited by Ernest Boyd, the ew York *World* has said: "This edition seems des- ned to be more an English classic than a French anslation. . . . Mr. Boyd has lifted Maupassant dily from French into English and preserved the ne and the savor of the man," while the Boston *ening Transcript* said, "They attain the supreme t of not appearing to be translations."

OLUME IV: THE OLIVE OR- CHARD. VOLUME XV: STRONG. AS DEATH. *Each volume* $2.00 *net. To be published in October and August respectively.*

BLUE JADE LIBRARY

An Old Book and a Good One

THERE is a certain poetic justice in the fact that Alfred A. Knopf has decided to resurrect this fascinating chronicle from the dim archives of bibliophiles and the dusty stacks of museums into the clear light of The Blue Jade Library. For the greatest English seaman since Sir Francis Drake has been sadly neglected although he added an entire continent to the British Empire and sacrificed his life in service to his country.

Inspired by Captain Cook's achievements and thrilled by his unusual adventures, Andrew Kippis, a contemporary and a fellow member of the Royal Society, wrote a story of this hero's life and voyages. Dr. Kippis drew his information of Captain James Cook's famous trips around the world from first-hand sources. About much of the circumnavigator's life and habits between voyages he had no less an authority than Cook's wife. In a tale of strange adventures the narrator has given us an historical document of exploration and of the manners and customs of the eighteenth century.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. *By* A. KIPPIS. $3.00 *net.*

First Impressions

IN THIS, his first published book, the literary editor of the Chicago *Post* has collected his appraisals of important contemporary American and English poets. Mr. Jones is no dispassionate critic aloofly surveying the verse of our day from an academic ivory tower. His criticisms are sound, but they are also intensely personal and prejudiced and his table of contents alone is an indication of the interesting quality of his book. There are essays on Robinson, Frost, Masters, Sandburg and Lindsay; Elinor Wylie, Adelaide Crapsey and Edna Millay; de la Mare, Yeats, Alice Meynell, and several others. The final section consists of three significant essays on the arts of criticism and poetry. FIRST IMPRESSIONS is one of the best books that have been written about our contemporary makers of verse.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. *By* LLEWELLYN JONES. $2.50 *net.*

Ladislas Reymont

WHOSE Nobel Prize novel, THE PEASANTS, is now completely translated in four volumes, named fter the seasons of the year, two of which are now on the best-seller list.

THE PEASANTS: *Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer. By* LADISLAS REYMONT. *Boxed* $10.00 *or* $2.50 *each.*

Latest Publishing Arrangements

The books listed below have just been contracted for by Mr. Knopf. Their publication dates will be announced later.

THE BRIGHT DISCOMFORT
By LEONORA SPEYER

THE GREAT BRIGHTON MYSTERY
By J. S. FLETCHER

JEWISH CHILDREN
By SHALOM ALEICHEM, *with an introduction by* DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. *In The Borzoi Pocket Books edition.*

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE
Translated by CHARLES SCOTT MONCRIEFF

THE WEARY BLUES
By LANGSTON HUGHES

A BOOK OF VERSE
By ELINOR WYLIE

THE SALEM WITCHES
By ELINOR WYLIE

SHOW BUSINESS
By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

THE EVOLUTION OF ANATOMY
By CHARLES SINGER

ORDER

Mail this leaflet to your bookseller, checking the books described herein.

If there is no bookstore in your town, mail it direct to the Publisher, ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me at once the books checked:
C. O. D. by mail. I will pay the postman the price of the books plus postage, on delivery.

I enclose check or money order for $....., the price of the books plus 8c a volume for postage.
Charge to my account.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

In Canada, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. o Canada, Lid., St. Martin's House, Toronto

FIRECRACKERS. $2.50
THE HAVEN. $2.50
BENONI. $2.50
THE RELIC. $2.50
MORE IN AMERICAN. $1.50
MY PAST AND THOUGHTS. $2.00 *net each*
CAN BUSINESS PREVENT UNEMPLOYMENT? $2.00
THE CHARTERIS MYSTERY. $2.00
WRITING THE ONE-ACT PLAY. $3.00
STILL MORE PREJUDICE. $2.75
CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. $3.00
ORIGINS OF PROHIBITION. $3.50
THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL. $2.50
RESTORING SHAKESPEARE. $3.00
CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE. $3.00
FIRST IMPRESSIONS. $2.50
HELLENIC CIVILIZATION. $2.50
THE DAWN OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. $6.00
THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. $5.00
THE OLIVE ORCHARD. $2.00
STRONG AS DEATH. $2.00
GREEN MANSIONS. $1.25
THE FAIR REWARDS. $1.25
JENNY. $1.25

How many do *you* know?

hese men and women are outstanding figures in mod-n literature. Their books, their essays, their opinions e read and discussed in every intellectual circle. How any of them do you know? Why are they in the ublic eye today? What are their most recent works what are they planning—what are they thinking?

The Saturday Review

of Literature

eps you in intimate touch with the whole field of books. Rarely, if ever, s so distinguished a group of contributors appeared in any publication as at which features every issue of The Saturday Review. Not only is it a ide to the books worth reading and owning, but it provides each week up to the minute survey of the entire literary world. It is entertain- and scholarly, brilliant and sound, stimulating d helpful. As necessary to the adventurer in okland as a compass to the explorer.

Read Conrad's last novel in The Saturday Review NOW!

e Saturday Review has selected as its first serial Joseph Con-'s last (unfinished) novel "Suspense"—a colorful romance ove and adventure in Italy, with Napoleon, then in exile, tly imposing his influence upon the characters and their s. How did Conrad plan to end this strange tale? Thou-ds will wonder. Be among the first to read this important el. Begin it in the current issue of The Saturday Review.

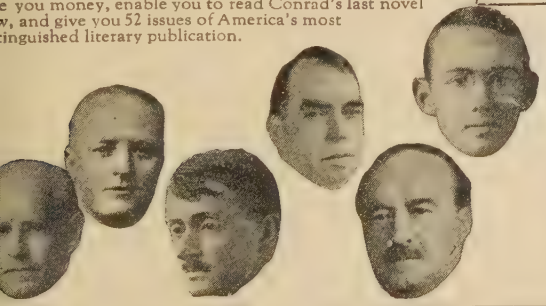
Subscribe Now at the Special Charter Rate

e Saturday Review is approaching its first birthday. For a rt time, you may still become a charter subscriber, and re-ve The Saturday Review each week for one year at the rter rate of $3.00. This privilege will soon be withdrawn l the price increased. So get your subscription in at once. e coupon sent today will make you a charter subscriber, e you money, enable you to read Conrad's last novel w, and give you 52 issues of America's most tinguished literary publication.

$1,000.00 IN PRIZES

Read the current issue of The Saturday Review for details of the $1,000.00 prize offer for the best essays on how Conrad might have ended "Suspense," had he lived. The contest is open to all, without restrictions. Five large cash prizes and fifty other prizes. Copies of The Saturday Review may be examined free at Public Libraries.

The Contest Will Close October 1st



Sign and Mail Today

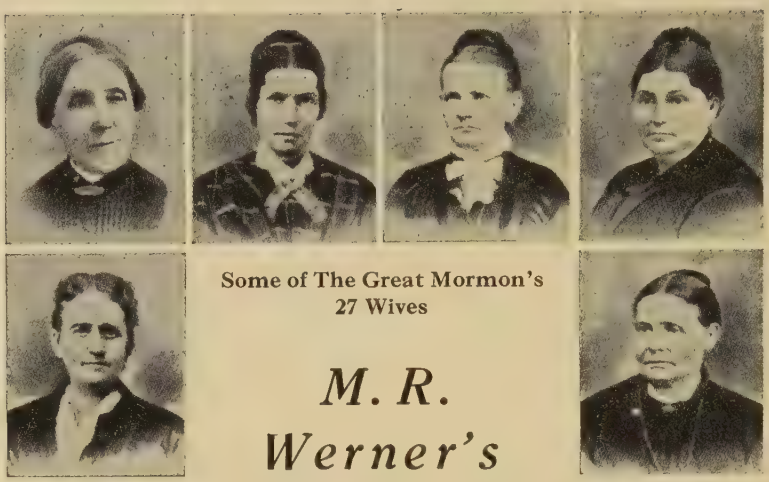
THE SATURDAY REVIEW, CM2
236 East 39th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

Enroll me as a charter subscriber to The Saturday Review of Literature at once. I enclose $3.00, or Send me bill.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....



Some of The Great Mormon's 27 Wives

M. R. Werner's

BRIGHAM YOUNG

By the Author of BARNUM

"My devotion to American biography has been rewarded and exhilarated. This is Mr. Werner's subject: An impecunious Vermont boy with only a few weeks of schooling rises to be prophet, priest and king, head of a church, general of an army, governor of a territory, possessor of an estate worth $2,000,000, husband of 27 wives and father of 56 children."—*Stuart P. Sherman.*

Illustrated

Brigham Young sayings:

"I am a great lover of good women."

"There is not economy, force, and judgment enough in some women to knit their own garters."

"I have noticed that a man who has but one wife soon begins to wither and dry up."

Brigham Young and Mormonism would have been impossible in any other country than ours. Mr. Werner's book is more than a biography of a man. It is the history of a fascinating epoch, a study of religious fanaticism, and a story of the conquest of a wilderness, the evolution of that extraordinary city-state on the shores of Great Salt Lake.

"No more brilliant biography has appeared on this side of the Atlantic in our generation."—Saturday Review.

$5.00

Harcourt, Brace *and* Company

VOLUME V NUMBER 20

The American MERCURY

August 1925

SALESMANSHIP

BY CLARENCE DARROW

A few days ago I picked up a popular magazine and read the advertisements. I was surprised to see the number of schools and universities offering courses in salesmanship. These advertisements all featured in large type such expressions as: DON'T ENVY SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN—BE ONE! and BECOME A SALESMAN—BIG JOBS OPEN! The headings were followed by seductive reading matter about men "who make from $5,000 to $30,000 a year, who travel first class, stop at the best hotels, and are in daily contact with Prosperous Business Men." Often there were pictures. Two boys were represented, starting out with equal chances and equal ability. In the next picture they had both grown old, but one was associating with Prosperous Business Men and the other was still a laborer. One had studied Scientific Salesmanship. The other had stuck to hard work.

It was not with the idea of getting a job, but mainly through simple curiosity that I sought to find out what all this was about. All my life I had been interested in books, but somehow I had overlooked books on salesmanship. Literally hundreds of them, it appears, are now on the market, and used by our colleges, universities and Y. M. C. A. night schools in the laudable business of giving hope and cheer to the overworked and underpaid. The topics they deal with range from those which might properly be placed under the heads of calisthenics, physical culture, hypnotism, phrenology, psychology, dress, and deportment, to specific directions for the treatment of hard customers and tricks for getting the unwary to buy.

Here I shall let these books speak for themselves, with only such comment as will be necessary for clarity. There is a matter of terminology which we must get straight before the show begins. Among the first things which attract attention in this literature is the fact that a prospective purchaser is not regarded simply as a human being, or even referred to in terms of his occupation or social position. For the salesman all men are Prospects. It seems to me only fair, then, that we look upon every one who attempts to sell anything as a Prospector.

Obviously, if a Prospector is to be successful, he must prepare himself for his arduous life of gold-digging. All the books thus start out with chapters on the general subject: "How to Get Ready and Why." The first thing the aspiring salesman must do, it appears, is to develop the physical basis for the combative spirit necessary in forcing a Prospect to buy:

> Many young men are not highly developed in the faculty of combativeness and in order to become good salesmen they require this faculty brought

into positive function, that they may not give up or become undecided and discouraged. Combativeness functions through the shoulder and arm muscles as shown by the soldier, prize fighter, athlete, etc., and, well developed, it imparts a feeling of enthusiasm, physical vigor and power of decision that no other faculty can give; the best way, then, of bringing it into proper function is to take up some form of exercise that will call into use the shoulder and arm muscles, each morning immediately upon arising, devoting ten or fifteen minutes to this. The same amount of time may be devoted with profit in the evening if one feels the extra need.

But this is not enough. No ambitious salesman will be content with the development merely of his physical powers. He will also cultivate his spiritual gifts for the contest. Thus he is instructed to say to himself: "I *will* succeed. I will *awaken* tomorrow feeling good. I will go through the day doing work better than I have done it before. I will meet every one with a feeling of good will!"

It is a good idea, we are informed, to keep on repeating this formula until one falls asleep; then the subconscious can carry on while one is sleeping. By morning, one will thus have made as much progress as if one had stayed awake repeating the formula all night!

Bed time suggestion is especially helpful in preparation for an ordeal next day, such as interviewing a formidable customer.

An example of one of these bedtime incantations reads as follows:

At 2 P. M. tomorrow, precisely, I will walk into Hornyhand's office. I am not afraid of him. I am as good as he is. I will be absolutely confident of my ability to face him in an interview. I *will* be confident.

An illustration of the remarkable results which can be achieved by this method is given by a salesman from San Francisco, engaged in selling paint. His testimony, with the author's approving remarks, is as follows:

"Today I am learning the secret of doing my work scientifically. Before going out on any deal involving a considerable amount, I spend an hour or two in concentration. I sincerely believe that it helps me. I believe I influence my prospect's mind before meeting him."

Of this we can be certain: that this paint salesman, through concentration, is making himself stronger mentally, and that his prospects will find it more difficult to *resist* him.

In other words, under this treatment a Prospect will buy paint whether he has anything to be painted or not.

II

All this mental discipline, of course, is possible only if the salesman has some training in and understanding of psychology. Accordingly, each one of the books I have examined devotes a few pages to explaining the fundamentals of that recondite science. One book gives an elaborate diagram of the human head divided into thirty-seven compartments, and labeled "amativeness," "parental love," "combativeness" and so on, down to "inductive reasoning." I had seen such charts forty years ago in Fowler and Wells' famous treatise on phrenology, but I had thought that they were extinct. It appears, however, that they have been carried down to a book on salesmanship published in 1922 and used in one of the best schools. Of course, the new books do not lay quite as much stress on phrenology as would have been the case forty years ago, but they are very strong on the use of what they call psychology. One of them sagely advises the student to "spend a few evenings studying psychology." Out of that study, brief as it is, he is supposed to attain to complete control of the Prospect:

To master conviction it is essential that you have knowledge of the human mind and how it works. You must know what takes place when a customer deliberates. What change takes place in his mental consciousness, what is his mental attitude, and what is his state of mind while being convinced.

One would think that with all this subtle knowledge the scientific salesman would be ready for the fray. But no. He must next carefully prepare a Selling Talk. All the books lay great stress on this. It is never even suggested that people buy goods because they want them. They must

be told that they want them. The only exception I have been able to find in the literature is in a few sentences distinguishing between the business of a salesman and that of a mail-order house. We are told that "some goods are sold without salesmen. Mail-order houses use a catalogue in selling their merchandise. *The individual who orders from a catalogue usually* WANTS *the goods and utilizes the catalogue to ascertain the price.*" But the scientific salesman is above selling merchandise to those who actually want it. What he must do is put in a simple way by one of the most popular books on the subject:

> You get an order from a prospect because of what he *thinks*. Signing an order or handing over money must be a *voluntary* operation. The prospect must be *willing;* he must think certain thoughts. *You* must lead him *to think those thoughts.*

Another author calls this process "uncovering a need for the goods." We are informed, however, that merely uncovering the need is not sufficient, for it might result in the customer buying some other person's goods and fail to convince him that he should buy *now*. The Selling Talk, therefore, must induce the prospect to make a favorable decision at once. In fact,

> The one and only purpose of a Selling Talk is to get the order. . . . All that a salesman says to a Prospect can be printed in a circular or typed in a letter and mailed to the Prospect, but the salesman can bring to bear in the personal interview every power of language and every bit of force that is in words, and focus them on the mind of the customer while he demonstrates his goods. The whole purpose of the Selling Talk, then, can be summed up in: 1. It must uncover in the Prospect's mind a need for the goods. 2. It must convince him that *your* goods are the goods he needs. 3. It must bring him to the point of *deciding* that he needs your goods more than he needs the money they cost. 4. That he must have the goods as quick as he can get them—so he orders. Any Selling Talk that does not accomplish this purpose has missed the mark.

In many of the text-books, the salesman is carefully instructed as to the use of particular words and as to their proper pronunciation and warned against errors in grammar. However, he must understand, too, that it will not do to be over-particular about grammar. He must be democratic and despise the snob. One of the best books gives this suggestion:

> ¶ I know a man who found it helpful with his general methods to deliberately cultivate a few incorrect habits of speech, such as dropping the *g's* in words ending in *ing*—saying *goin'* for *going* and *advertisin'* for *advertising;* and saying "there *ain't* any" for "there is none" (*sic*). By *unaffected* use of these expressions and careful use of otherwise *good* grammar and pronunciation, they secure an added impression of *earnestness* in what they are saying.

The text-books give a large number of opening sentences that are certified to be effective. As, for example, "All that you say is true, but . . . ; A little reflection will convince any one that . . .; Fortunately, that can be taken care of . . .; I assert without fear of successful contradiction . . .; There can be no two opinions about . . .; You are right in your judgment, but" . . . , and so on down to this gem: "*Your desire to think it over is commendable, but . . .*"

The student is further instructed that "four salesmen out of five have got to be *actors*. In fact, *all* salesmen ought to be more or less actors. Follow the good actor's lead and learn your lines and then throw your feelings into them. Learn the places to get enthusiastic, the places to get calm, the places to bang your fists on the prospect's desk and the places to shut your mouth and keep quiet."

Having mastered all these principles, the student is ready for his first Prospect. But before he can make Selling Talks, he must manage to run his quarry down. If the Prospect is a business man in a down-town office, a careful plan of attack must be formulated. If the Prospect is a housewife or a farmer, a different and perhaps more subtle method must be used.

In discussing the stalking of a business man, many of the books give full instructions for getting past what they refer to as the Outer Guards. These guards are generally office boys and stenographers. Some none too astute salesmen hand the office boy a card reading:

> Mr. B. Clyde Edgeworth,
> Boston, Mass.

with the inscription in the corner, "Representing the United Bond Co." But this is bad practice, for

> The office boy takes this to the inner office and returns a few moments later with the answer that the president is too busy today to see you. You have committed an error in your approach. There is nothing for you to do but leave and try at some future time when you have worked out a more unique method of getting the interview.

Here it is perfectly plain that the Prospect was warned that he was expected to part with money. He should not have been told in this abrupt way. The next time you call, if you are a good salesman, your card will read simply:

> Mr. B. Clyde Edgeworth,
> Boston, Mass.

The Prospect will be glad to see Mr. B. Clyde Edgeworth from Boston, Mass. If he is a lawyer, for example, he will probably surmise, or at least hope, that Mr. Edgeworth has come from Boston, Mass., to give him money. So Mr. Edgeworth is at once ushered in, and once he gets in he can take his choice of any number of approaches. One book suggests that he may even forget his card and explain to the office boy that he has none. This may induce the Prospect to think he has a client waiting outside. It is even suggested that "many will insist on using a name so difficult that the office boy will forget it. Something like this is used by a clever salesman with a national reputation who enters the outer office and gives the name of Mr. Eishenhimmel." No office boy can remember this name, so the manager hears only that some gentleman from Boston wants to see him. This arouses his curiosity and the interview is granted.

Sometimes the Prospector finds an office unprotected. The proper method of procedure in this case is to stroll carelessly in, "indicating by this attitude that he is familiar with the surroundings." When the Prospect appears, the salesman informs him that he has been waiting for some time. This immediately puts the Prospect on the defensive. Still another way is for the salesman to walk up to the girl in charge and ask for the Prospect and then walk right in to his private office. This will lead to the belief that the girl has sent him in. "While the Prospect is wondering what is wrong with his office system, the salesman is getting warmed up on his talk."

The methods which are suggested for getting into the home and talking to the housewife are even more interesting. We are assured that the following plan is used with great success by the talented representative of a large canned soup company. He carries a thermos bottle filled with hot soup. He rings the bell and the door opens:

> "Good morning, Madam."
>
> He pours a small portion of the hot soup into a paper cup which he has handed her.
>
> "I just want you to try this soup."
>
> While she is tasting the soup, he gives a brief explanation and then endeavors to book her order for three or four cans. He explains that the order will be given to her grocer and delivered the same day. She need not pay until the end of the month.

The farmer, it appears, must not be approached too abruptly. If you are to get his money you must break the news to him gently. You should first talk about horses, soil and market conditions. This conversation will show that you are interested in things close to him and likewise give you a chance to study his temperament and "to learn his likes and dislikes and *discover his weaknesses*."

III

When the Prospector gets well in touch with his Prospect then all his learning in psychology is called into play. To persuade or hypnotize the Prospect, it is of first importance to get his attention. This does not mean that he merely listen politely, but that he give Real Attention to the salesman. Giving him a mental shock is sometimes valuable.

> This you can do by dropping your pencil or striking the table. The effect of this is very good providing that the instant you have his attention you drive home some selling point.

But all Prospects, of course, cannot be treated in the same manner. One canvasser

was selling a household appliance. He always took note of everything that was to be seen both before he rang the bell and after the lady of the house appeared.

> If the woman came to the door in an apron or working dress he said: "Have I interrupted you in your work? I am sorry." The average woman, overcome by his solicitous tone, protested that it was no trouble and the foxy salesman had a few sensible remarks to make on housekeeping, which brought him naturally to the appliance he had to sell.
>
> Occasionally a sharp woman would come back, "Yes, I am busy and have no time today!" Thereupon, the salesman would agree quickly: "I'll *bet* that's true. When I was first married, my poor little wife just worked herself sick keeping up a house. And I made up my mind then that every little thing that I could get for her to save a little bit of work or time I would if it would take my last dollar." The woman is softened. "And I accidentally ran across the cleverest thing you ever saw for saving her back—here it is right here—I've helped, oh, I guess 2,000 women, to get one like it." And he is on with his canvass.

Some methods are a little more drastic. One book tells of excellent success following making the Prospect angry.

> It was up to me to get their attention. What did I do? I tramped on their corns. I reached over and plunked down on their corns. I really did this; I am not stuffing you. When they got red and mad all over, I knew that I had their attention. Then I would say: "I was clumsy, wasn't I? But profits, profits for you today and profits you haven't dreamed of. . . ."

After the salesman gets the attention of the Prospect, he is ready to unlimber all of his psychological artillery. Of course, he understands that no sale can be made unless he first induces a Desire to Buy. This is a fundamental axiom in all the text-books:

> There must be enough desire in any particular instance to over-balance all obstacles and make the man desire to do the thing more than for some reason—either concealed or expressed—he desires not to do it. The whole question is, can the salesman produce this much desire? If he can, he can sell. There is the whole problem of salesmanship in a sentence.

Nothing could be clearer than this. Contrary to the political economists, sales are not made because the purchaser needs the article and wants to get it, but because the Prospector creates a Desire to Buy in him —a desire which the Prospect never had before, or which at least lay dormant in his unconscious. We are instructed that for creating this desire suggestion is much more important than argument. The Prospect should be in a passive and receptive mood to get the best results. For example, it is easier to make a sale if you are sitting in a semi-dark room than if you are in one brightly lighted. Impressionability and sensitiveness are apt to be overcome by bright lights.

When one really understands this principle, the rest is very simple. So simple that one can't help wondering how a Prospect ever keeps his money. To quote again:

> Another stratagem successfully used by a great many salesmen, especially in so-called "high pressure" selling, is to get the Prospect into an agreeable frame of mind just as soon as possible, and then lead him on from one agreement to another until he has the habit. Then, when you ask him to agree to give you an order, he is just that much more apt to do so. This is called the "yes" method of closing.
>
> A life insurance salesman, for example, starts in by getting the Prospect to agree that it is a nice day, or that his offices are very bright and cheerful. Then he leads him on, tactfully and adroitly, from that small beginning to agree that life insurance is a good thing. The next step is to get him to agree that every man should invest a percentage of his income in insurance, and so on up the ladder until finally the salesman gets him to agree to be examined.

In working such sorceries, considerations of age and sex are important.

> The young are more readily influenced than the mature, because their fund of knowledge on a given subject is smaller. Women are more liable to succumb to suggestion than men because they are impatient of deliberate process and like to reach conclusions quickly. In business transactions the common citizen is more easily swayed than the professional buyer. Fatigue increases susceptibility, as shown by laboratory experiments. Intoxicants also increase it.

I know that the last sentence was not written for the purpose of giving advice. I am sure of it, for it appears in a book on Salesmanship published by the Y. M. C. A. Still, I have quoted the sentence literally and I have heard that, in the good old days, certain wicked salesmen did use this means of getting the Prospect into a receptive mood.

Now we have our Prospect in a passive

state of mind and ready for suggestions. To the untutored the simplest and most direct way to awaken the Desire to Buy in him might seem to be by telling him something about the excellence of your wares and his crying need for them. But there are subtler ways, and the books are nothing if not subtle. Let us go back to their theoretical training in psychology.

> Salesmanship is the science and the art of influencing the mind through the five senses. The number of senses that can be played upon depends on the line or the article to be sold.
>
> A wine merchant or salesman can play upon all five senses. The sense of sight is played upon by the merchant's or salesman's manner, expression, gestures and the color of the wine. The sense of smell by the bouquet and the flavor of the wine. The sense of feeling by the generous warmth imparted by the wine to the feelings. The sense of hearing by the salesman's voice and argument.
>
> Operating upon the sense of hearing is by far the most important, for through hearing the salesman can persuade the mind that the other senses are mistaken in their perceptions, or that the consensus of opinion favors the direct opposite of what his mind conceives.
>
> The voice can be trained to become so strong and forceful that its very force carries conviction to the mind of the hearer. It can be trained to become so even and matter of fact that its very tone suggests truth, and the mind of the hearer unconsciously adopts the suggestion that the proposition is entirely as represented. The voice can be trained to become so subtly soft and low that it deadens the resistance of the brain like a soothing narcotic.

It is only fair to add that the book in which all this appears was published before the Eighteenth Amendment and not by the Y. M. C. A. But singers, speakers and actors have long observed these effects of the human voice. Many a man has been charmed by an oration and after going away from a meeting has been unable to remember a single idea that the speaker suggested. Nature creates such magical voices, but art should not be neglected. People, it appears, are taken quite unawares when the great gifts of the rhetorician are suddenly launched against them by one selling mouse-traps or cockroach powders.

Meanwhile, the scientific salesman must not overlook the power of the magnetic eye. This power was first used by snakes in charming birds, and it has been long used in taming lions and other wild animals. Here is its modern application:

> Can you look a prospect straight in the eye? Can you keep him looking at you while driving home a point? If you can't, learn how. If you want to be master of the situation, if you want to cast an influence over his mind that will be hard to resist, do it with the eye. If you can hold your gaze on a man without wavering, you can practically persuade him in every instance, unless your proposition is too unreasonable.
>
> While looking a prospect straight in the eye, *it gives him no chance to reason or reflect.* An idea is planted on the subjective mind. It is not analyzed. It is not compared with some past experience. *It is taken as a truth.*

The Prospector is given plenty of illustrations of the way to awaken the Prospect's imagination and create a Desire to Buy. A story is told of how a very talented expert was called in to increase the business of a shoe-store. He soon discovered that it would be impossible to give its customers any better shoes or any more shoes for their money. Then he asked himself the question: "What more *can* we give?"

> By clearly understanding that it was the customer's *thoughts* he had to influence more than their *feet*, the sales-organizer built up a canvass which did not actually *require* a single word to be spoken by the salesman. Of course, the salesman talked more or less, but no words were laid down for him.
>
> The salesman was required to take off the customer's shoe, get the size and an idea of the style desired.
>
> Ordinarily, the next step would have been to bring out a few pairs of shoes and perhaps try them on.
>
> Not so, now.
>
> The salesman must examine the foot carefully. He must span the width with his fingers. Lift the foot up and put one hand on the sole and one on top as though getting its contour well in mind. Then he lays it on the floor and asks the customer to put his weight on it. Feels of each joint, squeezes the balls of the toes, and presses upward on the arch.
>
> All this before he has made a single move towards actually fitting it.
>
> The salesman then straightens up and looks at the foot critically—then examines the other foot.
>
> The customer is watching and begins to feel that an *expert* is fitting him—and that he never had such careful attention before.
>
> The salesman then goes to the shelves for shoes. He brings back only one. Does not put it on the customer's foot, but just compares the foot and shoe with his eye. Then returns it to the shelf and brings back another. This one he tries on, but

with the same excess of carefulness as he used in his examination.

When the salesman pronounces the customer's foot fitted, it generally goes.

And the customer goes out with the shoes feeling that he has indeed received big value for his money.

I defy anyone to resist this method. Somewhere in my unconscious mind there lurks a suspicion that a Prospector has somewhere worked this game on me.

To thoroughly influence a Prospect, it is important to have an eye for details. As a rule, the salesman cannot get too close to the customer. The magnetic effect of personal proximity is immense.

> It is much better in talking with a Prospect not to sit at too great a distance from him. It has been demonstrated that if you sit or stand close you can make a better impression and will have more influence than if at a distance. This may be accounted for by your personal magnetism, or the radiating of energy which at close range cannot help but prove more effective than at a distance.

IV

The real purpose of all the foregoing is "to make *your* will the Prospect's will." He must not be allowed to make his own decision, nor even think about it. He may not need your goods or want them, but *you* want him to buy them. You must be the complete master in the whole transaction. Now and then, it would seem, a Prospect shows fight. He has a foolish idea that he ought to have something to say himself about how he spends his money. A good salesman is alert to catch the first sign of this untoward resistance. The Prospector is carefully enjoined, to quote the words of one of the books, that

> If you keep a tight rein on a skittish horse, you can handle him, but the minute you let him grab the bit and feel he is boss, then you have a dangerous chance of a runaway.

This admonition is followed by a touching story of a clever salesman whose Prospect began to take the lead in the conversation. Disregarding all the rules, this Prospect forced the salesman to follow in *his* lead. Promptly the salesman shut him off.

> At the first sign of unruliness in the Prospect, he began to pick at his thumb nail. As the Prospect got further out of control he would examine the supposedly afflicted thumb anxiously. Then in the middle of the Prospect's remarks he would say, "Pardon me, but have you a sharp knife?" The Prospect produces a knife and generally apologizes for its not being very sharp. The salesman says that it will do and begins to cut at an imaginary hang-nail and complains of what a nuisance hang-nails are. The Prospect generally sympathizes and as he draws up to look at the operation, the salesman says, "There, I guess that's fixed," shuts the knife and with a sigh of relief looks up at the Prospect again. "Let's see, what were we talking about? Oh yes, about so and so. . . ."

One's mind wanders to the question of the fairness of this subtle method. What chance has an ordinary man when a Prospector so deeply learned in psychology has at him? However, this point is covered in a perfectly logical manner by the textbooks.

> When a Prospect has granted you an interview; when he has given you his attention at its best or comes into your store, or when a woman has opened her house door to you, that interview is *yours* and you have a right to manage it and direct it according to your own particular plan.

Fair enough! The impudence of a Prospect having anything to say about spending his own money! Especially in his own home!

The whole procedure may be summed up in one sentence, taken from a leading textbook: *Do not permit the Prospect to reason and reflect.* A scientific salesman must always bear in mind that it is his first duty to get control.

> The salesman must not be entirely confined to one method of approach, or a single talking point, or to any particular and exact program. He must be versatile. If he can't get his customer one way, he must get him another. A thoroughly trained psychologist, by observing the facial expression of his Prospect, his feeble remarks, his wariness, and his show of fight, ought to be prepared at any moment to change his tactics. The expert fisherman tries out the fish—if one kind of *bait* doesn't get the strike, he changes. And if one kind of hook doesn't *land* them he changes hooks. If he is alert, aggressive, masterful, persistent and a thorough psychologist he perseveres. He carefully lays his snares, places his bait and, then the unsuspecting Prospect falls into the trap.

No matter how good an approach you have made, regardless of how clever or how perfect your Selling Talk may be, it is all of no avail unless you close the sale.

Therefore, you should have a Reserve Talk in readiness if the need should arise. In large letters the salesman is told that "many Prospects must be led; others driven. The closing argument must be directed at the Prospect's *weakness*. Tie your Prospect up so that he must act. The majority of salesmen make it too easy for their Prospect to slip away. Tie him up so that he cannot *possibly* back down."

V

Many a Prospect, after he has taken the fatal step, has glimmering thoughts, it appears, of pay day or of the needs of his customers. This sometimes brings him cold feet and a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. He wishes that he hadn't. Here the well equipped, thoroughly trained master of psychology is prepared.

> No matter how great the advantage won in a purchase, there nearly always comes an instant after the decision when the purchaser grows cold and "sorter wishes he hadn't done it," and that is the time when the good salesman puts one final long, strong tooth into his talk. He must keep the customer's interest going until he gets into some other subject. The salesman in a large cut-price tailoring establishment had suffered much from cancelled orders and has now been trained in this knack of speeding the customer's interest up after a purchase. As the customer's measurements are finished, the salesman again picks up the selected goods and pats them affectionately,
>
> "I wanted a suit off this piece myself," he says regretfully, "but the buyer wouldn't let any of us boys have it. It's an unusual piece of goods and they don't waste such a piece on any of us fellows in the shop. Yes, you'll never regret *this* suit," and then he goes on to make out the sales ticket.
>
> In all that you say or do after the sale, be brief, remind the purchaser of the excellence of his bargain, make some complimentary remark about his business, his home or whatever concerns him most, and as he leaves, shake his hand. In a word, be courteous, calm and confident.

It is obvious that these astounding books on salesmanship are symptomatic of the age. In literary quality, they are crude to the last degree. The motive back of all of them is not even veiled. The reader is simply urged to get the money and get it quickly. Alluring advertisements are sent broadcast to the struggling and the dull-witted, asking them to part with their cash to buy books and take courses that they may get money from others even more dull-witted than themselves. They are told that they need only learn a few tricks, and they can at once overmatch the credulous Prospect. I am informed that less than fifty per cent of those who buy the books and make their first payments ever finish the course of instruction, and that of those who get through only a few ever ride in Pullman cars, "live at the best hotels, and enjoy the companionship of Prosperous Business Men." They simply have a dream, and then go back to work.

Of course, no one could make money out of a school to educate Prospects in resisting the wiles of the Prospector. Still, some philanthropist might endow such a school. Better yet, our existing institutions of learning might lay out courses to teach the public what to buy, where to buy, and how to buy, including instruction in what not to buy, and where not to buy it. Every one knows how many hard-working men and women, in the hope of getting relief from toil for themselves and their families, have invested their money in fake oil stocks, mining stocks, patent rights, real-estate subdivisions, and all sorts of similar frauds. Many of these are now toiling in their old age, many are receiving alms from their relatives and friends, many others are in poor-houses and in jails. Something might be done for this ever-growing army of Prospects. These are the victims of the new High-Power Salesmanship.

BRINGING IN THE MILLENNIUM

BY CHARLES FISKE

Rebels in revolt against 100% Americanism and the smug piety which is one of its chief ingredients may resent admitting to the fold a wearer of purple and fine linen vestments. And what may not happen to the ecclesiastic when he is discovered in the company of these wild disturbers of our placid peace? He has the courage to rush into the danger zone only because he knows that there are many whose hearts will beat in sympathy with his mild and hesitating protests.

Even a conservative, cautious ecclesiastic may feel bound in honor to record his misgivings—misgivings which many another parson frequently shares. He sees in all churches hundreds of his brethren "seeking refuge from the difficulties of thought in the opportunities for action." He sees scores of his friends resigning an inspirational ministry to accept ecclesiastical positions as field secretaries or swivel-chair reformers. He sees churches abandoned to the unrestrained energy of social uplifters who are experts in politics of every type, from the common garden variety upward. He sees the slow and patient process of reforming the world through reforming individuals give way to the more popular process of compelling the nation and the world to be good by statutory enactment. He finds among Protestant ministers and their leading laymen a new type of spiritual enthusiasm—though it is as old as Puritanism (older, indeed) and seems new only because it has become as prevalent as an epidemic. He finds these fervent followers of the new righteousness determined to mold all men in one pattern, and resolved, at any cost and with the expenditure of any amount of force, to make it impossible for other people to be sinners in their own way, while blissfully unaware that bigotry, religious hatred and pious cant may be worse sins than many of the offenses already listed in the statute-books.

Take, for example, the present passion for social service. Organized, as the welfare movement is, on a thoroughly professional and commercialized basis, it has become one of the chief sins—and one of the worst pests—in America today. No one could possibly estimate the harm that has been done to all movements for social betterment by the paid uplifter. He is a general nuisance and many a good cause has been ruined by his pernicious activity. Nowhere has the evil of such commercialized service been more serious than in the churches. For a time all of them were hypnotized into the engagement of social service "experts." These experts were hired and fired. Most of them had to "make their own jobs" and in endeavoring to magnify their office they stuck busy fingers into other people's pies until the patience of the synods and conventions which engaged them was tried to the limit. Often they were parlor Socialists or doctrinaires who plunged their ecclesiastical organizations into unauthorized action in legislative halls and committed them to poorly digested programmes of social, economic and industrial reform. Ecclesiastical counselors to State legislatures, amateur advisers in industrial relations and youthful critics of the present economic order were so numerous that one could not shake a stick at them collec-

tively, much less hit them with it individually on the head. Among Protestant denominations of the more violent type paid secretaries and reform organizations became a menace as well as a nuisance. Good men have mourned over their activities and the people who are not naturally pious have been driven from indifference to bitter antagonism. They have engineered political blocs, forced through laws which only a small minority desired, held up legislation by demands for social and industrial reforms which could not be enforced. They have hung like hornets about the heads of legislators until the better type of politician has retired to private life and men of the baser sort have been pushed into the making of laws which they themselves do not obey and in whose real worth they have never had any faith.

The curse of commercialized service lies in the fact that most of us want to see necessary reforms enacted and necessary works of betterment performed; but paid experts who are obliged to magnify their office or lose it have defeated the very purpose of social service—first, by attempting so many things that nothing is done well and many things are attempted which ought not to be done at all; second, by increasing overhead expense through conventions, conferences, local and general offices and the multiplication of organization, until overlapping in work is the rule rather than the exception; and lastly, by making such exorbitant financial demands for all these things that the charitably disposed are giving up in despair.

We have come to a pass where it is almost impossible to get work done now unless someone is paid to do it. During the great war there were so many paid workers doing every imaginable labor, from singing and dancing for the soldiers in camp to selling cigarettes and chocolate back of the front, that the tendency towards this commercializing of every social activity has been greatly strengthened. Thousands of earnest young women who did war work are now industriously engaged in discovering new openings for paid employment. Clergymen and laymen who were active or eloquent—for a price—are looking for secretarial positions with a worthwhile salary attached. One cannot build a church or raise funds for charity without the aid of paid workers with standardized methods of enticing money from the purses of reluctant contributors, a large proportion of the money going into the pockets of the professional campaign directors. There are all sorts of organizations for civic betterment which furnish offices for paid executive secretaries, associations whose principal object is to offer advancement for professional city managers, additional social service activities with paid workers treading on one another's toes.

II

The Church has fallen victim to the vice of the age. We are standardizing religious education, standardizing parochial, synodical and diocesan organization, professionalizing parochial service and encouraging a numberless throng of would-be workers to learn the professional patter of the particular department in which they mean to offer their services—always at a price. In our way we are only a short distance behind the commercialized social service workers who (for a salary) are busily engaged in proffering their panaceas for the remedy of social evils and hopefully advancing the approach of the social or industrial millennium.

Under the untiring prodding of the paid propagandist, Church conventions have been made an occasion for the passage of resolutions advising everybody as to how everything should be done. The delegates were not chosen for any such exacting labors. They were chosen to see that the business of the Church was done in a business-like fashion—always a dull and drab and uninteresting task. When resolutions are passed about everything on earth, from child labor to the League of Nations, anyone with half a brain knows

that the men who pass the resolutions do not in any way represent their constituency as having been chosen for this particular educational and inspirational purpose. When Congress or State legislatures are flooded with appeals and resolutions from women's organizations, the members of these bodies—not being any bigger fools than most politicians—know that the resolutions were framed by a select little gathering of earnest and ignorant ladies of leisure, urged thereto by some paid enthusiast, and that the appeals and instructions represent a few more or less faithful attendants at club meetings and not the thousands of members for whom they claim to speak.

Because this is so, it is practically impossible to get serious attention for any serious proposal claiming popular support. Only when frightened legislators feel that a specially aggressive group holds the balance of power in a home district will they give heed to any plea—and the dictation to which they submit from these well organized blocs results in the worst possible laws on the most impossible matters.

In my own Church I have been entering my protests for several years. Alas! I have been abused. I can stand abuse; but what irks me is the fact that in spite of my usually fluent English, I have been grievously misunderstood. Of course the trouble with me is that in my pronouncements I have taken too much for granted in the way of intelligent interpretation. Like the good wife who said to her maid, "Mary, take the parrot away at once; Mr. Brown has lost his collar button," I did not feel it necessary to explain too minutely what was in my mind. It seemed best to leave something to the imagination. I now find that this was a mistake. Some people need to have everything elucidated amply and plainly in simple words of few syllables. They never can take anything for granted. They always want to be told in full detail what one means. It was right you should seek to dissemble your love; but why, they ask, why should you kick me downstairs? I am now busy propelling some of the busybodies towards the door.

But let me explain. I am not seated in stolid contentment; like Gallio, caring for none of these things. I still care for them a lot. Only—I have come to the conclusion that "the trouble with amateur carvers is that the gravy so seldom matches the wallpaper." Our social workers have been trying to cover too much territory and they have covered it with too many crude splashes.

As to my own grave disorder, perhaps the real trouble with me is that I am sick to death of circulars and appeals. I am not the only one who is complaining. Someone sent me the other day an eloquent outburst from another clergyman. He had discovered, like myself, that everybody who has a hobby, and is earnestly convinced that the adoption of his special nostrum would instantly usher in the millennium, at once feels moved to write either to the clergy or to the newspapers or to both. The message, of course, may occasionally be varied to suit the taste, and any given enthusiast may advocate any given nostrum, provided he or she observe two plain rules, viz.: first, not to advocate more than one nostrum at a time, since it is the special virtue of each to be an exclusive panacea; and, second, to make it quite clear that it is only the selfish indifference and inactivity of the clergy which is delaying the triumphant manifestation of the millennium.

Last week the ministerial mail bag contained eight or ten such calls to service. If all had been heeded, no time would have been left in which to attend to any ordinary duties. It will not be necessary to enumerate these various calls—enough that they make one face the stubborn fact that one of the gravest perils that beset the clergy is the "restless scattering of our energies over an amazing multiplicity of interests; a scattering that leaves little margin of time for receptive and absorbing communion with God."

Worse than the plague of the mail pouch

is the curse of the early morning telephone call. Even a saint of the placid type depicted in stained-glass windows would lose his temper if he lived in modern days, and during breakfast time, or before, were called to the telephone morning after morning to take down fifty-word night letters. These urgent messages come from paid secretaries who are sending out a last appeal for aid in the Near East, or a hurry call for an oriental hospital, or a request for the use of one's name on a petition to purify the movies, or an eleventh hour summons to attend, and perchance address and pray for a conference of uplifters in a neighboring city. All of them good causes? Certainly. But why prejudice the cause by dragging its victim out of bed or away from the breakfast table? Why not trust to the slower processes of the morning mail? Most men are not fit to live with until they have had a cup of strong coffee and a matutinal cigar. Then they are at peace with the world, fortified in spirit, kindly disposed towards all men. Then, if ever, they will meet with impaired power of resistance appeals to their purse, their patience or their piety. Even then, mails may annoy them, but they have not the same capacity to irritate as have the telephone and the telegraph message. Yet the expert secretary follows the methods of big business and telegraphs hither and yon at the expense of the office—and to the endangering of the souls of the impatient recipients of his messages.

Other secretaries specialize in besieging the minister with requests for the observance of new festivals in the Christian Year. Mother's Day was the invention of a paid employé of the National Association of Florists, probably the same man who thought of the slogan, "Say it with flowers." Father and Son Week was probably a brilliant suggestion of the secretary of a clothiers and haberdashers' club. Eat Oranges Week originated with an official of a California fruit growers' association who earned a whole year's salary by thinking of this plan for increased consumption and remunerative production to meet the demand. Clean-Up Week came from the Paint Manufacturers' publicity agent. Go to Church Sunday must have originated in the brain of a paid secretary of the committee in charge of the Backsliders' Reunion.

There are also paid uplifters whose business it is to coax the clergy into every variety of preachment. A subject is easily at hand for every Sunday of the fifty-two on the calendar. He is asked to preach on purer plays, cleaner fiction, more innocuous movies. He may specialize as an oratorical advocate of the Red Cross or the Americanization Society. He may be a leader of the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Knights of Sir Galahad, the Order of DeMolay, or the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. Sometimes he will believe in babies' welfare societies as the hope of America for the future; sometimes he may tend towards a firm faith in playgrounds for the numerous progeny of the foreign born. By letter, telephone, telegraph or personal solicitation he will be urged to give inspirational addresses on Y. M. C. A. swimming pools, cafeterias for the Y. W., vacation camps, holiday houses, lessons in intensive dancing and a dozen other secular sacraments of modern Protestantism. All this, however, will be mild and inoffensive compared with the demands made upon him to give undivided allegiance to a varied programme of social reform, with conferences to be held, petitions to be circulated, public officials to be be-deviled and congregations urged to supply funds to carry on the ambitious projects.

III

Now, the ordinary minister, we have been told, makes up for not being very wise by being really quite exceptionally well-meaning. Like the peasant in Aesop's fable, he is very desirous of pleasing everyone. Hence he neglects his proper work —and no one will convince me that he hasn't a work properly his—, becomes a

smatterer in political economy and sociology, preaches earnestly (and inaccurately) about many isms, and positively exudes the spirit of the uplift. Unfortunately it takes a long time to become an expert, and the life of any particular ism is usually short. Hence by the time the minister has neglected his flock long enough to speak with authority on any one thing, should that time ever arrive, he finds that something else has taken its place.

The average American clergyman is really not a hypocrite. He is an earnest soul seeking to do good, often not having a very clear idea as to how he may do the good he seeks to do, apt to excuse his failure on the ground that his ecclesiastical superiors lack in leadership, anxious therefore to have a paid expert tell him how and where he may become active in uplifting his fellow men, and in the pathetic ignorance of his heart following every new fad in the fond expectation of satisfying his soul's desire. Do not be too hard on him. He means well. He is really deserving of more credit than the cynic who smiles at his halting efforts.

But—he is tiresome, excessively so. Perhaps I would best say that I am quite aware that all of us—we of the clergy—are apt to be tiresome in our moral enthusiasms. I wish we could retain our enthusiasm while at the same time ceasing to be fanatical. If the paid uplifters would let us alone, I am sure we would soon become pleasant people to live with. Indeed, I flatter myself that some may be such, even as things are.

In the meanwhile, it is our misfortune that our very moral enthusiasms make us an easy prey for the professional propagandists. That is why we get so excited over the industrial democracy that we are on the point of dividing our incomes—which are not large enough to be heavily taxed—among the proletariat, only to discover (alas! too late) that we have spent our little all on postage stamps and stationery carrying on a correspondence in response to the cyclone of circulars that sweeps upon us like the western gales of incoming March. That is why we are engaged in the task of outlawing war. We are the victims of paid pacificists who induce us to preach disarmament in season and out and demand the abolition of armies and navies at once, instead of trying out the experiment on a small scale and beginning by discharging the local police force and throwing away the key to the front door. We all hate war—who does not, save a few benighted followers of an insane Polish philosopher? But the secretary of some peace society has induced us to inscribe our names to a resolution that the only way to avoid war is by action analogous to that of tying our hands and letting a bad man hit our children.

But I have drifted far afield, skipping from cause to cause as inconsequently as the uplifters themselves. Natural indignation has led me to visualize the whole welfare movement in its various ramifications. What I originally set out to do was to enter a protest against the prevalent tendency to resolve religion into nothing other than terms of social activity and trust to successive schemes of legislation for the reformation of society and the salvation of the human race. One need but read the history of legislation for the past two decades, in all its paternalistic progress, to discover how one programme after another has been enacted into law; how each has fallen short of its promised perfections; how the eager experts have promptly organized new movements, bound to bring a little closer the dawn of the new day; how each in turn has failed to produce the anticipated results; how the multiplicity of laws has led to contempt for law, and how deep-rooted is the idea that all this is the real province of religion and support of it the real duty of all who profess and call themselves Christians.

So the churches go gaily on towards the millennium and the propagandists daily show them new tasks to accomplish preparatory to its coming. Sometimes, here and there, an earnest worker becomes

weary, but there is always near at hand a paid secretary to prod him to his feet again. Meanwhile, on with the dance—and damned be he who first cries, "Hold! Enough!" Let us do the welfare fox-trot till we lose our breath or bust. When a leisure hour comes I am thinking of writing a paper about it for one of the clerical brotherhoods. It will be entitled "The Present Decay in Religion; or, the Activity of the Clergy in Every Good Work." There may be a second paper (if I escape alive after the first) on "Spasmodic Preachments and Their Relation to Religious Hysteria."

What gives some of us anxiety is that the work of social reform has been gaily taken up by faddists who make it such a joke and themselves such a public pest that almost every good cause is handicapped and serious people cannot get a hearing. As I have already intimated, there is hardly a public man of any position who does not discount every appeal made on behalf of better social legislation by attributing the demand to the sentimental fancy of the reformer and seeing in it no real expression of public opinion. For the matter of that, is there actually any force of public opinion behind many of the proposed reforms? Such a public sentiment can be aroused; it has been aroused. But it will never be aroused by men and women who follow a will-o'-the-wisp of reform, led by a starry-eyed secretary who is well paid for his butterfly activities. And it will not be exerted continuously and effectively under the leadership of those whose one idea seems to be that you can legislate people into paradise and that a law once on the statute books becomes *ipso facto* a self-operating piece of reform machinery.

Particularly, and by way of emphatic repetition, in social work, as in politics, we need to concentrate. There is such a babel of sound now from the advocates of reform—women in particular—that most people depart before they find out what it is all about, like the Oriental visitor who attended a concert and (under the mistaken impression that the music was over) left before it began, only to discover afterwards that he had heard the orchestra tuning up. And the pace has been so fast; the race so furious. It looks sometimes as if we had not stayed long enough in our hurried welfare journey; we have not remained at any one station long enough to hear the echoes of the whistle of the departing train on which we came.

Meanwhile, despite the interesting collection of religious Americana published monthly in these pages, there are thousands of honest-hearted clergy who are not hopelessly inefficient. Thousands of us, at any rate, believe that we have escaped the vulgarity and blatancy of the many Main Streets of America. We know that religious impressions must find active expression in service and in a stumbling fashion we are trying to show others how and where their religious activities may be directed. The excessively energetic paid helpers who are so eager to help us bore us to tears because they really obstruct our efforts.

Meanwhile, also, it is my honest conviction that the clergyman has a work peculiarly his own, and that if this work is not done all the work of other men will be in vain. Every social reformer must feel that his work is hindered by the faults of individuals. Every student of economics knows that his problems are partly moral. Every political reformer recognizes that the first need of a nation is good men. Really good men—men of honest purpose—not men who can talk so eloquently about goodness that as they soar into the blue empyrean the stars reverberate with their oratory.

IV

The only solution that has thus far suggested itself to my conscience, when the field secretaries have given me time to think, is to let somebody else do something.

That does not mean that I am going to preach to others and call them to labor while I am "on refreshment" and idle

Every layman should be interested and active in good works, but we do not expect him entirely to neglect his business or professional affairs in order to show his social zeal. Why can't the minister follow the same plan?

Then, second, as I do not expect to do everything myself, so I shall not expect other people to do more than myself. And therefore I shall not look for the accomplishment of the whole social programme all at once. I am going to reason with my friends and try to induce them to discharge a few paid workers and restrain their own zeal. I am going to urge them to alight at one station and stay there awhile. Some of them don't know where they are going —they only know they are on the way. Others are so torn between conflicting welfare movements that they are like the eastbound traveler on the New York Central who walked in his sleep just before the train pulled into Albany and awoke only to find himself on the way to Boston while his clothes were headed for New York. I am going to urge my zealous friends to go somewhere and stay put, though I have very little expectation that they will accept my advice.

Finally, even at the risk of making myself somewhat of a bore in doing it, I mean to keep on insisting that religion is something finer and more attractive than the blatant and vulgar substitute for it which obsesses America at the present time. I am not naturally critical and pessimistic; my friends say that I am occasionally cheery and sweet-tempered. But the best of dispositions will soon be ruined if one discovers that, just because one is a clergyman, the man in the street classes one with the religionists of American Protestantism. I worship a different God from theirs, I am sure. If religion meant the abominable thing it must mean to irritated victims and observers of this crude American caricature of it, I would have nothing to do with it myself, nor would I blame others if they denounced it with contempt. I am driven to desperation at the thought that (because I wear a clerical collar) the uplifters are making a laughing stock of me as well as of themselves.

Therefore I shall keep on teaching what I believe to be real religion. Though its quiet voice may not be heard now, as the trumpets blare insistently for more constitutional amendments, more statutory enactments and more welfare movements, I still believe that it has attractive power and that the day may not be far distant when men will once more recognize its modest charm. A few hundred kindly, courteous, quiet, well-disposed churchmen in a community—all of them minding their own business and modestly and unobtrusively worshipping and serving God in their own way; not obnoxiously insistent that everybody shall serve and worship God in exactly the same way; in particular, not impertinently inquisitive as to the faults and failings of others, nor overzealous to bring them to repentance and a better life—a few hundred decent, old-fashioned Christians of this type will do more for the good of their fellow men than all the leaders of all the Hi Ys in all this glorious land of the free and home of the brave.

STEEL

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

This man is dead.
Everything you can say
Is now quite definitely said:
This man held up his head
And had his day,
Then turned his head a little to one way
And slept instead.

Young horses give up their pride:
You break them in
By brief metallic discipline
And something else beside. . . .
So this man died.

While he lived I did not know
This man; I never heard
His name. Now that he lies as though
He were remembering some word
He had forgotten yesterday or so,
It seems a bit absurd
That his blank lids and matted hair should grow
Suddenly familiar. . . . Let him be interred.

Steady now. . . . That was his wife
Making that small queer inarticulate sound
Like a knife;
Steady there. . . . Let him slip easy into the ground;
Do not look at her,
She is fighting for breath. . . .
She is a foreigner. . . .
Polak . . . like him . . . she cannot understand. . . .
It is hard. . . . Leave her alone with death
And a shovelful of sand.

"O the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago!" . . .
Christ, what a hell
Is packed into that line! Each syllable
Bleeds when you say it. . . . No matter: Chicago
Is a far cry from Cracow;
And anyhow
What have Poles
To do with such extraneous things as hearts and souls?

There is nothing here to beat the breast over,
Nothing to relish the curious,
Not a smell of the romantic; this fellow
Was hardly your yearning lover
Frustrated; no punchinello;
But just a hunky in a steel mill. Why then fuss
Because his heavy Slavic face went yellow
With the roaring furnace dust? Now that he is in
The cool sweet crush of dirt, to hell with your sobbing violin,
Your sanctimonious 'cello!
Let the mill bellow!

II

If you have ever had to do with steel:
The open-hearth, the blooming-mill, the cranes
Howling under a fifty-ton load, trains
Yowling in the black pits where you reel
Groggily across a sluice of orange fire, a sheet
Tongued from the conduits that bubble blue green; if
Ever you have got a single whiff
Out of the Bessemer's belly, felt the drag
And drip and curdle of steel spit hissing against hot slag;
If ever you have had to eat

One hundred and thirty degrees of solid heat,
Then screwed the hose to the spigot, drowned in steam,
Darted back when the rods kicked up a stream
Of fluid steel and had to duck the ladle that slobbered over, and scream
Your throat raw to get your *Goddam!* through—
Then I am talking to you.

Steve did that for ten years with quiet eyes,
And body down to the belt caked wet
With hardening cinder splash and stiffening sweat
And whatever else there is that clots and never utterly dries.
He packed the mud and dolomite, made back-wall,
Herded the heat, and placed his throw in tall
Terrible arcs behind smoked glasses, and watched it fall
Heavy and straight and true,
While the blower kept the gas at a growl and the brew
Yelled red and the melter hollered "Heow!" and you raveled
Her out and the thick soup gargled and you traveled
Like the devil to get out from under. . . . Well, Steve
For ten years of abdominal heft and heave
Worked steel. So much for that. And after
Ten years of night shifts, fourteen hours each,
The Bessemers burn your nerves up, bleach
Rebellion out of your bones; and laughter
Sucked clean out of your guts becomes
More dead than yesterday's feet moving to yesterday's drums. . . .
And so they called him "Dummy." The whole gang
From pit boss down to the last mud-slinger cursed
And squirted tobacco juice in a hot and mixed harangue
Of Slovene, Serb, Dutch, Dago, Russian, and—worst—
English as hard and toothless as a skull.
And Steve stared straight ahead of him and his eyes were dull.

Anna was Steve's little woman
Who labored bitterly enough,
Making children of stern and tragic stuff
And a rapture that was hammered rough,
Spilling steel into their spines, yet keeping them wistful and human. . . .
Anna had her work to do
With cooking and cleaning
And washing the window curtains white as new,
Washing them till they wore through:
For her the white curtains had a meaning—
And starching them white against the savage will
Of the grim dust belching incessantly out of the mill;
Soaking and scrubbing and ironing against that gritty reek
Until her head swam and her knees went weak
And she could hardly speak.
A terrible unbeaten purpose persisted:
Color crying against a colorless world!
White against black at the windows flung up, unfurled!
Candles and candle light!
The flags of a lonely little woman twisted
Out of her hunger for cool clean beauty, her hunger for white!—
These were her banners and this was her fight!

No matter how tired she was, however she would ache
In every nerve, she must boil the meat and bake
The bread, and the curtains must go up white—for Steve's sake!
One thing was certain:
That John and Stanley and Helen and Mary and the baby Steven
Must be kept out of the mills and the mill life, even
If it meant that her man and she would break

Under the brunt of it: she had talked it
through with him
A hundred times. . . . Let her eyeballs
split, her head swim—
The window must have its curtain!

III

Lately Steve had stopped talking alto-
gether
When he slumped in with his dinner pail
and heavily
Hunched over his food.
So Anna and the children let him be;
She was afraid to ask him why or whether
As he sat with his eyes glued
On vacancy.
So Anna and the children let him brood.
Only sometimes he would suddenly look
at them and her
In a ghastly fixed blur
Till a vast nausea of terror and compassion
stood
Blundering in her heart and swarming in
her blood—
And she shivered and knew somehow that
it was not good.

And then it happened: Spring had come
Like the silver needle-note of a fife,
Like a white plume and a green lance and
a glittering knife
And a jubilant drum.
But Steve did not hear the earth hum:
Under the earth he could feel merely the
fever
And the shock of roots of steel forever;
April had no business with the pit
Or the people—call them people—who
breathed in it.
The mill was Steve's huge harlot and his
head
Lay between breasts of steel on a steel bed,
Locked in a steel sleep and his hands were
riveted.

IV

And then it happened: nobody could tel
whose
Fault it was, but a torrent of steel brok
loose,
Trapped twenty men in the hot frothy
mess. . . .
After a week, more or less,
The company, with appropriate finesse,
Having allowed the families time to move
Expressed a swift proprietary love
By shoving the dump of metal and flesh
and shoes
And cotton and cloth and felt
Back into the furnace to remelt.

And that was all, though a dispatch so
neat,
So wholly admirable, so totally sweet,
Could not but stick in Steve's dulled brain
And whether it was the stink or the noise
or just plain
Inertia combined with heat,
Steve, one forenoon, on stark deliberate
feet,
Let the charging-machine's long iron finger
beat
The side of his skull in. . . . There was no
pain.

For one fierce instant of unconsciousness
Steve tasted the incalculable caress;
For one entire day he slept between
Sheets that were white and cool, embalmed
and clean;
For twenty-four hours he touched the hair
of death,
Ran his fingers through it, and it was
deep dark green—
And he held his breath.

This man is dead.
Everything you can say
Is now quite definitely said.

A MAN OF LEARNING

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

You can read his biography in "Who's Who in America," or at least you can find out what he belongs to: 'Member Am. Assn. Univ. Profs., Am. Assn. Advance. Science, Am. Philosoph. Assn., Am. Psychol. Assn., Soc. Preven. Cruelty to Animals, Soc. Preven. Cruelty to Children, State Ed. Assn., Soc. of Western Authors, N. E. A., Nat. Soc. for Mental Hygiene, United Anglers' League, Am. Defense Soc., Nat. Security League, S. A. R., Phi Alpha Psi, Gamma Rho Delta, Phi Theta Pi, Phi Beta Kappa, etc., etc. Rotarian (district governor). Mason (K. T., 32°, Shriner). Odd Fellow. Knight of Pythias. Member M. W. A. Officer in many local and district societies and lodges."

Frederic Mortimer Kercher is a professor; more than that, he is a dean; and, still more impressive, a dean of education.

In the old days, a professor had for his office a desk in one corner of his classroom, or at best, a little cubbyhole opening off his lecture hall. In this cubbyhole there was a bust of Shakespeare or of Pestalozzi, depending on the subject the professor taught. There was, too, a dusty rolltop desk, with pigeonholes full of letters still in their envelopes. The professor kept an office hour three or four times a week. At other times one had to seek him at home, in his study.

Not so Frederic Mortimer Kercher. You approach him through an outer office filled with mahogany furniture. There are letter files; it is a rule that every letter must be answered and filed on the day of its receipt. If Dean Kercher is away, his secretary answers the letter, either saying that he is absent on important business for the State, or giving the inquirer the information he desires and signing the dean's name. The latter is what she usually does, for, if the truth must be told, she supplies the substance of 90 per cent of the letters written in the office, even when the dean is present. The dean is fond of remarking that he is "an executive, not a correspondent, a mere choreboy for the people of the State"—though he has never made that statement in his lobbying before the legislature in behalf of the university.

To return to the dean's outer office. There is an adding machine, for one of the principal products of the department of education is statistics. There are three stenographers' desks, with an unusually pretty girl behind each of them. Like Mr. Ziegfeld, the dean never employs a woman without a personal interview, for the stated reason that beautiful women in an office, far from being a distracting influence, are a tranquillizing force, particularly on the minds of business men who call and whom the department would especially impress. Dean Kercher one day dragged out a chart covered with circles and parabolas to prove this point on the basis of a psychological investigation, but I forget his argument.

When you enter the office, one of the lovely stenographers immediately rises and bows.

"The dean? Ah, the dean is busy at the moment in an important conference which the governor asked him to look after, but I am sure he will be happy to see you just as soon as he is at liberty." And she leads you through a side door into another office, in which there is more mahogany fur-

niture, including a series of sectional bookcases, and a flat-topped desk, behind which sits another young woman, a trifle older and more intellectual-looking, but undeniably pretty.

Your guide introduces you—this is one of the refinements devised by the dean. Time and again he has told Chambers of Commerce and Kiwanis Clubs that business would be improved if there were only more of the atmosphere of home about offices. "You know what a good woman has meant in your homes; I am sure that men of your vision and practical hard business sense will see what she can mean in the workaday world." He pronounces "good woman" with unction.

While you wait for him, his secretary gives you a newspaper or a magazine or a book, carefully choosing it to suit what appears to be your predilection. There are on the desk copies of the New York *Times*, the *Literary Digest*, *System* and *Administration*—and even the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* and the *Educational Review* to entertain a scholarly visitor or to impress a susceptible one with the dean's erudition. If it is obvious that you are a radical or a liberal, particularly if it is evident that you are a wealthy one, the secretary will be so bold as to extract from the bottom drawer of her desk a copy of the *Nation* or the *New Republic*. A copy of the *Cosmopolitan* invariably lies on top of the wastebasket, from which a sufficiently self-confident lowbrow may rescue it.

Eventually, but not too soon, the secretary permits you to enter the private office of the dean. He has a rule that no visitor shall be admitted without a wait of at least fifteen minutes.

II

Even after the furnishings of the outer offices, the dean's own sanctum is a marvel. The floor is carpeted with an immense Chinese rug. The walls are hung with the portraits of "distinguished educators," as the dean calls them. In point of fact, they are university presidents whom he has cu tivated in the hope of sometime succeedin to their jobs. Nicholas Murray Butler look out from a gilded frame, flanked by tw quotations from his published works There are a half dozen mahogany arm chairs, upholstered in green leather, an of the design commonly provided for mem bers of boards of directors to sleep in. I the midst of this semicircle is an enormou flat-topped mahogany desk, covered wit plate glass, under which is the chart o university organization prepared by th dean. On top of it are the sort of file know to business men as a tickler, a Bible—fro which the dean's secretary carefully wipe the dust before laying it open each morn ing—and copies of the dean's two lates books.

Back of these sits the dean himself, muscular man in Irish tweeds. A Phi Bet Kappa key hangs jauntily from his coa pocket. His face is young—perhaps it wa once eager. His shell-rimmed eyeglasses suggest an intellectuality which his smile —modeled upon those of heavily jovial captains of industry—denies. He prides himself chiefly, however, upon his manner. Efficiency and deference combined—that is his ideal. He rises whenever a visitor enters, and he invariably shakes hands. He would shake hands with you every time he met you if it were a dozen times a day.

"Please be seated," he says, with a bow, and motions you to one of the circle of armchairs.

You carry on the conversation. The dean encourages you with an occasional "yes" and a ready smile. He says little else unless you ask a direct question. If you are a business man, and consequently value efficient, quick-judgment executives, he answers categorically and at once. He is right probably 30 per cent of the time. If he believes you will be impressed by evidences of investigation, he rings for his secretary.

"Please bring me Chart Series 311B."

"You know," he continues while she is away, "we have been at work on a prob-

em very similar to the one which you nave presented to me, and I venture to say ve have reached some rather remarkable and useful conclusions. This university is an institution of Service, and I flatter myself that no department in it is serving the public more efficiently than is this one."

And if the charts are not yet there, he goes on: "We are hampered, of course, by lack of funds. Our benefactors and likewise our State legislature lay too much emphasis upon teaching, which is really the least important of our duties. What the public needs to understand is that this is a great business institution, run upon a business—but here are the charts."

The secretary places the charts on an easel at the side of the desk. You are diverted a moment by the trimness of her figure. Then the incisive voice of the dean breaks in upon your impious meditations.

"This graph we have worked out as a result of our study of the relative vocational efficiency of five groups of students, who have excelled in mathematics, woodworking, chemistry, English, and commercial geography, respectively. You will see"—pointing to an incomprehensible array of squares, circles, and lines of various colors—"that success in these subjects correlates to a remarkable degree with subsequent success in certain indicated fields. . . . But it requires the aid of the following charts to show the intricate but accurate relationships that we have worked out whereby we can tell you, from a young man's or young woman's records in college—not in the classroom only; I trust I may be pardoned for recalling that old but none the less fine proverb about the effect of all work upon Jack—we can tell you within an allowance of 2.361 points for error, what his success will be in any given employment."

And he begins turning over the graphs on the easel. He has graphs on every conceivable subject, prepared by assistants who take them seriously. He is even the author of a book on intelligence tests.

The graphs serve a double purpose. They impress the Rotarian, the city superintendent of schools, the legislator from Conrow's Creek. Here, they say, is a man who knows business, education, the needs of the State, from the ground up. He is no theorist; he has the figures. In the second place, the graphs are evidence of that vastly important thing known in the university as "research." The Ph.D.'s, who would normally disparage the dean's activities, must admit that his department possesses "productive scholarship." Trained themselves to write theses on "The Gender of 'Dies'" and "The Hydrogen Ion Concentration of the Soil in Relation to the Flower Color of Hydrangea hortensis W.," they look somewhat askance at the dean's choice of subject matter, but they are forced to admit that averaging college grades is as valid a scholastic pursuit as counting verbs or examining the markings on insects.

The dean's research activities, however, are but a small part of his work. Indeed, they are carried on for the most part by his assistants, including graduate students who hope sometime to be deans themselves.

The dean also teaches. At any rate, he lectures to a class two hours a week. "It has often been suggested to me that I give up teaching altogether," he has told the president of the university many times. "The students, however, should have the privilege of getting at first hand the results that I am reaching in my work. Moreover, I do not feel I could ever conscientiously give up teaching. It is the noblest profession known to man."

The president assents, wondering inwardly at the variety of interests and abilities that the dean possesses, and determining to recommend the dean as his successor when he is called higher.

In the university in which the dean officiates, there are five passing marks, ranging from A down to E. The dean had last year 214 students. He marked 197 of them A, 16 of them B, and one, who says he was registered for the course by mistake and never attended it, C. Preliminary to

his grading, the dean gave an examination. He put the papers in his traveling bag, in order to grade them on his way to Chicago, where he was to attend a convention. Some ten days later, the ungraded papers were received in the dean's office by mail, together with a letter from a farmer who said he had picked them up in front of his farm, where they had, he supposed, been dropped from a train by mistake.

Do not make the error of supposing, however, that Dean Kercher is not "a leading educator" of his State and region. He has been an officer—usually president—of every educational organization that is even remotely connected with his field. His advice is sought on teaching problems by men and women—chiefly women—who have forgotten more about the teaching process than he ever knew. He has the powerful support of graduates of the university whom he has placed in teaching and other positions. He inherited from his predecessor a small teacher placement bureau. Within four years he had enlarged and strengthened it to the point where he was able to boast that he had placed every senior who wanted a teaching post, and at an average salary of $219 more than the average paid to college graduates entering upon teaching. The success of his methods pleased the university administration so much that, upon his suggestion of willingness to be of "further service," it put into his hands the placing of all graduates desiring positions, whether in teaching, engineering, business, or what not.

The dean realizes that a system may easily become mechanical, and that, even if it does not, it may seem so to students—which amounts to the same thing, so far as the campus is concerned. Consequently, he makes it a point to take part in all collegiate activities. Absence from the city is the only thing that ever keeps him from attending a football, basketball, or baseball game, with his walking stick covered with the varsity colors. Last Fall, on the night after the school won from its bitterest rival by a score of 7 to 6, he led the student snake dance, achieving a streame head in the student paper immediately below that announcing the result of the game and being photographed for the screen by a movie firm which ran his picture with the engaging title, "A Professor Who Doesn't Believe in Books Alone." A more sedate member of the faculty, who talked with him on the street somewhat later, was heard to remark to his wife that the dean ought at least to chew a clove before mingling with students "with a breath like that," but that was dismissed as mere envy of his ability as a mixer.

For is not the dean a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet? And does he not subscribe a hundred dollars a year to the Anti-Saloon League? And, further, is he not known as a supporter of every Good Movement, from the visits of the symphony orchestra to the purchase of Zulu masks for the university pepsters' organization?

III

Back in war times the dean had his opportunity to show the stuff he was made of, and he showed it. People still talk about it in the State. During 1914–16 a vigorous supporter of American neutrality, he became, as soon as the United States entered the war, a never-ender and in several addresses predicted that the struggle would last a generation. He was the chief speaker at the Russellville meeting at which 1,693 German books were burned in a huge bonfire. Likewise, though no Hearst newspaper is published in his whole State and none of them has a subscriber or a newsstand agent in the place, the dean appeared on the campus one morning solemnly wearing a red, white and blue button with the inscription, "I Do Not Read the Hearst Papers."

Nevertheless, even in that time of hysteria, although he took part in heresy hunts and joined half a dozen patriotic organizations, he did not altogether desert his friends of other days who held different views. The professor of German, an old

man under whom the dean had once studied, was accused of being pro-German. He was about to lose his position, and he came to the dean.

"If you would just tell of your long acquaintance with me and vouch for me in a public statement, I think the trouble would be settled," he pleaded.

"I can't do that," replied the dean. "I must consider my own position. But I will see what I can do."

What he did was characteristic. He went down to see the governor of the State, with whom he was intimately acquainted, as he is with all local statesmen.

"This old man is all right," he told that functionary. "There's a bunch of dirty Democratic politicians after him"—the governor was a Republican—"because he came out for you in the last campaign, and they've brought up the fact that he was born in Germany, just to get him out and get some Democrat in. You haven't got a better friend and there isn't a more loyal, patriotic American down at the university than he is, and I know you'll stick by him."

It was with difficulty that the dean kept the governor from preferring charges against the member of the board of regents who had attacked the old German. They were told by the governor in no uncertain terms that he must not be removed and that the agitation against him must cease.

With his political acquaintanceship, the dean is invaluable when appropriations are to be sought from the legislature. His charts and statistics amaze, if they do not convince, the bucolic legislator, who confuses complexity with profundity, while the wires that he can pull for any proposal, irrespective of its merits, make him easily the most effective lobbyist that the statehouse knows. The appropriations for the university have more than tripled in the seven years that he has represented the institution before the lawmakers. He has had numerous offers to undertake public relations work for corporations, but has not taken advantage of them—except as levers to raise his salary at the university.

Likewise, he is widely known as a public speaker. Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, Chambers of Commerce, women's clubs, the Manufacturers' Association, the Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Union, the Epworth League, the Knights of Columbus, the Child Welfare Association, the Elks, the Masons, the Woodmen, the Moose—he pleases them all. From his opening Scandinavian story—it is an Irish story if he is before a Swedish or Norwegian audience—to his peroration in praise of America—"the land where you and I, my friends, are forever equals and forever comrades in Service to the world"—there is never a phrase, never a word even, at which any member of the audience will not be ready to shout, "Amen." When the dean finally wipes his brow, bows low to the audience, and seats himself, the gathering feels that it has been enlightened, stimulated, and inspired. "There's a professor that's a real he-man," I have heard said of him more than once by some earnest Kiwanian who felt he must pay the ultimate tribute.

Naturally, the dean does not work for nothing, or even for that intangible reward which preachers and teachers are supposed to covet. His salary is almost equal to that of the president of the university. He charges for some of his addresses—a good round fee. Others, in strategic situations, he delivers free. But, chiefly, he picks up opportunities for investments with the assiduity of a Chamber of Commerce secretary. His income from outside sources is double his salary.

"We shall need it," he says to his pretty wife, "when I am president of the university. My administration will mean something."

"Yes, my dear, I know it will," she replies sweetly, as she goes down cellar for the home brew.

THE LEGEND OF ROGER BALDWIN

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

FRANKLY, Roger Baldwin is improbable. Even though one has ascended to the dingy loft, somewhere in the cloak-and-suit belt, in which he is wont to administer the affairs of the American Civil Liberties Union, and has there viewed him in three dimensions, doubt remains. Is there such an individual, or has some Manhattan djinn fabricated his likeness out of the ghosts of dead martyrs, out of the thin spume of the idealistic past, in a mood of jovial irony? One is not certain. On the whole, one concludes, Roger Baldwin cannot possibly be flesh and blood in a country which has generated and honored Senator Lusk, Colonel Harvey and the well-bearded Hughes. Let it be frankly admitted at the outset, therefore, that there is something wrong with this picture; it is a dream of Jefferson or Tom Paine; it is a vision of the kind of American this continent was once, but vainly, expected to produce. But since even a nation of go-getters must have its legends, to tell around the radiator on Winter evenings when the static howls about the eaves, let us bring forth the legend of Roger Baldwin, the last American who believed in free speech.

Roger Baldwin's ancestry is of a sort to bring tears of envy to the ordinary Colonial Dame or Son of the American Revolution. Compared with the Baldwins, those austere creatures, the Lowells and the Cabots, are rank parvenus. It is not impossible that Roger's family comes direct from Balder, "the son of Odin and Frigga, the god of Summer sunlight." There is, surely, more Summer sunlight about Roger than can be accounted for by even the longest succession of New England Junes. "Balder-Kin" or "Balder Ones," to the etymological mind, might easily be transmuted into Baldwin. At any rate, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once pointed out, there were "nine Baldwins Counts of Flanders, two Emperors of Constantinople, five Kings of Jerusalem." As early as 1340 there were Baldwins of rank in England. A Henry Baldwin, Roger's ninth ancestor in the direct line, was on the assessment rolls in North Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1640. Loammi Baldwin, also in Roger's direct line, perfected the Baldwin apple. A Chaffee, on the maternal side, was a general in the Revolutionary War. There were likewise maternal Cushings and Nashes, names still spoken with reverence in the Back Bay neighborhood.

A grandfather, William H. Baldwin, not only prospered in business but founded the Boston Young Men's Christian Union by way of protest against the sectarian smugness of the Y. M. C. A. The Baldwin household in that generation was frequented by such non-conformists as Phillips Brooks, James Freeman Clarke, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Frank Sanborn, the biographer of Thoreau; and Grandfather William had correspondence with Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, Alcott and Beecher. The family was Unitarian, but Unitarianism was respectable in Boston. It leaned toward Abolition, but that, too, became respectable with the years. It had a fierce pride of opinion, and a resolute confidence in free speech, but even these were once tolerated, at least among the Brahmins.

Of the elder Baldwin's sons one, William

H., distinguished himself both in business and in philanthropy. The other, Roger's father, achieved a modest competence in the leather business, but may have had in him too much of the philosopher to win spectacular success. He is described as "a charming and fascinating person, flinging himself into any thing which claimed his interest or appealed to his sympathies with ardor and abandon—a man, too, of driving force and ardent emotions." From his mother, "a lovely, quiet, gentle woman," descended from an old and respected family of Boston tea importers, says a friend, "Roger gets his love of music and his orderliness and thoroughness." These two should be brought into the picture in order that it may be seen that Roger is not altogether in revolt against his origins. He has not so much broken with the New England tradition as followed it in a direction away from the roaring highways of the last seventy years. He is the Puritan whose strain kept sound. He is the individualist who learned to respect individualism in others.

Roger was born in 1884. In his childhood he went frequently to his grandfather's house, where the great names of Boston stood for familiar household friends. When he grew up he went to Harvard. Amid such associations his manners were formed—the best manners, probably, to be found anywhere in America; manners so simple and yet so classic as to be a fine art; manners which win the hearts of wobblies, of agents of the Department of Justice, of jailers, of members of the Lusk committee, of financial potentates and malefactors of great wealth. Roger's Harvard was the Harvard of Thoreau, Royce, James and Santayana—though, as it happened, he became better acquainted with the first than with the latter three. Thoreau, Whitman, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, and later Emma Goldman, were his real teachers and did most to determine the pattern of his life. It was, as will be seen, different from the standard Harvard pattern. Yet his native talents fitted him for as much of the conventional college life as he cared to taste. He was handsome, gay and well-born; he could sing, play the piano, draw and paint in better than mediocre fashion, balance a tea cup gracefully; he was admired alike by beautiful girls and nice old ladies; and he was also able to mingle on comradely terms with all sorts and conditions of men. He belonged to the Hasty Pudding Club and to the Signet. He successfully organized a troupe of undergraduates and débutantes who gave excellent entertainments, in and about Boston, for the benefit of the poor. In short, he was a successful undergraduate, whose humanitarian leanings were forgiven him because he had such a delightful personality. In 1905 he graduated, in 1906 took an advanced degree, and during the following year polished off his education in Europe.

He was now ready to go into business, in which there is no doubt he would have made a success. Or, to put it in another way, he was not ready to go into business; but went instead to St. Louis, where he taught sociology at Washington University, ran a settlement house, and became chief probation officer of the Juvenile Court. His achievements in reclaiming wicked little street boys were almost as remarkable as those of Judge Ben B. Lindsey himself. Two of these waifs he adopted and sent to school and college; one of them was later to spend several years in one of Mr. Wilson's jails for resisting the draft. As a social worker Roger speedily made his mark. He became secretary of the Civic League of St. Louis, chairman of the city Social Service Conference, and President of the Missouri State Conference on Charities and Corrections. He was, and still is, active in the affairs of the National Conference of Social Workers. In collaboration with Bernard Flexner he wrote a book on "Juvenile Courts and Probation" which is the classic in that field. He voted for Mr. Wilson in 1912. He sympathized, as he said, with "the programme of studied, directed social progress, step by step, by public agitation and legislation." Like other men of the period he took free speech

and the constitutional liberties for granted; they seemed to have been won, for good and all, by the activities of such persons as his great-great-grandfather Chaffee and his grandfather Baldwin. Then the I.W.W. and Emma Goldman and finally the war rose up over his horizon and changed the current of his life. William Marion Reedy, a pessimist on some matters of journalistic policy, but a firm believer in several fundamentals, also dwelt in the land in those days.

II

Emma Goldman came to St. Louis to lecture on literature and the folly of violence. There was talk of shutting down on such incendiary remarks. The old Abolitionist in Roger thereupon came to life, and he took pains to see that Miss Goldman had a hearing before one of the most respectable of the women's clubs and again in the blue and gold room of a fashionable hotel. This seems to have been his first free speech fight. In 1913 some members of the I.W.W. having set Kansas City by the ears, drifted into St. Louis, and Roger found, on meeting them, that they had neither horns nor hoofs. "I attended their meetings," he said, "and knew their leaders. Some of them became my close personal friends. Sympathizing with their general ideals of a free society, with much of their programme, I yet could see no effective way of practical daily service. . . . However, I was so discouraged with social work and reform, so challenged by the sacrifices and idealism of some of my I.W.W. friends, that I was on the point of getting out altogether, throwing respectability overboard and joining the I.W.W. as a manual worker. I thought better of it. My traditions were against it. It was more an emotional reaction than a practical form of service. But ever since I have felt myself heart and soul with the world-wide radical movements for industrial and political freedom—wherever and however expressed —and more and more impatient with reform."

Joe Ettor, fresh from his victories in the Lawrence strike, was another visitor to St. Louis about this time, and Roger got him to lecture before the City Club, which included quite a number of highly respectable double chins. Ettor made a great hit, though his pleasure was dampened when James Eads Howe, the millionaire hobo, approached him after the lecture and demanded: "Joe, what in hell do you mean by coming up here and talking to these millionaires? Don't you know they're enemies of your class?" But the period was still idyllic. Radicalism amused the more adventurous Tories, calling up no nightmares of Red Russia, with its executions, its contempt for vested rights, and its diminished output of pig iron.

But the dark angels were even then lifting funereal wings across the face of the world. Mr. Wilson, having been elected by the votes of those who did not care for war (Roger Baldwin's among them) went into the war just the same. Most of the idealists, trusting in his good intentions, followed him. Roger, however, had been reading too much Thoreau. The eve of hostilities found him at home suffering from—of all possible diseases—German measles. When he got well he offered his services to the American Union against Militarism. which later grew into the American Civil Liberties Union. Before long his enthusiasm and his ability had won him the perilous post of director and he bore the brunt of the uphill fight on behalf of the conscientious objector. The organization was supported by some who were backing the war and by some who were not. The objectors were of all varieties, some good and some not so good. But Baldwin was single-minded and whole-souled. He did not think a government had the right, either in peace or in war, to compel the services of any unwilling citizen.

His own turn came in October, 1918, when he refused a pressing invitation to join General Pershing's tea party. The proceedings were surprisingly amicable on both sides. Roger spent three weeks cheer-

fully assisting the minions of the Department of Justice in their search for treason —it proved futile—among the files of his bureau, meanwhile discussing with them the tenets of philosophical anarchism, which they admitted were plausible, though perhaps a little in advance of the time. His birthday occurred while he was awaiting sentence, and these hardened servants of democracy sent out for beer and cakes and had a celebration in his honor. Everywhere he went, whether it was in the Tombs, in the Newark jail or in the prison at Caldwell, New Jersey (he served parts of his nine months' imprisonment in each of these places) he took his captors captive, and made warm friends, if not philosophical anarchists, of them all. As far as they could make it so he was a guest rather than a prisoner, and they were all honestly sorry when he went away. Even Judge Mayer, who sentenced him, was constrained to acknowledge that his opinions were "honestly and conscientiously held" and his position "self-respecting and manly." The Lusk committee itself, a year or two later, had to pause in the midst of its incredible ravings to testify that he was, "to the naked eyes, a charming, well-bred Liberal." Martyrs like this are always annoying to the constituted authorities. The sour-visaged kind are easier to deal with.

But there was more than charm in Roger Baldwin's attitude after his arrest. He faced, as he knew, compulsory induction into the armies of democracy, with the brutalities incident to the application of the military mind—or what passed for a mind in military circles—to the monstrosity of pacifism. He knew that conscientious objectors were receiving treatment which no humane judge would allow to be inflicted upon a murderer. He had closely followed every instance of torture, every abuse of justice. But he displayed as little fear as he did bitterness.

"I not only refuse to obey the present conscription law," he told his judge, "but I would in future refuse to obey any similar statute which attempts to direct my choice of service and ideals. I regard the principle of conscription of life as a flat contradiction of all our cherished ideals of individual freedom, democratic liberty and Christian teaching. I am the more opposed to the present act, because it is for the purpose of conducting war. I am opposed to this and all other wars. I do not believe in the use of physical force as a method of achieving any end, however good. . . ." And then:

> The National Civil Liberties Bureau . . . has been backed both by pro-war Liberals and by so-called pacifists. . . . We have stood against hysteria, mob violence, unwarranted prosecution, the sinister use of patriotism to cover attacks on radical and labor movements, and for the unabridged right of a fair trial under war statutes. We have tried to keep open those channels of expression which stand for the kind of world order for which the President is battling today against the Tories and militarists.
>
> Now comes the government to take me from that service, and demand of me a service I cannot in conscience undertake. I refuse it simply for my own peace of mind and spirit, for the satisfaction of that inner demand more compelling than any consideration of punishment, or the sacrifice of friendships and reputation. I seek no martyrdom, no publicity. I merely meet as squarely as I can the moral issue before me, regardless of consequences. . . .
>
> I believe most of us are prepared to die for our faith, just as our brothers in France are dying for theirs. To them we are comrades in spirit—we understand one another's motives, though our methods are wide apart. We both share deeply the common experience of living up to the truth as we see it, whatever the price.

It will be observed that Baldwin did not scorn to use the wisdom of this world, and fit his argument as nearly as might be into the framework of war psychology. He did not speak to Philip drunk as he would to Philip sober. Such scenes as these—and there have been a number of them in history—are confusing, it is so hard to tell which is the prisoner and which the judge. But it was Roger Baldwin who went to jail.

III

As a prisoner Baldwin learned so much about prisoners that he decided, upon his release, to become a manual worker and so become equally well informed about labor.

Leaving prison amid the unfeigned regrets of jailers and jailed alike he accordingly set forth to sweat in harvest fields, hobo it with the army of migratory labor on the brake-beams and in box cars, and toil as second cook in the noisesome recesses of fourth-class restaurants. For three months he wandered, living strictly on what he earned, joining the A. F. of L. as well as the I. W. W., and trying to get the point of view of the artisan, the wobbly and the bum. He may be imagined, with those exquisite manners of his, as being thoroughly at home in a box car or a "jungle"; something within him—a shining sincerity, an undeniable good will—would serve as his passport anywhere.

On his return he settled down, if it can be called that, as secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union, of which he is still the main stay and prop. It is the function of this organization to secure free speech and constitutional rights for those who seem to need them. This requires a degree of faith that not all possess. The downtrodden, unhappily, are not always those whom a fastidious person would choose for his daily companions; and sweetness and light do not necessarily characterize the self-appointed forwarders of human progress. Communists believe in freedom for Communists; the I. W. W. in freedom for wobblies; the Klan in freedom for Protestant Nordics; in brief, everyone believes in obtaining freedom and the other good things of life for himself and his kind, but it is extraordinarily difficult to find anyone with much enthusiasm for freedom for people he doesn't agree with and doesn't like. But these, as Roger Baldwin is intelligent enough to understand, are the very people who need freedom most and have the most precarious tenure of it. Last year he was engaged, simultaneously, in defending the rights of the Ku Klux Klan to hold meetings in Boston, despite the orders of a Catholic Irish mayor; of Catholic Irish teachers to teach in the schools of Akron, Ohio, despite the opposition of the Ku Klux Klan; and of Communists to exhibit their film, "The Fifth Year," in Providence, Rhode Island, despite the opposition of both the Catholics and the Ku Klux Klan.

He has dabbled in Russian affairs to the extent of assisting the famous Russian-American colony at Kuzbas, in Siberia, but he does not like autocracy much better when it calls itself the brotherhood of man than when it takes the title of Little Father. One of his Communist friends remarked recently that the first thing the Communists would do after the Revolution would be put people like Roger Baldwin in jail. They would, too. He hurt their feelings terribly a short time ago by denying their right to howl down a Menshivik orator whose plea for political prisoners in Russia, they maintained, actually concealed a treacherous plot against the proletariat. They say he allows himself to be used by enemies of the working class. They are extremely fond of him, but they do not really like his opinions half so well as his Grandfather Baldwin would have liked them.

Yet Roger Baldwin's opinions are well thought out. He is no half-baked follower of Rousseau. He does not believe in natural rights, and when he invokes the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence it is because they are weapons conveniently left available by a dominating class. He thinks he sees a shift in power, by means of which a minority is losing and the majority gaining. This social change may be achieved without violence, if we are all wise enough. "Violence," he says, "is usually incidental and aroused by the established violence." It is, as he regards it, like the last few moves in a game of chess, which skillful players, once the end is certain, do not take the trouble to make. It can be avoided by negotiation, conference and adjustment. But in order to get the contending elements in society to accept these methods Baldwin deems it essential to bore into the middle class groups, which stand outside the zone of conflict. If he can make them see that their choice is be-

tween free speech and constitutional liberties on the one hand and violence on the other he believes his cause will be won. He is optimist enough, even yet, to put a good deal of hope in the liberal groups of the churches, the universities and the professions. Thus mild are the theories of this madman whom the Lusk committee denounced as "radical to the very bone," this rebel whom a Paterson judge sentenced to six months in jail some months ago on the ground that he did "routously, riotously, and tumultuously assemble and did make a great and loud noise and disturbance." The statute and the attitude of mind which make proceedings under it possible both date back to 1796 or earlier.

The Paterson case is representative of a large number in which the American Civil Liberties Union has ventured to intervene. Fifteen years ago, after the last great Paterson strike, the mill owners imported a new and more docile lot of workers—among them Syrians, Jews, Italians and Lithuanians. Last Fall some of them struck, and as they had no national union and very little money the police clubbed them and broke up their meetings. News like this is Roger Baldwin's fire-alarm. He went to Paterson, hired a hall for the strikers, and marched with them, when the police put a cordon around the hall, to the steps of the City Hall. The programme was proceeding as peacefully as a prayer-meeting when fifty policemen with drawn clubs charged upon the crowd, broke as many heads as they could reach, and arrested eleven men, including Baldwin. As often happens under such circumstances, this great victory reacted against the police, and the subsequent publicity compelled them to let the strikers thereafter assemble in peace. The case against Baldwin was not dismissed, however, and six months later a judge sentenced him to six months in prison for the crime of unlawful assemblage. A State Supreme Court with some respect for the federal Constitution may have reversed the conviction before this is printed. If not Baldwin will go cheerfully to jail; he does not like jails, but a job is a job.

To the Tories Baldwin seems to be stirring up trouble among a lot of ignorant foreigners, who could be managed if he would let them alone. To the radicals he seems to be bringing peace where there ought not to be peace. The stones fly from both directions, as they usually do at peace-makers. Baldwin has no illusions about his position. He likes to quote a hard-boiled friend who observed: "Those who have power call their wishes justice. Those who have not power call their wishes rights."

IV

Once New England has got into a man's system not all the suns of Africa will ever bleach it out. Roger Baldwin is emotionally a New Englander. His conscience is a Puritan conscience, though it is not operating on Puritan material. He believes, intellectually, in free love as in other forms of freedom, but he has been happily married to the same estimable lady for five years; and, say what he will, he shrinks a little from the happy-go-lucky sexual codes which so many of the radicals avow and so many of the Tories practice. He is not too squeamish to swap smoking-room stories with smoking-room companions, yet his inborn tastes are as ascetic as those of Thoreau himself. He has never lost contact with the world of wealth and conservatism into which he was born, yet he prefers the plainest sort of living. His well-to-do friends will testify that he has the ability, if he chooses, to amass a fortune, yet he takes a salary which covers nothing but bare living expenses, and in Summer camps out in a shack on the Hackensack river, at a cost of four or five dollars a week. He is one of the best executives in the country, but he doesn't have much faith in executives. His office is a bare room in a ridiculous metropolis, but he is a perfect woodsman and a rare naturalist.

One morning in 1918, during what was for him the blackest period of the war, he

rose with the sun, in the Connecticut village where he was spending the week-end, and went roaming barefooted through the meadows, to return two hours later with the announcement that he had seen and identified sixty species of birds. He will walk all day with a pack on his back without seeming weary, or paddle a canoe like an Indian, or swim like a life-guard. If you spend a day or two with him in the country he will keep you going from dawn till dark, and be as fresh and entertaining at nightfall as he was before breakfast. His water-color sketches are not at all bad, he plays Chopin with almost a professional touch, and he can cook like an angel. He is never dull, and never, so far as anyone can tell, depressed. He is in deadly earnest about many things; yet he has humor and irony, and there dances in his eyes, which remind one of Bertrand Russell's, at times a half-mocking Ariel. He is not one to stare his opponents down, yet it is obvious that he might boast, like the old Covenanter, that he never feared the face of man. He is the perfect anarchist, resolving neither to dominate nor be dominated, neither to conquer nor to be defeated. The lines in his fine-drawn New England face are scars of thought and emotion, not of battle.

As was suggested at the beginning, this is an improbable story. Even when you point an accusing finger at Roger Baldwin and denounce him as a plain embodiment of the martyr complex, you have not made him commonplace, for he is not vainglorious, nor a prig, nor a prude, nor a fanatic, nor an otherworldy mysticist. Indeed, like all honest men who go in for making or stealing money, for raising Cain, or for saving their brethren from hell-fire, he pretends to nothing more than taking his fun where he finds it.

If I were to go again to 100 Fifth avenue and inquire for Roger Bladwin I am sure I should hear nothing there but the whirr of machinery and clack of alien tongues. He is, I begin to see, a figment, an imagined portrait of the average American as he would have been if America had listened to Thoreau instead of Barnum. Indeed, if he could but write himself down in a Twentieth Century "Walden," he might not be forgotten much sooner than Thoreau. But that he has not chosen to do, and no one can do it for him.

UNSHAPELY THINGS

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

He certainly was suffering. It was written on his pale, rather puffy young face. Not all the pride of his jade-colored muffler nor the tilt of his hat could disguise the sort of dejected croup his body seemed to be giving, nor hide the round apprehensive animosity of his eyebrow and his eye.

No one had recognized Willoughby at the depot. That, at any rate, was to the good. He had hung back for a few wobbly minutes to let the crowd make its getaway, the queer, dowdy, slow bilge of a crowd. Why did the elderly women in black have to protrude so? It was hideous. And why did so many of them have to carry oranges and knitting and sodden ham sandwiches in little wicker baskets, which the children also used?

They shuffled out into the asperity of the December noon, and Willoughby hung miserably behind them. He hated the much-trodden, much-handled, scrofulous ticket-office. He had always hated it, and though it was three years since he'd been home, it was just the same as ever, he hated it just the same. He couldn't bear to go into the toilet, with its greenish painted walls, and half-wiped out obscenities, which he always read. Until the cars and people were gone outside, he'd wait in the draughty ticket-office, and smoke a cigarette.

As he stood on the threshold, buttoning his soft wool overcoat and pulling his hat over his eyes, he shivered at the prospect before him. His cheeks were still burning from the train, and his body was hot, but his hands and his feet were frozen, and he felt rotten from having had to be up so early to catch his train from New York. But it wasn't physical, his suffering. It wasn't the unlovely landscape before him in the gritty light—an earth rudely disemboweled, dried weeds impeding defunct newspapers in their effort to bury themselves, and flowering out of this horror a crop of screaming one-story buildings. It hurt Willoughby to see these things, but the really painful prospect was up the hill, out of sight, in that home to which he was returning, the home where his father was waiting for him.

"My heart has goose flesh!" he said to himself. "How did I ever live in this hole?"

The wonder of this accident occupied Willoughby as he walked up the hill. Luckily it was noon, and people were eating lunch or something. The streets were practically empty, so that, by switching his nose as a sort of tiller the minute he thought he was being identified, he never at any one moment offered more than a disappearing profile, and thus averted any excessive ovation. But his speed in walking—a rapid uneven lurch that remained pre-war in spite of everything, but that carried him along—saved him from being greeted while at the same time, O good God, it brought him nearer home.

Where would he eat? He hadn't been mad enough to try the buffet, with its zincy coffee. But to eat home—no! He'd stop at a lunch-room. The Palace Lunch. A name in white porcelain, a clouded window through which red and green foods flagged the public, a door that opened on a moist spongy warmth, and many odors almost revolted Willoughby in an indecorous manner. He sincerely hated it. But it was that or his mother's cooking.

He tried clam chowder, and wished he hadn't. "Tastes metallic." Then he ordered black coffee, and cream. A baked apple consoled him. "Real. Something is still real."

They wouldn't be worrying about him, he knew that, and this delay was worth it. He felt stronger to meet his father, after the three years. His mother? Well, poor old thing, she was so self-effacing it didn't matter so much. It was Daddie that mattered, and especially now.

Willoughby braced himself for the awful plunge into the domestic atmosphere. All the way down Conger street he kept telling himself he'd have to be sympathetic anyhow. "But I'll catch the six train back, damn it. I have to get back to town!"

II

His mother opened the door.

"There you are," she said, looking up at him and putting her arms around his neck, mixing herself up with his hat and his muffler, "we kind of expected you."

Mrs. Putney was small and lean, with glasses raised on to her brow, which always remained there, even when she was reading. She had a slight pretension to prettiness in the white collar to her grey dress, but it was furtive and ineffectual. Her appearance was not improved by carpet slippers of a vast size.

"How is father?" Willoughby inquired, as he went into the "setting" room. The house was warm, anyway. He had shed his coat with relief, and blew his nose to fill up the blank in conversation.

"You'll see for yourself, Willoughby. He's had his bad spells, but he'll tell you. I'm afraid you'll be cold. We've had trouble with the furn—."

"No, it's lovely. Really. Oh, there's the *Zodiac*."

"Yes, we get it. We lent your piece to Mr. Samson, and he brought it back yesterday. No, it was day before yesterday."

"Did he like it, mother?" A tiny edge came into Willoughby's voice. And then he added, nonchalantly, "Poor old Sam, I guess he didn't make much of it, did he?"

"Well, Willoughby, you know us; we're not up to those sort of things. It's too highbrow for me, I guess. But Mr. Samson is very proud of you. He said he enjoyed it very much, indeed."

Her sincerity was certain. Then she said, after the tiniest discreet interval, "I've never asked you if you was hungry. I was all ready for you. It's waiting downstairs."

"No, no," Willoughby said, raising his hand. "Stop, mother, I have eaten. I didn't want to give you the trouble."

"Oh, but Willoughby, the nurse got it for you. It's no trouble. And it is really very dainty. Can't you have a little?"

He shook his head. "No, really. Thanks a lot."

"Then, I think father's expecting you. Maybe," and she waited hesitatingly.

"Go ahead. I'll follow you up."

He followed her up the narrow stairs, to the big room on the next floor, the room he was born in and the room his father now occupied.

"Will, boy. Come in. Let me have a look at you."

The father, his beard as white as the pillow-case, lifted himself on one elbow. His temples were sunken, and his eyes hollow, the skin around them almost transparent.

"Don't tire yourself, father," Mrs. Putney admonished in a firm voice. "Don't let him tire himself, Willoughby."

"Gracious sakes, I'm not tiring myself. You look fine, Will."

He gave up the effort of looking, with a lurch, and Willoughby was too late to help him easily down.

"Glad to see you, Dad," said Willoughby at the head of the bed, gazing down at the emaciated face, while his father, his eyes faintly filmed and yet wide open, sent up a glance that had in it a queer vacancy and yet a fixed intention, like a feeble hand clutching into the air.

"It's . . . the last you'll see of your old Dad, Will. That's a sure thing," and the words mumbled into nothingness.

"Sit down, Willoughby. It'll be easier for him. Now, don't tire yourself, father. He's here now, and you can take your time."

The man in the bed said nothing. He plucked at the bedclothes with bluish hands, to pull them up around his shoulders. He was cold. But the bedclothes did not obey his tug, and he hadn't the strength to pull them, and he gave up, rolling his eyes a little and then closing them.

Willoughby waited a second, and then tip-toed over to his mother, who was mixing a drink at the wash-stand.

"He's terribly thin, isn't he?"

"Oh, he's been that way for three months. He's just a shadow. You'd be surprised how light he is. I can . . ."

"I know," Willoughby cut in, "but it can't be good for him, the excitement."

The young man's face was uneasy.

"No, no, Willoughby, you sit still. I'll give him the mixture, and he'll be all right for a few hours anyway. He likes to have you around."

Willoughby pulled his collar with a kind of nervous jerk. He suffered at the thought of being in this room much longer, unless he could be "some good."

"If I could be some good," he mumbled.

"You are some good," his mother said, without the faintest dryness. "Just you sit there by the head of the bed."

Willoughby tip-toed back to his chair by the head of the bed in the corner. His father's eyes were still closed. The skin of his face was a terrible hue, an ivory that looked as if it had been bleached for centuries and yet had the stain of earth-mold in it. Only the little blue veins, a pallid blue, showed that there was still blood in that feeble frame.

"Are you still there, boy?"

"Yes, Dad."

There was silence. And then Mrs. Putney came over with a drink.

The ceremony of the drink required her to slip her arm behind Mr. Putney's head and lift him up, and, while he was propped up with his head lying on her flat bosom, to feed him his drink very slowly, guiding his faltering yet assertive hand.

As he drank the dark fluid, his eyes opened. "'T's better," he blurted between the spoon and the glass. "'Anks, mother," and he sank back.

She put away the glass, and, as Willoughby politely made way for her, she returned and tucked in the sick man, covering the sharp points of his skinny shoulders with three thicknesses of bedclothes, so that he gave her a grateful glance.

"Tell me about yourself." His voice was almost curt. "How are you making out?"

How am I making out? Willoughby did not know what to say. Making out? In money? In work? In reputation? Was his father thinking of his book, "The Cadaver and Other Tales," or was he thinking of his criticism, especially his withering criticism of Walt Whitman, which had at last wiped out forever the illusions of all the poor fools who mix up art and ideas.

"Oh, pretty good, Dad. Nothing to kick about."

"I read that piece on Whitman."

Willoughby was silent. His father, he had forgotten, was a bit of a crank on Whitman. Well!

"You didn't like it? I can guess that."

"No, it's not that. I—you know. I always liked Walt Whitman. But I could see. You know."

Mrs. Putney, by the wash-stand, spoke up.

"That's right, Willoughby. He thought it was real clever, what you said. But," her voice sank, "he made me read him Whitman that night, just the same."

"'When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed.' I always fell for that, Will."

Like a voice in a key that reached a sensitive nerve, these confessions rasped something in Willoughby's soul. Whitman, yes, yes, but they didn't see the point, they didn't see! Whitman had to be disposed of. There seemed to him something bordering on the foolish in the words that had just come out of this muffled, sunken mouth. He had tried hard to make his own ideas clear, his idea that poetry should be pure,

his idea that it should have no ideas. And here he had to meet it on the plane where loyalties intersect, and so on. He squirmed. He had his loyalties, too, his fierce æsthetic loyalties. But what was the use? The bourgeoisie are the bourgeoisie, even if they are your father and mother.

Half-cocking his free eye at Willoughby, the old man realized that his son was having pity for him, and on him, and he was glad he was being shown pity. He thought his boy was clever, oh, marvelously clever. He thought he was a sort of Human Fly who could find foothold where no other human being had ever found foothold, and he rejoiced that no one had ever seemed to be able to dislodge Willoughby, in all the articles he ever read on the same themes. But his own notions on these things—holy mackerel! he didn't think to oppose them to Willoughby's, he didn't have the vitality or anything, he didn't have a dog's chance in any argument with Willoughby, and he never knew any fellow who could argue so much as his son, argue on both sides at the same time if need be. He often laughed at that, but always behind the boy's back. But now, now, under the mountains that lay on him, under the tons of weight that crushed him, he just let the whole thing fade away, drift away, ease . . . away . . . from him. He'd sleep.

"Sleep a bit," he mumbled, and closed his eyes.

"You'd like a cup of tea," Willoughby's mother whispered at her son's elbow, "just to keep you going," and she led him out of the room.

III

Down in the basement, on the oil-cloth table covering, Mrs. Putney gave her son a cup of tea. It was green tea, which he didn't like, and the cups were of the same watery white as the milk itself, while the cake crumbled with its excess of soda; but Willoughby accepted these things with a subdued deference. He wasn't thinking of them. He was thinking of his father.

His father was dying. He could see that. He wondered he was still alive. And in th face of his father's dying, their least act seemed to be tied with invisible cords tha tugged and knotted and tangled, till h choked with the confusion of his feelings He hadn't anything, he couldn't find any thing, to say.

His mother's hands spoke for her, as sh served him, and he tried dumbly to answe in the same language, by picking up th tea-things and carting them out to th kitchen. The kitchen, too, was cheerless But it was not so cheerless as his own sense of himself. He tried for words, and he found he had no words.

"I'm afraid it's been bad for him."

"Oh, Willoughby, you're wrong, child He's been looking forward to your coming. He needs to rest up a bit, that's all."

Willoughby pursed his face, looking into the sodless yard. If only his mother could express herself, could say something, could help him. But he knew it was hopeless, he looked out blindly on the dimming blank walls.

His mother spoke.

"We'll let him sleep now, till the nurse comes tonight."

"When does she come?"

"She's due at seven-thirty. Seven-thirty in the evening to eight-thirty in the morning. It lets me get a whole night's sleep. I didn't want to do it, Willoughby, but the doctor said there'd soon be two sick people in the house instead of one. You can see I lost weight."

She waited for confirmation, but Willoughby was silent.

"Of course, it's a big expense," she admitted weakly, "but we could see no way out."

Her words struck on Willoughby's tightened nerves like little hammer blows. Expense. He hadn't asked about that. But he didn't want to think about it. He had meant to be so sympathetic, so full of understanding, so intuitive. He suddenly felt overwhelmed. He didn't want to think about the sickroom, the long nights of nursing, the strange woman who was com

ing at seven-thirty. "The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told." That was Yeats. The line haunted him every second his mother was talking.

She was sitting now, looking at him. Willoughby moved his chair with a squeak and stood up.

"I wish I could stay on," he said with a cough, "but I had to plan to get back tonight. And there's only one good train. The six."

"Yes, that's the only good one," she stood up too. "Oh, it's not like seeing you at all, Willoughby. You can't spend the night?"

He had expected her to reproach him, and he put all the softness he could into his voice. "No, mother, you see, they're expecting me. I have to be on hand first thing tomorrow morning, and the other trains are so awful!" He stopped.

"We must go on back up to father." She led the way, her hand gliding up the bannister, her feet tolling each step with the same deliberate, efforted measure. Willoughby followed at the same pace, his head a maze of embroiled emotions.

The daylight had seeped away from the sickroom, and in its place there was a ghostly obscurity.

"I think he's still asleep," Mrs. Putney whispered. "Yes, I hear him."

Her son pulled her sleeve. He pointed to the door, and stole out on tip-toe. Outside on the landing he whispered, "Let him sleep. It's too cruel to wake him."

"Oh, but, Willoughby!"

Willoughby stole downstairs, followed by his mother, who descended with careful, uncertain steps.

"Oh, he'll feel so badly. I really think I ought to wake him. He'll find it hard to forgive me." She looked anxiously at her son, her hands together.

"No, no," he picked down his muffler, still whispering. "It's much better for him. It'd stir him up. I'll just slip away."

"You need a light," she said bewilderedly, turning around. "Where are the matches?"

Willoughby was half-way into his coat. "It's all right, I don't need a light." He took down his hat. "Good-bye, mother," and he kissed her, his cold nose touching her cheek.

IV

Once down the wooden stoop, Willoughby hurried. She might call to him. He pushed along Conger street with no emotion except to get to the corner.

Turning the corner into the brighter Hill street, he no longer dammed the feelings that had been gathering. Underneath his pain that was like a raw wound, he felt a mad mortification. He had not thought he'd find his father like this. He was all unprepared for it. The man was dying, that was sure, and he had never before seen anyone who was dying. Why hadn't he been told, why hadn't he been prepared? It was so unjust to him to have let him tumble in on this so suddenly, and what good could he be unless he knew what he had to look for? His mother and the nurse were doing everything anyway, he could only be clumsy, he wasn't used to such things. It was best to get away. But to get away was also painful. That was what confused him. They hadn't said a thing, of course, and, he couldn't tell, perhaps they wouldn't say anything. But it was hard, they made it hard, what was the good of his having come. They had so little in common.

All the way to the depot Willoughby churned with his feelings. It was all so sordid, so painful, so ugly. That was the thing. He pulled his jade-hued muffler tighter round him, his bird-like eye accusing the whole world of its ugliness. He shivered as he came down to the empty lots at the foot of the hill, the last blocks before the station. The station clock said 5.35 from its dirty face. Willoughby noted it while he continued his interior argument.

"When a man loves beauty the way I do," he said. He did not finish the sentence. Anyway, he was back at the depot, and he wanted to go right through to the platform.

SHAFTER

BY OWEN P. WHITE

On a bright, sunshiny morning in January I stepped off the stage at Shafter, Texas. Naturally, I was ashamed of my appearance, for I had on the same clothes that I had worn when, only a week before, I had dazzled Fifth avenue on my way to church. Thus I was not at all surprised when a tall, lean man separated himself from a group in front of the post-office, and came over and accosted me suspiciously.

He said: "Say stranger, you sure do look pretty, but what's your business in this town?"

I replied, very emphatically: "It ain't a damn bit of yours," whereupon the tall man jerked a long blue forty-five off his hip, poked it under my nose, and said: "It ain't, huh? Well, I'll damn quick find out about that!"

At home at last! Inwardly I rejoiced at the thought! Aloud I said: "Look here, pardner, you take that thing out of my face and do it now because otherwise I might get sore and make you eat the sights off it."

The long man lowered the gun and grinned. "Then you ain't no stranger?"

"Stranger, hell no! I was born out here, just this side of the Pecos. Where's the saloon?"

An hour later I knew everybody in town, and I also knew that I was at the one spot in the United States where something of the spirit of the old West was still alive.

Shafter is located in a "hole" in the mountains down in the Big Bend section of Texas. In other words, the town-site, which contains about two square miles, is a low gulch entirely surrounded by high mountains. It is fifty miles from the nea est railroad and its only excuse for exis ence is a silver mine and a number of fairl good-sized cattle ranches.

Employed in the operations of the min at the time that I brightened the com munity by my arrival, were about twenty five or thirty white men and between fiv and six hundred Mexicans. The town it self, built exclusively of adobe, boasted c two saloons, a general store, a pool-roo and a dance-hall. Only a week before th surrounding mountains had filled up wit Mexicans who had overflowed across th Rio Grande as a result of one of the end less conflicts on their own side. In additio to these undesirables, there were number of hard white men in the vicinity, al carrying on a rushing business buying an selling the smuggled and stolen stoc brought in from Mexico.

There were very few framed marriag certificates on the walls of the homes tha I entered, and an incident of my secon day caused me to conclude that Shafte was probably the town Kipling had i mind when he said:

> We asked no social questions and we pumped no hidden shame,
> We never talked obstetrics when the little stranger came;
> We left the Lord in heaven and we left the fiends in hell,
> We weren't exactly Yussufs but—Zuleika didn't tell.

This incident was that I hired a Mexica woman to do my laundry work and whe she sent her daughter for the clothes noticed that the girl, who was abou eighteen and very pretty, had a fair com plexion, blue eyes and light hair. A da

or two later, as I passed her house, I saw the mother and, pointing to the daughter, who was at work over a wash-tub, I asked: "Who is the father of that girl?" The woman very frankly replied: "Her father is el señor ——— [naming a man I knew], *y todavia el me debe tres pesos*." [And he still owes me three dollars!]

But as this story is not intended to be as modern as that incident would make it appear, I shall shift the scenes to pictures that really interested me.

II

A few days after my arrival there was a snow-storm. This was something that hadn't happened there in years and, although the fall was light, the cold was sufficient to keep Uncle Bob, the justice of the peace, who was an old man, from attending to the duties of his office. Consequently they called upon me.

I was hovering over a handful of fire in an adobe room at the doctor's, trying to keep warm, when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," I called, and a Texas ranger by the name of Jess Sanders entered.

"We want you to come up to the saloon," he said, "and hold court for us."

"Me hold court!" I protested in surprise.

"Sure," replied Sanders, "come along. This case don't amount to nothin'."

And so I went. We tramped through the snow up to Old Man Albert's saloon; I enthroned myself back of a table close to the stove, rapped for order and told Sanders to bring on the litigation. He went out, and in ten or fifteen minutes was back with a Mexican couple. The man looked rather surly and the woman had a magnificent black eye.

When this pair was before me I said: "Well, what's the trouble? It seems to me that there has been some domestic infelicity here."

"There sure has," said Sanders, "and these people want a divorce."

"This court"—and I made the pronouncement with proper judicial unction —"takes judicial notice of the assumption that it has full and complete jurisdiction in the matter of divorces and is therefore competent to render a decision in the case now at bar. Have the defendants any money?"

Sanders searched the pair and found that they had seven dollars. He split this, fifty-fifty, with the court and I then proceeded. I asked the woman if she really wanted a divorce and she said that she did, and wanted it *muy pronto*. The man also signified the same desire, and added that if he didn't get it he would probably have to kill her within a week.

Under the circumstances there seemed to be only one thing to do and I did it. I told Sanders to go to the home of the unhappy couple, gather together all the lares and penates and bring them into court. Sanders brought them, stuffed into a gunny sack, and I then further instructed him to escort the now single gentleman to the north bank of the Rio Grande, twenty-five miles away, see that he crossed the river into old Mexico and firmly impress him with the idea that he was deported permanently and forever, and that if he ever again came back into the land of the free he would meet with complete and crushing disaster. The lares and penates were then awarded to the grass widow and the court spent its three dollars and a half in buying drinks for everybody, including the parties to the suit, who stood at different ends of the bar, after which ceremony it officially adjourned.

A few days after this the real justice of the peace was back on the job. The snow had gone and it was a clear, bright morning. I passed Uncle Bob's house and saw him sitting on the porch wearing a very judicial look.

"Hello, Judge," I said, "you must have a case on this morning."

"Not anything legal," he replied. "I'm just going to marry the nigger cook in the boarding house to a Mexican woman up at the mine."

"I should say it isn't anything legal," I asserted. "You can't marry a Negro to a Mexican. It's against the law to do that in Texas."

The old man took a long drag at his pipe and replied: "Well, maybe it is against the law and maybe it ain't. Just you flop your eye over this and tell me what you think." And he handed me a paper. I read it. It was an affidavit, drawn up in good legal form, sworn to and signed by the woman, in which she stated that her great-great-grandfather had been a colored man!

I handed the paper back to the old Justice of the Peace and said: "Uncle Bob, you win."

About ten days later I saw Uncle Bob really in action. One Sunday afternoon I was sitting in the doctor's front room reading when the doctor himself suddenly rushed through the door.

"Hand me that shot-gun in the corner!" he shouted.

Knowing that the gun was loaded with buck-shot and was intended to be a man-killer, I demurred. In fact I got between the excited doctor and the gun and said: "Hold on a minute there, Doc, tell me about it."

"Look out of the window," he said, "and you won't have to be told."

I looked, and down below, in the middle of the road, I could see the finest, small-sized battle going on that I had ever witnessed. There must have been fifteen Mexicans engaged in it. Knives were flashing, stones were flying and everybody was bloody.

"We don't want to kill any of those boys," I suggested, "so let's go down and peaceably intervene."

"Peaceably hell," retorted the doctor, "you try it and see how far you get."

I got just as far as the gate of the doctor's front yard. At that point a Mexican lad who was leaking blood in a dozen places, and acting like a Philippine *jurementado*, met me with a rock in one hand and a knife in the other. I returned to the house quickly, and the Doctor and I le as quickly through the back door, look ing for help. We found two or three oth unofficial white men—the rangers wer busy that afternoon playing poker—an together we managed to stop the fray an lock a dozen of the combatants up in little eight-by-ten jail.

The doctor worked nearly all night sew ing up the prisoners and then, the nex morning, Uncle Bob got busy. He con vened court bright and early. He swore i a clerk, a couple of deputies and an inter preter. I was the interpreter. Knowin that such an array of officials was an en tirely unnecessary ornament to Uncle Bob' court, I watched the proceedings with good deal of interest. I couldn't under stand what the old man was manufactur ing so much red-tape for, but I saw later After swearing in all of his extra officials Uncle Bob next, in place of trying all th defendants at one time, as he could easil have done, called each man up separatel and in each case he introduced at least dozen witnesses. It took all day to finis and all the verdicts were the same: "Te dollars and costs for disturbing the peace." And then I saw what Uncle Bob wa driving at.

As interpreter I was entitled to receiv $2.50 for each case; each deputy and th clerk were likewise entitled to pay, a were also all of the witnesses. Thus th costs charged against each one of the de fendants came to about $50. None of th men had any money but that made no dif ference to Uncle Bob. He turned them al over, as prisoners, to the mining company which made them work it out at the rat of $1.50 a day. None of us, who had acte as ornaments, ever got any of the money but Uncle Bob, I am quite sure, was unre lenting in his verdict. He collected it all

For the next two or three months, as got better acquainted, life in Shafter grew more interesting every day. Nearly every morning we had one or two men for break fast and the business of smuggling and stealing live-stock boomed merrily along

One ranchman—the tall fellow who had welcomed me so hospitably on the day of my arrival—told me, although he may have stretched it by a man or two, that he had personally killed six cattle rustlers; another claimed two as his quota and an American lieutenant, who, however, had made no official report to the War Department of his proficiency, was solely responsible for the sudden demise of three Mexicans who were trying to get away with a picket line of cavalry horses. The Mexicans from across the line helped to liven the situation by raiding several settlements and ranches, and finally both the Federal and State authorities took action. The State sent some additional rangers down into the Big Bend and the Federal government added several river-guards to those already doing patrol duty.

III

One Graham was one of these river guards, and if there was ever a man in this world who fitted himself as snugly into his surroundings as water fits itself into a bottle he was that man. He was an individualist with a strong personality and some eccentric habits. For instance, he would go out and ride the line for forty-eight hours, taking along nothing to eat save a pocket full of loaf sugar. Upon his return to town, after his two-day fast, he would go to the saloon and buy two pint flasks of whiskey, and then he would drop into a Mexican restaurant and order a breakfast of a couple of large steaks, half a dozen fried eggs and plenty of *tortillas* and coffee. While his breakfast was being prepared he would drink one pint of the whiskey. He would then eat, and from the restaurant he would go to the stable where he kept his horse, crawl into the hay, drink his other pint of whiskey and sleep for twelve hours.

I liked Graham. I couldn't help it. I also admired him, and I think I did that because of the way in which he handled Pretty Pete. Of course all of the Pete transaction was not in the line of Graham's duty. He went into it, I suppose, only because it amused him.

Pretty Pete was a tall, slim Mexican who wore good clothes, generally had a flower in his button-hole and made his living by maintaining a house full of amiable girls. Prior to the fighting in Ojinaga, he had operated in that Mexican town, just south of the Rio Grande. The arrival of the revolutionists, however, caused him to move, because if there was one particular thing that the bandit leader was firm about it was the revenue derived from houses of prostitution. This revenue was a perquisite that belonged to him and to nobody else. Pretty Pete, rather than pay it, transferred his bevy of fair ones to the American side of the river and opened his establishment in the little border town of Presidio.

He ran it in Presidio for about a week, and then one morning, as he was sauntering jauntily down the road, he met Graham. Now, Graham was not a man who cared one snap of his finger about anybody's morals. As he looked at life, anybody was free to go to hell along any desirable route. But there were certain professions which he held in great contempt and Pete's was one of them. He had known Pete over in Ojinaga and had always boiled inwardly at the sight of him. In Ojinaga he had to stand it because that was in Mexico, but now that he and Pretty Pete were both on American soil it was something very different.

Graham said but one word to Pete. When he was within three feet of the unsuspecting Mexican he suddenly jerked out the longest forty-five on the border—he had had it especially constructed with three inches of excess barrel—jammed it emphatically into the man's belly and said "Git."

Pete thoroughly understood and he got. He went to the mining camp at Shafter, sent for his girls, and in a few days opened up in that lurid little town. But his stay there was brief too. He hadn't been estab-

lished more than a week when, as he was walking jauntily down the road, he again met Graham. The same monosyllabic conversation ensued and again Pete moved. This time he went to Marfa, an incorporated town fifty miles distant, well under Methodist control. In Marfa Pete prospered for about a month; none of the deacons objected to his presence in the community and he was perfectly happy. Then, one day, as he was turning the corner of the bank into the main street, he collided with Graham once more. Quick as a flash that extra long gun was again impinging against Pete's vitals and the sinister word "git" was once more ringing in his ears. This time Pete moved to El Paso, a large, civilized place in which he could be assured of police protection, and there, three months later, I met him. I stopped him on the street and he turned pale. "*Señor*," he asked tremulously, "is that *diablo* with the *pistola grande* in town too?" I assured him that the *diablo* was not, and, apparently much relieved, he went airily on his way.

The way in which Graham pointed his remarks was, to me, highly impressive. Evidently it was impressive to others also, because I can recall two subsequent occasions when he told men to leave Shafter and in both instances they left, hurriedly and without argument.

The first one of these sudden departures had to do with the disappearance from our midst of a hard-boiled citizen who was a co-worker with Graham in the customs service. This man, a big blond, whose name I have forgotten, came into the Big Bend at the same time that Graham came, and from the day of his arrival he adopted tactics which were calculated to make him rapidly unpopular. He mooched all the drinks he could, was a lavish borrower, talked freely about himself and his personal prowess, and was most ostentatiously tough. In all things he was the very antithesis of Graham, and for that reason and also, probably, for the good of the service in which they were mutually engaged, Graham resolved to run him ou of town. Until he carried his resolutio into effect, however, Graham kept th matter as a secret between himself an God.

I was up in Albert's saloon one nigh talking to a couple of men whose swor duty it was to keep the peace when sud denly the stillness of the night was broke into by a quick succession of pistol shots The sounds came from Giliberto's place just around the corner, and when I heard them I immediately started for the door.

"Where you goin'?" asked one of the peace officers.

"Over to see what the shooting's about," I replied.

"'Taint nothin' worth botherin' over," said the officer. "Graham's just shootin' up that big pardner of his. He was in here a while ago and said he was a-goin' to and I guess he's a-doin' it. Let 'em alone."

But I went anyhow. As I stepped out in the road I heard the sound of galloping hoofs in the creek bed and when I reached Giliberto's place and went inside I found the barroom entirely empty except for Graham, Giliberto and a lot of smoke.

"What's going on here?" I asked.

Graham didn't reply. He just grinned, rather foolishly I thought, and looked at Giliberto. Giliberto said: "*Señor*, it was nothing; it was just a funny little joke, that is all. Mr. Graham he come to the door and he look in and see his big *compadre* drinking a bottle of beer. As he come in Mr. Graham he wink at me, then he walk up to the big man, he pull his gun and he say, right quick, 'Get the hell out of here; leave town.' The big man he open his mouth to say something and Mr. Graham he shoot. He shoot right between his *compadre's* feet and the *compadre* he makes two jumps to the door, one jump on his horse and he is gone. As he go Mr. Graham he shoot some more, just for fun."

I turned to Graham. "Will that fellow ever come back?" I inquired.

"He will not," replied Graham, very emphatically.

The man never did come back and the story, just as I have told it, contains all of the details any of us were ever able to gather.

IV

The next time, however, that Graham busied himself in the constructive work of clearing the landscape of undesirable characters he did so in the open with the eyes of the public full upon him.

All of us in Shafter had settled on July 4 as a most appropriate day on which to hold a barbecue, and Graham and I, in an inspired outburst of patriotic enthusiasm, had agreed to be the cooks. This meant that we would have to arise at three in the morning in order that we might have a whole steer well done by noon.

The Mexicans, who were not invited to the barbecue, began their celebration of the national holiday with a big *baile* on the night of the third. For some reason, which I cannot now recall, I decided not to attend the *baile*. A young Mexican who did attend came to the doctor's about ten o'clock to have a wound in his hand dressed. There was a bullet hole right through the center of the palm and when the doctor had fixed up the wound he asked the boy who shot him. The boy replied: "*No se*, doctor." [I do not know.]

"Don't lie to me," said the doctor. "You do know; you can't help knowing, because when that gun went off you had a-hold of the muzzle. I can tell from the powder burns."

But the boy stuck to his lie. He admitted that the doctor was right, that he had had hold of the muzzle of the gun when it was discharged, but he insisted that he didn't know his assailant because it was so dark in the corral back of the dance-hall, where the shooting had occurred, that he couldn't see anything.

Knowing that it would be useless to waste any time trying to get at the truth —because Mexicans, like Chinamen, prefer private revenge to public justice—the doctor sent the youngster away and then said to me: "You'd better get along over to the dance-hall and tell the rangers about this because there'll probably be a killing over it before morning. That kid and his friends will lay for the other fellow and murder him if they get a chance."

I followed instructions. I went to the *baile*, told the story to a couple of rangers who had just arrived in Shafter and then went home and to bed.

The next morning I arose at three, joined Graham, and he and I went to the picnic ground, two miles down the creek, where we took up our task as cooks.

About six o'clock the two rangers to whom I had spoken the night before rode up. They were carrying a pair of pretty good hang-overs as the result of the *baile* and the larger one of the two, a big man named Ward, was feeling exceptionally happy. In fact he was really gay and he laughed long and merrily as he told Graham and me how he had put the boy with the wounded hand and his father, an old man of seventy, in jail.

When Ward had finished eulogizing himself and his exploit Graham looked hard at him and said: "Say Ward, when you hit that old man over the head with your gun, like you said, did you hit him very hard?"

At the implied compliment, which he thought Graham's question carried with it, Ward visibly swelled up as he answered: "I shore did. I went clean up on my toes and I brung her down good. Seems to me like maybe I busted the old fellow's skull in because when I come by the jail a little bit ago and looked in he was layin' on the floor as if he was dead, just like he was when I drug him up there and threw him in last night."

Still looking hard at the ranger, Graham said: "Ward, if that old fellow dies you're in for a hell of a lot of trouble—do you hear that? And now listen to this: You just hit the trail back to town as quick as you can, find the Doc and take him to the jail to see that Mexican. Do it quick!"

Without a word Ward turned, kicked

his spurs into his pony and, followed by his companion, a little cock-eyed fellow named Long, rode back to town. Later I learned that he followed Graham's instructions to the letter. Everybody, it seemed, was in the habit of doing that, but in Ward's case this first obedience was just the forerunner of another obedience to come later.

Neither Ward nor Long came back to the barbecue. Instead of doing so, after they had turned the old man, who had a bad case of concussion, over to the doctor, they settled themselves down in Albert's saloon, where they proceeded to put the finishing touches to the drunk of the night before. Late in the afternoon, by which time the two were entirely saturated, they mounted their ponies and put on some real, old-time stuff. They rode down two or three harmless Mexicans; tried out their six-shooters on several unoffending dogs; held up and robbed an aged American at the door of the post-office and generally disported themselves in a manner that was highly antagonistic to the peace of the community. Rumors of what was going on in town reached the barbecue several times during the afternoon but as we were all busy eating beef and drinking beer no one paid any attention to them, and when Graham and I rode in about dusk everything around Shafter seemed quiet and peaceful. But it wasn't.

We got off our horses at Giliberto's and went in for a last glass of beer. As we stepped in we both stopped and looked. Ward and Long were staging a hold up! Each of the pair had a victim backed up against the wall and they were just about to make them deliver when Graham intervened. Graham didn't draw a gun or do anything that would have precipitated a killing. Instead he just walked over to Ward, slapped the muzzle of his gun towards the ceiling; did likewise to Long's artillery; told the two victims to "git"—that was Graham's favorite word—and then turning to the two he said: "Come on, you fellows, and have a drink."

The four of us had one and when Gr ham and I were alone outside he remarke "I don't like that damn fellow Ward a bi I've been hearing about him for a lon time and I think he's a bad *hombre*. If h gets to cutting any more devilment aroun here tonight let me know about it, wi you?" I promised that I would and w separated.

About two hours later a man carryin a sawed-off shot-gun passed under the ligh in front of the doctor's office. Feeling tha there was trouble in the air I stopped him "Where are you going with that thing?" I asked.

"I'm a-goin' to lay for Ward up here a the corner," answered the man, "and cu him in two with a load of buck just th minute he comes out of the saloon."

"What's Ward been up to now?" inquired.

"He's just been a-raisin' hell," replie the man. "About a half an hour ago h and that pardner of his walks into Albert' place, pulls their guns, stands the crow up, robs 'em all and they're still there holding the bunch in the corner and tak ing turns at serving drinks to each other."

"And your plan," I said, "is to wai outside for Ward and when he shows u you're going to let him have it from i the dark?"

"That's it exactly," replied the ma with the gun. "I don't take no chance when I kill a snake and I ain't a-goin' t take none with him."

"I don't blame you for that," I answered "but he might keep you waiting all nigh before he came out, and anyhow I've go a better plan. Let's go and tell Graha about it."

We went over to the stable, found Gra ham sound asleep in the hay, pulled hi out and told him that the town was i urgent and immediate need of his purify ing influence. Graham grumbled a goo deal at being disturbed but nevertheles he slipped on his boots, stuck his gun i its holster and went with us.

When we reached Albert's saloon w

found that although there were a dozen men in the barroom only two of them were at all active. Ten men, men who never before in their lives had been subjected to such an indignity, were lined up against the wall, pained and passive onlookers, while Ward and Long, with the eye of one of them always upon the victims, were toying joyously with the liquid contents of a long array of bottles. Ward was just handing Long a drink when Graham stepped in the door. "Wait a minute," he said, "gimme that drink." Ward did it. Without a word of protest he handed the glass to Graham, who swallowed the liquor at a gulp and then said, as casually as if he had been discussing the weather: "Ward, it's time to quit. You and this pardner of yours can do any one of three things: you can leave town, get locked up or get killed. You'd better leave town. Now git!" As Graham uttered the last two words he let his hand drop to the butt of his gun and there was something that almost resembled haste in the celerity with which Ward and Long, moved by a unanimous impulse, made their exit.

Two minutes after they had passed through the doorway I heard the sound of two sets of galloping hoofs hit the gravel in the creek bed and a half an hour later, just before I dropped off to sleep, one other incident of the day recalled itself to my drowsy mind. During the afternoon I had tried to introduce Graham to two pretty girls who had attended the barbecue. But he wouldn't let me do it. He said: "*I'm afraid!*"

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

EVIDENCE of a *rapprochement* between the Nordic Blonds of Birmingham and the non-Nordic element, from the distinguished *Age-Herald:*

> Robert E. Lee Klan No. 1, largest of the Birmingham units of the Ku Klux Klan, has purchased the old Athletic Club property, at 510 N. Twentieth street between the Southern Club and the Y. M. C. A., from Leo Loeb, Leopold Loeb and Eugene Woolf for $190,000, and will remodel it for use as a klavern and headquarters. The klan has sold the property adjoining the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-first street to Isaac L. Fabian, proprietor of the Empire Hotel, and Charles D. and Abe Klotzman, clothers, for $70,000.

CALIFORNIA

WANT ad in the eminent *Times* of the New Thought and Kiwanis capital of America:

> YOUNG gentleman wants room in N. W. district where there are no other roomers. State particulars, including trade of husband. Address M, box 94, TIMES OFFICE.

COLORADO

NET results of the Law Enforcement crusade in Denver, as described by the Hon. Thomas Mainland, a Christian business man, in the *Rocky Mountain News:*

> I saw boys and girls by the dozens drunk. I saw them in the rottenest kinds of places imaginable. Most of the down-town drunkenness was confined to the young people. The older men, the business men, don't go out to the bootlegging saloon for their whiskey. They have it sent to their homes or their office. In the hotels, the rooming houses, the bootleg establishments, I saw youngsters dead drunk night after night.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM the police regulations of the capital of the Republic:

> Any one playing immoral music shall be liable to arrest.

FLORIDA

How a libido for righteousness is being spread in the Sodom of the South, revealed by a questionnaire issued by Trinity Methodist Church of Miami:

> Have you been to the races? What did you see? What did you hear? What did you feel? What did you do? What impulse to purity did you get? What motive to worship did you acquire? What incentive to benevolence and beneficence did you obtain? Was God in your mind? What horse was Christ backing? Do you love God better because you went to the races? Do you love humanity better because you went to the races? Is Miami better because of the races? Is business better because of the races? Are homes and virtue safer because of the races? How about it?

GEORGIA

FAIR notice to sweating congressmen in the columns of the Athens *Banner-Herald:*

> I am leaving tonight for Washington, where I hope to stir up something in regard to Cause and Cure of War via Constructive Toys, cradle rhythm with sense instead of nonsense of la Mother Goose. I believe the typewriter is the sine qua non tool in education. Dr. O'Shea thinks likewise and believes that a young child has greater advantages in life when taught how to use the typewriter at an early age. I am enclosing a picture of your humble servant and three of her kiddies—one is the famous genius, Mary Elizabeth Steele, plays at seven as well as Hoffman played at ten—so say the critics.
>
> Toy swords and pistols must go and our kiddies must be taught to be Busy Builders—a new organization that I have established in New York. All of the boys and girls (now over 10,000 in number) promise not to play with toy pistols but to adopt balls and typewriters as their toy friends.
>
> They are my missionaries in trying to keep Mother Goose from the baby and instead of immoral Jingles such as "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" and "Taffy was a Welshman" they are teaching their baby sisters and brothers constructive Jingles.
>
> With love,
> MOTHER STONER

HAWAII

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning where the anthropophagi lately raged, as disclosed by the enterprising Honolulu *Advertiser:*

The University of Hawaii is planning to begin an extension course in real estate.

ILLINOIS

TRIUMPH of Rotary at the University of Illinois, as revealed by a circular letter lately put into the mails:

Assets: $10,500,000 *Liabilities: 10,500 Students*

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Manufacturers and Distributors of High Grade Culture—Education with a Wallop

URBANA CHAMPAIGN

Dear Sir:

Have you ever given any thought to the *future* of the University?

Do you consider it a *mere* place to get an Education? Are you satisfied with accepting *inferior* cultural merchandise, inferior *service* to the commonwealth of Illinois?

If you are 100 per cent behind a plan for a greater university, and if you are desirous of *getting in on the ground floor* of a project which will give Illinois the *largest culture plant* in the history of Pedagogy, then come to the *Gridiron Banquet of Progress* under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, on Tuesday, in the Urbana-Lincoln Hotel.

If you would become a *booster* for more efficient *culture distribution*, send your check for $2.25 (two twenty-five) to The Chef, 106 East Daniel street, Champaign, Illinois.

[*Illegible*]
Sales Manager

P. S. *Illinois and culture need your support! Be there! We must have your check before May 15.*

SDX-RSVP

BUY A BLOCK OF CULTURE; ONE HUNDRED PER CENT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

IOWA

FROM a public bull by the Rev. Dr. P. H. Martin of Davenport, as reported in the Des Moines *Register:*

God was the first advertising man. . . . He was the first publicity man.

KANSAS

SACRED and profane notice from the eminent *Daily Reporter* of Independence:

TO THE LADIES OF INDEPENDENCE

We read in the scriptures that the great Apostle Paul labored with his own hands for his living, being not a charge on his congregation. I am endeavoring to do the same thing. You who have heard me preach know I stand strictly for the truth in all things. Hence when I labor six days per week in trying to get you to buy and try my O. K. Washing Powder from your groceryman, and when I tell you it will save you from one-third to one-half your soap bill and about one-half the powder you formerly used, I will also promise you by its use you save about one-half the labor. All I ask is a fair trial, and forever after become a staunch supporter, booster and customer for O. K. Washing Powder. Order from your groceryman today at 10 cents per pound in bulk and if he does not have it, he can get it from me promptly. Will you please favor me with your patronage. I preach at the tabernacle Sunday at 2:30 and 8 p. m. on Mill street. Please come.—DELMORE HAWKINS. 5-9-2

KENTUCKY

CONTRIBUTION to celestial pathology by the editor of the Glasgow *Republican:*

The flu has become epidemical in Monroe county and is killing many people. What is the flu? This question is asked by thousands and echo brings back no satisfactory response. Many theories, but nobody knows. One school of scholars believes that it is the outgrowth of poisoned gases, turned loose in the World War, and that this gas dips, rises, and dips, tornado-like, thru all space.

Science teaches that both air andwater purify themselves through travel over and through space; it also teaches that either can be so heavily charged with poison that it takes much space to purify it. Can it be that the air is now so heavily charged with poisonous gases that it poisons and kills many before it has traveled sufficiently far in space to purify itself?

We who are students of Sacred History can plainly see the dawning of the complete fulfillment of the Scriptures. They teach that the world will be finally burned up. Already scientists claim that man has invented a device by which 94% of air is burned up by its use in driving cars. If this is true, then only 6% of gas is added to make 100% of the mixture. Then from analytical reasoning, we must conclude that it is possible and highly probable that at such time, as we know not, the air will become so heavily laden with poisonous and inflammable gases that are now being turned loose into space by the handiwork of man that, by electricity, it will be set on fire and sweep from the "face of the earth every living thing."

MASSACHUSETTS

EFFECTS of sheik movies upon the young men of Lawrence, as reported by the *Telegram* of that great city:

A young man last Wednesday evening was saying good-bye to a young lady, seeing through the corner of his eye that the trolley car he intended to board was waiting on the other side of the street. Without looking to either side of him, he backed off the curbing at which he was making his somewhat drawn out farewell, closely escaping being struck by an auto, and glancing over his shoulder at the young lady he was leaving, ran up the track towards the

car, which unknown to him had started in his direction. Happily the motorman's attention was not arrested elsewhere, and the car was stopped within an inch of running the young man down. No thanks to his female affinity who kept his gaze, he was saved in the nick of time.

MICHIGAN

News of the progress of freedom in the Republic, gathered from the *Daily News Record* of Lansing:

The Anderson Bill, providing that hotel bed sheets shall be at least 99 inches long and prohibiting the use of quilts or comforters by any establishment serving transient guests has been passed by the House 63 to 21. . . . The bill also provides that pillow slips and both top and under sheets shall be provided and makes stipulations in regard to laundering and the general . . . condition of bed linen in hostelries.

MINNESOTA

How the morals of the students of Virginia Junior College are safeguarded, as set forth in a current press dispatch:

Tom Riddell . . . was expelled by Director E. H. Bosshardt for . . . not omitting a certain line in the annual class play, "You and I." Riddell . . . was asked by his stage father how he felt. The manuscript called for "Like holy hell" for an answer and Riddell . . . followed the manuscript.

MISSOURI

Spread of the Higher Morality to Kansas City, as reported by the celebrated *Star:*

The Art and Literature Club, at its meeting at the Hotel Muehlebach, unanimously adopted resolutions "condemning the display of corsets and hose on forms representing nude women in shop-windows and newspapers." The resolutions also embodied "strong disapproval of the indiscriminate display of women's underwear."

NEBRASKA

How Prohibition is working in Nebraska, as described in a press dispatch from Omaha:

Over 600 alleged bootleggers were in Federal Court here today to plead to charges of violating the Prohibition law. Among them were fifty women. It was the largest number of bootleggers ever gathered in one court in the West. More than 1,000 witnesses were on hand to testify. Court attaches say at least a year will be required to hear the cases if they can be disposed of at the rate of two a day.

Note on a democracy's uses of the fine arts, from the *Editor and Publisher:*

A statue of Andy Gump, comic strip character created by Sydney Smith of the Chicago *Tribune*, was unveiled on the front steps of the Douglas County Courthouse in Omaha.

NEVADA

Bloody oath taken by the seniors at t University of Nevada, and suggested the Hon. Huber William Hurt, Ph.D.:

I, about to be graduated from the *University of Nevada*,
Acknowledging my great debt to the Giver of all life who has given me life in Nevada, the State whose people are most blest with pioneering strengths and whose land of all America is freshest from His hand, and most truly his cathedral with mountain columns, star vaults, and sage incensed aisles hourly urging one to reverent thinking and living;
Acknowledging my great debt to the race which has made me heir to civilization wrought out by its centuries of toil and of thought and preserved by the bravery of its heroes, the wisdom of its sages and the faith of its saints;
Acknowledging my great debt to this Nation and to the Commonwealth which through guardian organization and through open school doors have jointly made possible for me to come into the full riches of my natural and my racial inheritances:

Here and Now Pledge
life long loyalty to the shaping ideals of American Civilization,
Liberty bounded by law drawn for the common weal,
Equality of opportunity for all, and
Justice administered in accord with the dictates of the common will, lawfully expressed.

I here and now further pledge
That in all the years to be granted to me and to the fullness of my allotted strength

I shall serve

both alone and with others to the high ends that uncleanness, greed, selfishness and pride shall lessen; that cleanness, charity, comradeship and reverence shall widen, and that this, my generation, shall bequeath an even better and nobler civilization than came to it.

NEW MEXICO

Sinister note from the eminent Albu querque *Tribune:*

The Y. W. C. A. is having a party on May 11 at the recreation room. Invitations, which have been sent only to women, bear the bidding, "Please bring your husband. If you have no husband, bring a gentleman."

NEW YORK

Beautifully engraved invitation recentl sent to all the leading clergymen, edu

cators and statesmen of America's center of civilization:

JULIUS MILLER
BOROUGH PRESIDENT OF MANHATTAN
Cordially Invites You To Be Present At The
OFFICIAL OPENING
of the
NEW SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANT
West Street, Foot of Canal Street
Buffet Luncheon Will Be Served *Music*

INCAUTIOUS confessions of two literary giants at a recent gathering of the Authors' League, as reported by the *World:*

"I regard my real métier as salesmanship," said Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool."

Irvin S. Cobb: "I never had any inspiration in my life."

PROOF of the success of the recent padlock campaign, gleaned from the public prints:

High school fraternities are getting too wet for the Hotel Belleclaire, Broadway and 77th street, according to Walter Guzzardi, president of that hostelry, who announced that, for the time being, at least, the Belleclaire must turn down all requests for reservations from school and college fraternities and class organizations.

Mr. Guzzardi told of a recent dance when four youths "had to be carried privately from the hotel through a rear entrance."

THE rise of Christian prudery and fastidiousness in the devil's headquarters, as disclosed in a current news report:

Fraternal relations between the grand lodge of Masons of New York and the Grand Orient of Belgium have been severed because the latter body has no belief in God and does not require a Bible placed upon the Masonic altar in Belgium lodge-rooms.

DICTUM of the Rev. Dr. Frank Warfield Crowder, rector of St. James Episcopal Church, as reported in the illustrious *Times:*

The student who yields to the temptation to spend his Sundays at his books . . . is taking a downward step, because he is breaking a command of God.

DISPLAY of the scientific spirit by the chief editorial writer of the Hon. Frank A. Munsey's *Sun:*

We do not really believe . . . that boasting necessarily foreshadows a downfall or that thirteen at table means bad luck. Still, if there is one chance in a thousand that these things might be true it is just as well to knock wood, to invite no more than twelve, to walk on the outside of ladders and to break no mirrors. It costs nothing to play it safe both ways.

INCIDENT in the official life of the Hon. John F. Hylan, LL.B.:

When the police parade reached Fortieth street and Fifth avenue a halt was called and the mayor refreshed himself from numerous glasses of water presented to him by children. He took off his top hat, mopped his brow and dressed his hair with a silver mounted pocket comb. He also distributed a package of chewing gum among the children.

NEW world's champion brought to light by the *Graphic*, a leading intellectual print:

Miss Dorothy McNulty claims to be able to turn more cartwheels to the minute than any girl on the stage.

CONTRIBUTION to historical science by the Rev. Dr. George Caleb Moor, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church:

[I agree with Dr. Arnold] that there is no fact in the history of mankind that is proved by better evidence of every sort than that Christ died and rose from the dead.

PROGRESS of 100% Americanism in Manhattan, as disclosed by the *World:*

At the sixty-sixth convention of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs . . . [it was voted] that the federation urge that only natural-born citizens of the United States be eligible to become a justice of the Supreme Court, a member of the Cabinet or Speaker of the House of Representatives.

CONTRIBUTION to scientific advertising in the same eminent gazette:

WOMEN AS THE CAUSE OF WAR

Rear Admiral Fiske started something when he made the remark that women is the cause of war. . . . Suppose what he says is true—women can stop it.

Women can dress so that their husbands will want to stay at home. Every woman should join the League of Fashions and adopt as her uniform this new double crêpe Roma evening coat $185.00

One woman who believes that Rear Admiral Fiske is right, argues that man realizes that he must make a grandstand play of heroism to win favor in a woman's eyes, and so he goes out to fight. Yet how much more easily he could win her by buying her a new slim-line black double crêpe Roma coat with scarf collar that meets in back to give the effect of a cape!

$155.00

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets

FURTHER proof of the good done by the vice chasers, revealed by the report for the year 1924 of the Committee of Fourteen, one of Manhattan's leading uplift organizations:

> The proportion of first convictions for prostitution in the Women's Court has increased from 55% in 1914 to 72% in 1924.

ADVERTISEMENT painted on the window of a smart shop in Madison avenue:

> DOGS BOOKS
> Both for the Home
> MR. HOLDEN MRS. HOLDEN

PROFOUND observations on life and industry by the Hon. Charles M. Schwab, LL.D., before the New York Building Congress:

> One should keep happy all the time.
>
> There is no memory I hold more dear than that of the workingman's friendship.
>
> A useful life is certainly to be more desired than a life devoted to piling up money.
>
> Duty well performed in associating with friends is a rare pleasure.

NOBLE public spirit of the Hon. E. F. Albee, patron of the arts, as revealed in a recent public announcement in the inspiring *Vaudeville News:*

> The police departments of the different cities throughout the United States are made up of men of exceptionally fine instincts, who lead a good family life and are devoted to their duty. . . . For many years it has been a practice for some of the vaudeville people to poke fun . . . at these brave men and to belittle them with cheap jokes. . . . I feel that a word of advice will be accepted, both by the managers and vaudeville artists, to refrain from criticizing in the vaudeville theatres in an unfavorable way, these men upon whom we rely for protection.

GLOOMY meditations of Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, S.T.D., D.D., at the Catholic Club's annual communal breakfast:

> In our country, . . . after millions have been spent on education, . . . we do not seem to know what is moral, either in the public press, in literature, or on the stage. Whither are we drifting? Are we going back to the savage age? . . . Lawlessness today is getting proverbial. . . . The divinity of Christ is being denied everywhere. . . . Today our whole worry is about good women. . . .

FROM a public bull by the Hon. John Emory Andrus, LL.D., eminent financier and public servant, as reported in the esteemed *Herald-Tribune:*

> Smoking by women is a loosening of the strings that keep good things together.

PROOF that New Yorkers are less credulo than yokels, from one of the Manhatt daily whizz-bangs:

> James Clendinen, 1021 Ocean avenue, believed that he was tormented by evil spirits. A young and attractive gypsy called at his home. She told him that he had 151 evil spirits and that she could get rid of every one of them if he would . . . get all of his money and put it in his pocket. Clendinen had his life-savings, amounting to $7,080, in a trunk. He placed it all in his pocket, the gypsy made a few passes, blessed him and made away with the roll.

PATRIOTIC reflections of the Hon. Darw P. Kingsley, A.B., A.M., LL.D., L.H.D president of the New York Life Insuran Company, as reported in the *Manufacture Record:*

> We were under the impression that Europe had reached a stage of civilization similar to that of this country . . . but we have learned that Europe is not simply one century but two centuries behind our civilization.

LATEST conclusion of the eminent *Americ Standard*, organ of the white, Protestan 100% Americans of Greater New Yor published at P. O. Box 190, Grand Centr Station:

> Roman Catholicism does not belong to the white race.

WOES of the Hon. I. A. Doty, dean of th De Witt Clinton High-School and chai man of the special committee on radicalis of the Teachers' Council, as recently u bosomed before the New York chapter the Military Order of the World War:

> The public schools are honeycombed with radicalism. . . . The private schools are as rotten as the public schools and the colleges are just as bad. I don't know what I would do if I had a son to educate. I dare say I'd send him to a private school and get Calvin Coolidge to teach him. But since Coolidge has been flirting with Borah, I'm getting a little suspicious of him. . . .

NORTH CAROLINA

PROUD boast of the eminent chief editori writer of the Hon. Josephus Daniels' *Ne and Observer*, published at Raleigh:

> Raleigh has several times demonstrated its capacity for enjoying good theatrical attractions. . . . This week it roared its approval of that delightful comedy, "Abie's Irish Rose," in an unusual string of four performances.

THE Higher Education in the Malaria Belt, as reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

> Robert H. Taylor, a Negro at Plymouth, was taken from his barber-shop by a mob and branded with the letters K. K. K. as a lesson to a smart nigger.

OHIO

THE fruits of Law Enforcement in Cleveland as described by a correspondent of the International News Service:

> Three thousand men and women in Cuyahoga county are engaged in the business of violating the prohibition laws for profit. This industry does an annual business approximating $150,000,000 in this county alone. At least 40 per cent of this, or $60,000,000, goes in profits to these 3,000 persons. Justices and mayors in the county, operating under the Crabbe and Bender laws, have tried more than five times as many liquor cases as the Municipal Court of Cleveland, and they have imposed seven times as much in fines. Last year the Municipal Court tried 18,348 cases, while the justices and mayors tried approximately 94,300. Many mayors and justices have grown rich on the wave of business brought in by the Volstead Act. Altogether, in this county, for their own profits, they have accumulated $1,974,000. One made $150,000 in six years.

OKLAHOMA

CHURCH advertisement in the Stillwater *Daily Press:*

> "RED-LIGHTS AND SEARCH-LIGHTS"
>
> SUNDAY 3 P. M., FOR MEN ONLY
>
> TRINITY METHODIST REVIVAL
>
> *Saturday Night—"Hen-pecked Husbands." Booster's Program.*

OREGON

THEOLOGICO-ETHICAL dictum of Mrs. Victoria Booth-Clibborn Demarest, eminent female evangelist of Portland, as set forth in the far-famed *Oregonian:*

> Social dancing . . . is the first and easiest step toward hell. The modern dance cheapens womanhood. The first time a girl allows a man to swing her around the dance floor . . . her instinct tells her she has lost something she should have treasured.

PENNSYLVANIA

How the 100% Americans of Berks and adjacent counties keep their communities free of poisonous alien influences, as revealed by the Reading *Eagle:*

> A resolution opposing the erection of a monument to the memory of Christopher Columbus in Penn's Common as contemplated by the Sons of Italy, and requesting the Mayor and members of Council not to grant a permit for the purpose, was unanimously passed at the meeting of the allied commanderies of the P. O. S. of A. of Berks and adjacent counties. . . . The resolution . . . follows in part:
>
> "Resolved, That we oppose the movement to place a statue of Christopher Columbus in Penn's Common, declaring that we only favor the placing of these marks of respect in honor of those who are native heroes and sons of the soil of America. . . ."

TENNESSEE

INTELLECTUAL RECREATIONS of the 100% white Protestant Nordic Blonds of Memphis, as revealed by the eminent *Commercial Appeal:*

> An oldest collar-button contest is causing much interest here.

TEXAS

FROM an official bull by the Hon. W. G. Higgins, president of the San Antonio Lions Club:

> Business is a religion these days; it is being purified and glorified. . . . The world is growing better, the spirit of Christmastide permeates the human fabric of our blessed land, and in the flight of time the mysterious processes of the universe seem to be bringing the world into closer relationship and under the benign influence of heaven. So mote it be!

WASHINGTON

How the æsthetic spirit is spreading to the professors of swine husbandry, as revealed in a recent bulletin of the Pullman Agricultural Experiment Station:

> There is refinement, alertness and sweetness in a feminine sow.

WISCONSIN

ONE reason why this State has a national reputation for progressive ideas, as set forth in the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> "Bigger holes for Wisconsin Swiss cheese" promises to develop into a statewide political issue following defeat of a bill in the State Legislature to double the diameter of domestic Swiss cheese eyes. A campaign to educate the cheese consuming public as to the incalculable advantages of large eyes in home manufactured Swiss cheese will be inaugurated by the Southern Wisconsin Cheese Makers' Association.

MUSINGS OF AN INEBRIATED HISTORIAN

BY CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

Once upon a time I was the happy possessor of a maiden aunt who had been educated strictly in the precepts of hyper-Victorian prudery, in the practice of which she apparently found her completest enjoyment. At least to her unregenerate nephews, she appeared always straight-laced and decorous, carefully concealing behind serried columns of petticoats her means of locomotion. In her old age she made a trip around the world. Slowly, stories of her actions filtered back to her startled family. We learned of visits to Chinatown in San Francisco, of attendance on dances by Moros in the altogether, of gay excursions through Montmartre. The demure and staid aunt, in brief, was participating in the usual unconventions of sightseers; she was breaking over the traces; she was having the time of her life. The phenomenon is not unknown to psychologists.

I, too, am reaching the sear and withered age of my life, most of which has been passed in the repressive and artificial atmosphere of an American university, where I practiced the art of a professor of history. As becomes a man of my profession, I have performed the acts that were expected of me and in great quantities. I have thumbed archives; I have edited reams of documents; I have written monographs bristling with footnotes; I have proved by research and logic that all my predecessors have rested in the darkness of error. In all these ways I have conformed to the canons of my science. For years I have walked along the straight and narrow road of approved scholarship which leads to fame and self-esteem.

Has it all been worth while? Has th world of conformity brought happine and contentment to my soul? I will answ with another question. Does the dog lo to heel, the colt take kindly to harnes Doesn't the latter, when old and turne out to pasture, kick up his rheumatic ol legs? I am not unlike my fellow animal Old age brings with it sympathy for m maiden aunt. I long to have uncanonic experiences, to throw off the shackles c accustomed conventions; by contrast wit humdrum thinking, it would be a pleasur to go on a mental debauch, to sip the cock tail of skepticism, to drink deep of th highball of doubt, to quaff the champagn of disbelief, and finally to toy with th benedictine of agnosticism. Then, whe completely intoxicated, I should enjo running amuck amidst the ideals and au thoritative thinking of my colleagues. Th picture of myself as the bad man of th West shooting up the town possesses a irresistible attraction!

The historian of the old school, to whic I belong, is rather a useless animal of a antiquarian species who tries to induc people to take him and his teachings seri ously. Our founders lived in the genera tion following the publication of Darwin' influential works; and in the hot strife c scientific-religious warfare the methods c research and forms of thinking that wer passed on to us, now elderly men, wer forged; evidently of steel, if one may judg from their quality of endurance and thei capacity to resist new ideas. From th time of my initiation into the mysteric of historical research until I was approach ing the half-century of discontent, my cor

ception of the fundamental principles of the pseudo-science to which I devoted myself never underwent perceptible alteration; and, so far as I could perceive, the same conservative unchangeableness characterized my friends. Henry Adams has brilliantly hit us off in the following words:

> The law that history was not a science, and that society was not an organism, calmed all serious effort; and historians turned to the collection of facts, as the geologist turned to the collection of fossils. For them it was a happy period and literature profited by it.

Whether literature profited by my writings, I cannot say; but this I do know: I never did. Still, being a somewhat serious-minded, prosaic, pedantic, academic, and unimaginative personage, I gave every appearance of being happy as I went about soberly collecting facts to display in my showcase, which, I may claim without conceit, is of generous proportions.

The coincidence of opportunity and desire to follow the example of my elderly aunt occurred a short time ago. I can fix the momentous æon more approximately and will do so lest anyone suspect me of ignoring the Constitution. Shortly before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, Lucifer or St. Anthony, or some spirit of the *Zeitgeist*, offered me a cocktail mixed with ingredients of powerful efficacy. The gin was distilled in the hellish fires of the World War, the French vermouth was the essence of propaganda, the sweet Italian vermouth was the aroma of pragmatic philosophy, and the orange juice was squeezed from the cynical soul of Henry Adams. Always liking a Bronx cocktail, I drank it. All other cocktails I have drunk have passed beyond the bourne of consciousness; but this one always lingers with me. When I sit musing at my desk, too lazy to study, its strength overcomes my mental inertia. I am soon inebriated. Apparently, clarity of vision becomes mine; irreconcilables are brought together; opposites coalesce; my imagination is quickened; and adumbrations of hidden truths—mirages of reality perhaps—form and fade away. I dance upon the shore of that land where consciousness and sensation end, and I gaze into the fathomless depths of unreality. In some such drunken fit this essay was conceived and written, and it is here presented for your observation and possibly for your amusement.

II

In my musings there always pop into my head certain disconcerting questions: "Of what conceivable value to human welfare are all those thousands of printed pages for which you have been responsible?" No answer. "How much more useful is your mental effort in solving an historical problem than the same effort expended on a cross-word puzzle?" No answer. But in the beginning of my debauch I do manage to summon up a little courage to defend myself against myself. Thus I point out that historical-mindedness induces toleration of the opinion of others and that this is a real asset. But my courage oozes immediately, for I remember that this boasted historical-mindedness did not prevent historians of all nationalities losing their sense of toleration and feeling for proportion during the World War. As if they were at a revivalist meeting, each shouted out his testimony in support of the purity of his own country's cause. They vied with Christians in their eagerness to place the offering of their teachings upon the altar of nationality.

These pointed questions project my spirit out to the edge of things, beyond the uttermost bounds of reality, in search of an answer. I must know what in heaven, in hell, or on earth is the value of a professor of history. Has he ever offered any plausible excuse for his existence?

By this time the act of ratiocination has become impossible; nor do I attempt to guide my thought or to distinguish between logic and illogic, right and wrong, in the illusive images—phantasmagoria of the inebriate—floating across my mind. One idea persists as each mental picture

arises, and it distorts the perspective of all. In the supernatural or supercilious illumination of my intelligence the science of history, as practiced by me and my fellows, appears to be mere "bunk." I smile as I recall that an eminent manufacturer without artificial inspiration has reached a similar opinion. The assumption that the primordial elements have determined from the beginning of time the movement of events may, or may not, be true; but certainly the inference that our perception of them corresponds to reality is sheer presumption.

Even the order in which the phenomena of the abyss unroll is hidden from our ken. Forces, millions of years old, may be creating the happenings which we see taking place before our very eyes. These sensations of ours we perceive parading past in succession; and we unite them in the bond of cause and effect by the employment of the infamous logical hocus-pocus of *post hoc; ergo propter hoc*. That is the rotten foundation upon which has been raised the imposing edifice of history, whether the architect is named Thucydides, Gibbon, Von Ranke, H. G. Wells, or C. W. Alvord. Poor fools; it will not take a Samson's strength to pull it down, nor will its weight in falling crush the builder—this gaseous construction of ratiocination!

Logic? I laugh to myself. So far as I know, the science of history, or any other so-called social science, does not offer means of determining whether a country as a whole prospers or not under a protective tariff. Without the means of comparing like with almost like how can even a relatively simple problem like that be solved? Yet historians and their fellow craftsmen are continually handing down judgments on much more difficult subjects in a most nonchalant and cavalier manner. For instance, what historian hesitates to declare that the world is better off because the United States is an independent nation rather than a part of the British Empire? Yet in this case the forces to be measured and evaluated are so intricate and complex that even the Almighty himself must have experienced some difficulty in making u His mind before decreeing independenc Unfortunately, the Godhead does not r veal His motives to a miserable professo of history, whose financial emolumen are too meagre to afford him admittanc to the circles where divinity walks.

But wait! Is not history itself the ver table road along which Nature has walked The results of human inquiry are on ou side. In developing the evolutionary hy pothesis biologists and others did cor struct a frame for the picture of the pas We forgot, however, that it was only frame, and injected into our utterances boastfulness unbecoming the humblene of the historians' achievement. The Nin teenth Century made us all philosophica determinists without imparting always a understanding of determinism's connota tion. We were inspired with some hop in spite of Henry Adams' sneer, of arrivin at objective truth, for, although our fiel of research was limited to a few hundre years of time, we thought of ourselves a students of a part of the grand flux o events that stretched in an endless chai of cause and effect back through the his toric period, back through the prehistori back through long ages of mammal life back through æons of vertebrates, and bac again—but why go on? This House Tha Jack Built narrative grows tiresome an approaches the boundaries of my own ig norance. The idea is at any rate simple. W historians attached our studies onto th tail of geology, paleontology, ethnology and other ologies and secured, by a mixe metaphor, a magnificent background o æons upon which to project our discov eries in the procession of centuries.

If the Darwinians were helpful in on particular, they have led us astray mos woefully in another. They assumed with out proof that the process of evolution ha always taken place from a lower to higher form of organic life. The conceptio suited us historians, and its acceptanc made unnecessary the brain fag of think ing. So we discovered at every stage alon

the road of time an advance upward towards perfection, the goal of humanity. If we were bewildered by unpleasant retrogressions, we nimbly jumped a few hundred years ahead to what appeared like a rise in the level. What matter a few generations when geologists and paleontologists talk in terms of millions of years?

The result of this thinking is most self-satisfying. We are ourselves the latest product of millions of years of universal uplift and are therefore warranted in assuming that we have reached a higher degree of perfection than was enjoyed by our ancestors, whether fish, monkey, or man. For us Americans there is a revelation in the hypothesis that swells our national pride. Democracy on a large scale was the last form of government to appear in the world. The inference is obvious. For us, God evidently took from the heavenly filing case the last of Plato's ideas and pegged it down at Washington—whether its location is in the White House or Senate chamber is obscure, in this respect resembling the position of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Yet, no matter! We cling to our childlike faith as we read in our country's story the evolutionary progression from the simplicity and homogeneity of Washington and Jefferson to the complexity and heterogeneity of Harding and Coolidge.

III

Geologists, in speaking of historians, are very patronizing. And well they may be, for the story of man forms only the last chapter of the history of the earth, and the account of what is known as the historical period is contained in the last paragraph of the chapter, while America's past is confined to the very last sentence. Humility should be the regular garb of the student of social dynamics. He cannot determine the first date in history, the advent of man. Guesses range from 200,000 to 500,000 years ago. Except for the biblical narrative, the chronology of which places the event on Friday, October 28, 4004, B. C., the source of material is scanty and unreliable. I am not inclined to split hairs over a small matter of two or three hundred thousand years of ignorance. Take your choice. What do the years of recorded history amount to in comparison with the length of the prehistoric period or that of the longer future? It is a small part of a scene in a serial movie story.

We estimate our knowledge of history as stretching over approximately 6,000 years. This is a boast, not an accomplishment. Of the first two thousand years our knowledge is limited to a small area of the earth's surface and to very scrappy sources of information. Our rapt adoration must be concentrated on a less stupendous edifice of knowledge, 4,000 years of forces that trace their origin back to infinity. Can any meaning be won from them? Read our historians, and you will discover meanings galore, some one of which will satisfy the most exigent taste!

About two thousand years ago a high stage of civilization, whatever that may mean, was reached and was maintained for a few hundred years more. Of course I speak in relative terms—that is, relative to my own ignorance. The historian Gibbon, also with a relative knowledge, wrote in the Eighteenth Century that the happiest period of human existence was during the reigns of the Roman emperors from Trajan to Marcus Aurelius, approximately the Second Century A. D. Imagine an historian, equipped in all respect as is a modern professor of the science, living in any century from the fifth to the fifteenth, or, if you agree with Gibbon, to the eighteenth: would he ever have dreamed of associating the idea of progress with what he observed? Here, then, in the evolutionary progress there appears something like a gap of one thousand years, possibly fifteen hundred; in other words either one-fourth or three-eighths of the historical period, according to finite minds, represents a decline.

Many readers will no doubt exclaim: "Oh: you have forgotten the benefits of

Christianity. Or are you, like Gibbon, an atheist?" No; I have not forgotten Christianity, and I permit you to place me in your filing case under any label that pleases you. If historians cannot prove high tariffs and the American Revolution beneficial, what can they prove about such a complex thing as the introduction of Christianity? I write as an historian, not as a theologian. Many brilliant men at various periods have been so foolish as to be skeptical after weighing the gains and losses. In my present state I do not recollect their arguments, nor would I be willing to accept their judgment, if I could. They know no more than you and I, and that is nothing.

But a fleeting vision passes through my mind. I see the Grecian students just on the point of breaking through the mental entanglements of Aristotelian forms and Platonic ideas and coming out upon the uncultivated field of scientific observation and experimentation. Their minds, however, become more befuddled than mine is by the Christians' contempt for the material world. St. Augustine was born instead of Lord Bacon. If the fear of hell-fire was the cause of a miscarriage of the scientific spirit, then the introduction of Christianity was a calamity. It is difficult for me to believe that the salvation of some millions of pious souls and the condemnation to hell-fire of many more myriads can be counted as compensation for the postponement for 1300 years of the age of enlightenment, of the industrial and mechanical revolution brought about by men of science, and of the glorious consequence of these, the World War.

My brain is not long at rest, but is soon filled with kaleidoscopic images, out of which emerges a view of the Eternal City, the unchanging amidst the ever changing. Rome has persisted, does persist, and will continue to persist. The thought comes to me that possibly within the purlieus of the Capitoline hill some spirit of the past may solve the mystery for me. "Rome was actual; it was England; it was going to be America. Rome could not be fitted into an orderly, middle-class, Bostonian, sy tematic scheme of evolution. No law progress applied to it. Not even tim sequences—the last refuge of helpless hi torians—had value for it."

The words of Henry Adams ring in m ears. They are an incantation, for I see h spirit sitting on the steps of the churc of Santa Maria di Ara Coeli, where on the great Gibbon cogitated on the mea ing of the world. He calls me to him, an I sit me down on the steps by his sid haunch by haunch, cheek by jowl; and w gaze in wonder upon the monuments two great experiments of western civiliz tion. Neither he nor I can say when me will erect on this spot a monument of third great failure.

IV

Henry's breath is thick with the perfum of ambrosia, but his conversation does no indicate a higher degree of intoxicatio than did his great autobiography. Yet i is evident from the more brilliant sparkl of his ideas in discussing the questio which vexes me that an ambrosial cock tail is more effective than the one I sipped Henry always entertained a contemptuou opinion of professors of history like my self. He says that when he sent his famou letter of 1910 to the members of the Amer ican Historical Association, he received n answer worthy of consideration. "I pu you all down in the class of self-satisfie antiquarians with a mental inertia inca pable of being stirred by a new idea; an you called me—Oh, I was told—an ol man in his dotage, and some, less reverent a crazy nut."

The conversation—or rather monologu —is of long duration. He talks of th meaning of history, but confuses me b drawing his illustrations from geology paleontology, biology, botany, chemistry and physics. In his opinion the last name science offers better means of understand ing the social flux than any to be found by searching among documents, memoirs land titles, and letters which describe only

the exterior of events, forms of human experience. "So amazed are you little men by the apparent grandeur of civilization," says he, "that you differentiate the force moving society from all other known forces. In your intellectual debility you conjure up a vital energy to explain the marvels wrought by men. You endow it with the power of increasing in strength from generation to generation, of raising human energy to a higher intensity. This idea is quite in accord with the erroneous view historians borrowed from the evolutionists.

"Men enjoy deluding themselves, and your vital energy is an absurd delusion. The expansion of civilization has been brought about by the degradation of its power instead of the reverse. In the material world there has been discovered by real scientists a universal tendency to dissipate mechanical energy, and this holds true both in inanimate and animate matter. By its earlier activities the world had already grown old and worn out when man first appeared; it no longer possessed the power to evolve new forms at will. Saddened by his loss of youthful vigor, Father Earth sits today in an easy chair warming his chilled feet by the fire. Man must, therefore, give up all hope of further variation. The faculty of transformation possessed by your putative ancestor, the lemur of the Eocene Age, makes the professor of history with all his mental gymnastics appear as a reflective, hesitating, and very passive specimen of an animal.

"You have started, Alvord, with the wrong premise. Man is the creature, not the creator, of the social organism. You and all your fellow humans possess no more individuality than do the bees of a hive, the ants of a hill. You perform your so-called acts of free will in the same automatic manner as do they. The social organism of which you are an atom is subject to the law of the degradation of energy. The entire universe in every variety of its activity, organic and inorganic, human and divine, resembles a clock that is running down.

"You have been looking for a simile that would truly express the meaning of the flux of history. Childishly you have considered the figure of a plane sloping upwards; and you have substituted for that the concentric waves of the surface of the lake. I will supply you with a simile that accords with the facts. It is a rivulet starting down the mountain side with its volume of water possessing a high degree of intensity. It is increased in size by union with other rivulets, but energy is dissipated the lower it falls. In the age in which you live, the rivulet has become a river in the valley and is moving sluggishly toward the sea of equalization. In making the world safe for democracy you are accelerating the degradation of society and are hastening the time when civilization will be an ocean of quiescence, a saturated solution of human molecules of equal intensity without coördination. When that stage is reached there will be no history. Humanity can only await the cooling of the earth, the approach of the shadows, and the burial of New York, London, Paris, and Berlin beneath the ice floe. Society should not go on ignoring its doom forever. You students of social dynamics should be gasping for breath instead of puffing yourselves up with pride over your antiquarian lore."

As Henry talks, occasionally I think I catch a glimmer of meaning, but at the end of several hours my mind is wearied and I am altogether confused and perplexed. Surely the cocktail I have drunk is degrading its energy and at the same time the reasoning power of one poor professor of history, whatever humanity may be doing to itself. I decide to beat it and turn to bid my companion adieu, when I discover that he is fading away like the Cheshire cat. Already nothing is to be seen but a cynical grin and his eyes. As these last disappear, his left eye closes in a very human wink.

Henry's exposition leaves me confounded —flabbergasted. The remnants of a Puritan belief in the perfectibility of man still lin-

ger in my heart. If I have long ceased the futile effort of lifting myself by my bootstraps, I still hope to elevate my neighbor by tugging at his. But Adams claims that every such effort results in a degradation of energy and hastens the plunge of civilization into the abysmal depths towards which it is hurrying.

V

In my discouragement I wander aimlessly amidst the shadows of dead ambitions and frustrated hopes, phantoms of man's efforts to save the world from its own insanity. I come to a rise in the gloomy landscape where foregather the phenomena of most recent history. Students of the last one hundred and fifty years, writing before 1914, experienced no difficulty in discovering signs of an upward progress. To them the last concentric wave seemed high and ever broadening. The nations were goose-stepping in serried columns towards a better world; the millennium itself was evidently on the point of capitulating before the onslaught. Was not here the star of Bethlehem?

How silly is human hope! We confound our reason by willing to believe what we fervently desire. The historical view of the past resembles the individual's review of his own life in this vale of tears. In the final summary of the forces which have made him, man places on the side of assets the parental chastisements, diseases, friendships' quarrels, humiliations, disappointments, and failures. These ills have developed character. Out of evil good has come. It is almost a universal delusion. How often do we repeat the thought of Job's comforter, Eliphaz the Temanite: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

Job did not accept the reasoning, but the simple-minded professor of history accepts it as the explanation of all unpleasant happenings. So he smooths out the hardships, he metamorphosizes evil into good, he presents to his readers a sunny picture of ligh and shadows wherein the former are t umphant. Instead of practicing the pr cepts of students of natural science wh never impute moral qualities to their ph nomena, the historian satisfies the public craving for criminal trials by seating hin self on the throne of judgment and metin out praise and blame to the figures of th past, even to whole generations. That not science or even an imitation of scienc Imagine a botanist condemning the ros for its lipstick and rouge or the poison iv for its cruelty!

The history of modern times is full examples of mere convictions and belief Historical judgments have but one foun dation, our will to believe. How man Americans feel any skepticism about th glory and moral goodness of the Civil War Even Southerners are inclining to accep the interpretation of the conquerors. civilization built upon slavery was so muc a thing of evil, we say, that it had to b washed out in blood. Yet no true America doubts that during the period of the Revo lution this slave-bred society produced generation of the noblest men that has eve lived in America. Who knows that it wa incapable of another similar act of gesta tion? If it were, then the loss caused b the devastation of the South cannot b evaluated; and we are not justified in in terpreting the outcome of those fearfu years of horror as the best or even the mos desirable one. All we can say is: "It hap pened—this madness and insanity."

I am not a specialist in modern Europea history, but in 1914 I readily accepted th faith of those who claimed to know tha the Napoleonic wars, terrible as they ap peared to contemporaries, had proved blessing in disguise by abolishing the re mains of feudalism and by loosing force that overcame the small state systems o Germany and Italy. On the ruins of th old feudalism the new nationalities were built. I rejoiced, as did others, in the de velopment of strong and united nations the glory of the modern world. From them

we might expect justice and equality, the equilibrium between individual freedom and community control.

Then came the World War. It loosed the foul passions of men, his superstitions and prejudices, his intolerance and hatreds, his criminal and murderous instincts. All the spawn of hell roamed at will over the world and made of it a shambles. Nationality, once so praised, vied with nationality in a death struggle, casting aside, like worn-out clothing, the experiences that had once seemed harbingers of international peace. I too accustomed myself to the slaughter, perhaps I even fell asleep under the anæsthetic of propaganda; "but in my sleep methought, a legion of foul fiends environed me about, and howled in mine ears such hideous cries, that with the very noise I trembling waked, and for a season after could not believe but that I was in hell."

The pretty edifice of Nineteenth Century history which had been designed and built by my contemporaries was rent asunder. The stately façade built of rocks from the quarries of nationalities was smashed and crushed by the shells of many guns. Surely the meaning we historians had read into events was false, cruelly false. Our edifice was perhaps pretty but it had fallen at the touch of reality, so chaotic, so unmoral. In looking back over the last one hundred and fifty years we had thought of civilization as a well-kept flower garden ever growing in extent and beauty. Our eyes were blind. What we had seen, as I now feel certain, was a vile swamp wherein orchids and roses were struggling for existence with noxious and rank growing weeds, and between them the observers on the shores had not been able to distinguish. Was here, at last, the simile I was seeking? A swamp, or perhaps a garden neglected and overgrown with weeds. Was our civilization like that?

And the thought comes to my mind that we historians have cultivated some of the weeds that have been taking root and spreading. In the years of despair there reached my ears an accusation from one of our colleagues, Henry Morse Stephens: "Woe unto us, professional historians, professional historical students, professional teachers of history, if we cannot see, written in blood, in the dying civilization of Europe, the dreadful result of exaggerated nationalism as set forth in the patriotic histories of some of the eloquent historians of the Nineteenth Century." If Stephens was correct, we had not only failed in our scientific observation but had also been responsible for part of the chaos.

And so I sit me down on the edge of the world of reality, and clothe myself in sackcloth, and put ashes upon my head. I stretch out my hands towards infinity and ask for a sign, for knowledge that can explain this mystery that out of apparent progress destruction has come. Am I to believe that the efforts of the great chemists and physicists, the inventions that seemed to alleviate the hardships of life, the growing feeling for justice in the world, that all these benign forces in society had been concentrating their energies to bring about the horrible cataclysm that rent society? Is this the meaning of the last one hundred and fifty years of history? Then we must begin our researches all over to redescribe our immediate past, wherein the forces of hell were forging implements of destruction, heavy chains of slavery, and torture chambers for society.

In the face of the calamity even the foolish professors of history were dumb. What explanation could they make? They had written thousands of books about modern Europe, and in none of them had they dropped a hint of the approaching catastrophe. Instead of shouting out a warning, they had glorified the social evolution they were studying; to their innocent eyes all seemed to be working for the best in the best of worlds. After such an error, what right have professors of history to speak? None. So, as I kick my heels on the edge of nothingness' chasm, I look as miserable and repentant as I can in my sackcloth suit and shampoo of ashes.

SHRINES OF OPPORTUNITY

BY GEORGE A. SCOTT

A "NATIONALLY known educational institution," according to the blind advertisement which I had answered, was in need of a sales correspondent. My application had brought a summons to the office of a large correspondence school, and I sat before the sales manager, answering the usual questions about age, experience and salary expected. At last he picked a letter from a pile on his desk and handed it to me.

"Here's a good sample of the kind of letters we get here," he said. "I'll have my stenographer make a copy and you can take it home and write an answer to it. Bring it back tomorrow morning and then I can tell whether you'll do for the job." The letter read:

Dear sir:

I got your catalog and other books but i dont now what to do. i dont think i got enough edacaton to be a lawyer. I only went to forth grade in scholl im an old man fifty three years old but i want to be a lawyer. i am willen to study hard if you think i cold be a lawyer but i dont want to spen the money for your coarse unles i cold be a lawyer. I ant got no money to throw away on somthing that aint going to do me no good but if you think i can be a lawyer im willen to spend the money and study hard. do you think i can be a lawyer yours trully

Salamanca N Y JAMES SLOAN

It looked hopeless, but I needed a job. So I took the copy home and did my best. When I brought it to the sales manager next morning, he read it carefully and then handed me the answer *he* had written, adding, "Here's the way *I* handle a letter of that kind." Here is his letter:

Dear Mr. Sloan:

When I read your letter I literally dropped everything else to answer it. It is so sincere and so human that I felt at once that you were the kind of a man I would like to have for a close personal friend. I hope that you will regard me in the same way, and feel that the advice I give you is the same that I would give to my dearest friend if he were in your position.

You say that you want to be a lawyer and are willing to study hard to attain your goal. That is the spirit that always wins, Mr. Sloan. It is the spirit of determination that conquers all obstacles. There is no reason to be discouraged just because you have not had a thorough education. The law course which we offer is written in the simplest kind of language—just the kind you read every day in your newspaper. In fact, any man who can read a newspaper and understand it can master this course and succeed in his life's desire.

Your age need not trouble you at all. You still have many years of life ahead of you, and it is for you to decide whether those years will be filled with happiness and contentment or whether you will continue to be dissatisfied with yourself. The Emperor of Brazil mastered Sanskrit—a language that is very difficult to learn and that was entirely new to him—after he had reached the age of ninety. Surely you, who are many years younger, cannot feel that you are too old to take up the study of Law and make a success of it.

You *can* succeed, Mr. Sloan, just as thousands of our students have succeeded. You have will power. You have determination. All you need is the proper training, and we can furnish you with that. Don't hesitate a moment longer. Send your application, together with the money order for your first payment, by return mail, and we will start you on the path to success.

"That's the way *I* handle letters of that kind," repeated the sales manager, when he saw that I had finished it. However, he found a few good points in the letter I had written, and decided to give me a trial. Thus began my career as a high priest of Opportunity.

II

Some day, perhaps, the Department of State will discover that it has a wealth of material for the diplomatic corps, already thoroughly trained and prepared, in the sales departments of the more daring and

go-getting American correspondence schools. They are masters of the art of seeming to say one thing while actually saying another.

Shortly after taking up my duties, I learned that Mr. Sloan did not have the remotest chance of ever being a lawyer, no matter how hard he might be "willen to study." The preliminary requirements for the bar examination in the State of New York at that time called for a complete high-school education and either a degree from a recognized law school or three years of clerkship in the office of an attorney. No credit whatever was given for correspondence study. Since then the requirements have been made even more stringent. Yet this school is still doing a big business in law courses among the New York yokelry.

The sales manager's soul-stirring letter was chiefly a collection of form paragraphs. In fact, everything but the second paragraph was form — even the amazingly intimate opening. The form books have answers to almost every argument or question that may be brought up by a prospective student. The general rule is to dictate one paragraph, making, if possible, a direct quotation from the prospect's letter, in order to give a personal tone to the reply.

Fundamentally, the correspondence school promoter is of the same class as the oil stock salesman and the get-rich-quick specialist, but he is more careful to operate within strictly legal boundaries. His literature does not promise, for instance, that his law course will prepare the student for the bar examination. It guarantees to equip the student with the necessary knowledge "to answer the questions asked in the bar examination." To a mind unaccustomed to verbal hair-splitting, it looks like a guarantee of admission to the bar. Actually it guarantees nothing, for if the student is not permitted to sit for the examination, it is small satisfaction to him to know that he is equipped with the necessary knowledge to answer the questions.

Unlike the confidence man, the correspondence school promoter preys upon the small fry. He gets his profits, not from the man who has been able to save five hundred or a thousand dollars, but from the man who has never earned enough to save anything. He will collect cash in advance for his courses if possible, but if the prospect cannot produce a hundred dollars or even twenty-five dollars, he will accept a first payment of five or six dollars, with an ironclad contract for the balance.

And just what do the students get in return? In the case of the school with which I was associated, less than three per cent of the hopeful dupes ever completed the course and received the highly embellished diploma. Less than half ever finished the first ten lessons. The rest, with the exception of an intelligent few who were able to evade the ever-watchful collection department, paid for their courses in full and received nothing but a shoddy set of text books and a bundle of lesson sheets. It was quite generally admitted by the officials that if fifty per cent of the students completed their courses, the school would have to go out of business.

All plans were laid on the definite expectation that at least ninety-five per cent of the students would fail to finish the work. In fact, the courses were planned with this object in view. The first three or four lessons are made easy, in order to keep up the interest until the second payment has been made. But the next lesson is so far beyond the ability of the average student or else so uninteresting that only the most determined ever go any further.

This school offered, among others, a course in general business. It began with two easy lessons in personal efficiency. When the student had completed these two —and, incidentally, had made his second payment—he was suddenly brought face to face with a volume on business psychology, written by one of the most abstruse writers on the subject ever heard of. This text was far beyond the comprehension of the average high-school graduate.

Since the great majority of the correspondence school's customers had never gone beyond the eighth grade, they had, as an executive of the school once remarked in a moment of candor, "as much chance with that work on psychology as a butterfly fooling with a sausage machine."

But what of the student who does complete his course? Does he receive everything that is promised him? The catalogues and other sales literature of the school advertised that the instruction work was done by "highly paid experts" and that instruction was "individual for every student." In the case of the accountancy course, the name of a well-known certified public accountant was played up as the Director of Instruction. He took, it appeared, a personal interest in the welfare and progress of every student and was, according to the literature, a kind of benign mixture of Dutch Uncle and Guardian Angel.

After I had been with the school for over a month and had not caught a glimpse of this expert, I asked one of my fellow correspondents where he kept himself. "Say," was the reply, "that guy is like God: you don't see him; you just believe in him." Although I remained with the school for nearly five years, and for seven months of that time was chief clerk in the accountancy instruction department, I actually saw this Director of Instruction only three times. His office, in which he conducted his own accounting business, was in another part of the city, and so far as I could learn, his chief connection with the school was the use of his name and photograph in the catalogue.

The "highly paid experts" were a group of instructors whose salaries ranged from eighteen to about forty dollars a week. The first eight or ten lessons were checked and graded by those in the eighteen dollar a week class. Since only a comparatively few students ever got beyond the tenth lesson, these were by far the most numerous. The more advanced lessons were handled by the higher paid instructors, or were taken as night work by outside bookkeepers and minor accountants, who corrected them on a piecework basis. So much for the "individual instruction."

The real highly paid experts were the salesmen and sales executives. They received the larger part of the school's income. The president of the school, of course, received his slice. The sales correspondents were given a bonus on all enrollments secured through their letters. Even after all these commissions and bonuses had been deducted, there was still enough profit left to pay the stockholders a large dividend.

The more intelligent people and those financially fairly well situated are not likely to rise to the bait held out by the lesser correspondence schools. Therefore most of the salesman's work is done among the ignorant and the poor. It is difficult to draw a first payment from them, and even more difficult to get their signatures to a contract. They are afraid of the law and hesitate to sign any papers. But this makes them good credit risks once the contract is signed. If they become delinquent in payments, a single threat of lawsuit is enough to frighten them into doing without the actual necessities of life in order to meet the demands of the school.

Although the school officials themselves are eager to keep their activities on a strictly legal basis, some of the salesmen, I fear, are not always so careful. The school guarantees that if the student is not satisfied at the completion of his course, his money will be refunded, but this, in view of the fact that such a small percentage ever finish the course, means practically nothing. The really up-and-coming salesman goes much further. He guarantees, verbally, to place the prospective student in a good job within three months after he takes up the training and promises to refund every cent if the student has not increased his earning power one hundred per cent within six months after starting. He will promise everything and anything, so long as he is not required to write his promises in the contract.

The school is always protected by a clause in the contract which states that no representative has the power to make alterations, and that any agreements not stipulated in the printed contract will not be recognized. The school officials often know of the methods the salesmen use and "discourage" them. But, to the best of my knowledge, no salesman was ever dismissed for using such tactics.

One enterprising go-getter, however, went so far that his doings could not be winked at. He had been assigned as manager of one of the Eastern sales offices and his first move was to rent a separate office and establish himself ostensibly as the representative of a firm of accountants. Then he advertised in the Help Wanted columns of the newspapers for young men interested in bookkeeping or accounting. This was in 1920, when jobs were scarce, so his office was soon besieged by applicants. He told them that his firm was sadly in need of trained accountants and was turning away profitable business every day simply because it was impossible to find enough trained ones to do the work. He was looking for men who would take up the study of accountancy with the definite understanding that he would employ them at salaries of three thousand dollars a year, as soon as they had completed six months study. Of course he didn't care where they studied, as long as the school was a good one. But he highly recommended the —— course, as his firm had always found that the students of that school were better prepared than those of any other.

The scheme worked beautifully. The manager's assistant, over in the actual office of the school, was kept busy dispatching enrollment applications for the eager gulls to sign. Business poured in from that city for nearly six months—and then the storm broke. The office of the supposed accounting firm had been closed, but some of the victims discovered the manager's connection with the school. Prosecutions and suits were threatened. One man wrote to some of the magazines which published the advertising of the school. The magazines demanded explanations and threatened to throw out the advertising. A number of courses had to be cancelled, and even a few refunds were made before the affair was finally hushed up.

The offending district manager was called to the main office, reprimanded by the general sales manager, charged back for his commissions on the refunded money, solemnly warned that he mustn't ever do it again and transferred to another territory. After all, it had been a rather profitable business. Most of the students this master salesman had enrolled had never gone very far with the course, but they continued to make their payments—the collection department saw to that.

III

The sales correspondents, who must do their selling by letter, cannot use such promises as are employed by the personal salesman. Written promises can be produced as evidence in a court of law. So they must write glittering generalities which seem to promise everything while actually promising nothing. Nevertheless, they are sometimes able to execute masterpieces of scientific salesmanship.

I remember a sale I made to a woman who had inquired about the course in bookkeeping. For a month after the catalogue had been mailed I heard nothing from her, so I sent her a follow-up letter. She replied that since inquiring about the bookkeeping course she had become convinced that success for her lay in the field of scenario writing. She had written to a school which offered a course in that fine art, had learned of the harvest of gold that lay waiting to be garnered by those with the proper training, had enrolled for the course and was now hard at work on it.

More as a joke than with any thought of making a sale, I answered her letter. I rejoiced that she was preparing herself for so noble a profession and went into ecstacies over the golden opportunities in the

scenario field. I *knew* she was going to make good. But, I added, how could she possibly take care of all the money she was going to make, without a knowledge of bookkeeping? I told her a pathetic story about a woman who had been left a large fortune and in her old age was reduced to penury simply because she didn't know how to keep her accounts straight. I kindly advised her how to avoid such a mistake: to take the bookkeeping course. In three days I had her enrollment.

The sales department of every scientifically managed correspondence school has an imposing collection of testimonial letters. Every salesman carries a portfolio of letters from former students in his territory. The sales correspondent has a complete file of letters from successful students in all parts of the Republic, indexed and cross indexed so that he can choose the right one to answer any objection or question raised by a prospect. Does the prospective student doubt that he can master a course with no more equipment than a fourth grade education? With the reply to his letter is enclosed a testimonial from a former student who had no more than a fourth grade education and who doubled his salary within a few months after enrolling. Does he question the possibility of being admitted to the bar in the State of New York after completing the law course? A testimonial signed by a former student, whose address shows plainly that he is a resident of New York, tells how indispensable the law course was for his admission to the bar. The testimonial, of course, does not show that this grateful student has only recently moved to New York, and that his admission to the bar was obtained in Indiana, where the requirements are not so stringent.

It is interesting to see how these testimonials are gathered. From time to time, as a new lot is required, circular letters are sent to former students, asking for letters of appreciation, giving definite instructions as to the manner of wording them, and offering as a reciprocal "courtesy" a book, a fountain pen or what not. Many of the students, who have learne that the money spent for their courses totally wasted, are glad of the chance t salvage even such a small piece of loot a a book or a fountain pen. So they wri the testimonials and receive the premiun and the letters are used as a lure for ne customers. Some of the most enthusiasti tributes in the files of the school were se in by students who had never complete more than two or three lessons. Of cours every such circularization brings in a enormous number of complaints fro people who are less inclined to take thei fleecing philosophically. These are dumpe unceremoniously into the waste basket.

Most of the prospective students see to take it for granted that the testimonial are sincere. Occasionally, however, one o them will investigate—with startling re sults. I recall one case where I unwittingl sent a glowing testimonial from a Sa Francisco student to a prospect who live in the same city. It related in detail hov he had climbed from an obscure clerica position to the post of chief auditor fo his firm, solely through the aid of the ac countancy course. The prospect, after vis iting him, wrote to me thus:

> I called on Mr. ———, whose name you gave me in your last letter. He has a small, dark room in a poor quarter of the city. His prosperity is not apparent. When I informed him of my mission, he courteously invited me to come in, removed his coat from the only chair so that I might sit down, sat on the bed himself, and proceeded to sing a hymn of hate against your university for an hour and a half.

Such prospects, however, seldom enroll

IV

The sales correspondent is a master at fitting his arguments to whatever the prospect may reveal about his personal circumstance. Sometimes, however, he may follow the wrong clue. I once received a letter from a man who told me that he could not possibly consider taking up the course because he had just lost his wife and was so upset that he couldn't put his mind on any study. I answered sympathetically that

I understood just how he felt, but that he really owed it to himself to concentrate on some other subject, instead of giving himself up completely to his grief. I felt sure, I added, that if his wife could have foreseen her own death, and could have known how deeply he would grieve over it, she would have given him the same advice. Within a few days I received my own letter back, with this note pencilled on the bottom: "She ain't dead. She ran away with another feller."

Many of these opportunity seekers, before they jump for these gold bricks, come to regard the sales correspondents as their best friends, and confide to them their most intimate personal affairs. I have had prospective students consult me about the investment of money, the advisability of getting a divorce, the conduct of love affairs, and even the treatment of diseases. One young woman was so attracted by the "personality" of my letters that she wrote to me at least once a day, and sometimes twice a day, for over two months. This without ever having seen even my photograph. Fortunately, she lived half way across the continent and didn't have money enough to pay me a visit.

To such confidences as these, the sales correspondent replies very politely and with the greatest concern. Every personal problem upon which his advice is asked is simply one more reason why the prospect should take the course. He looks upon these letters, not as missives from living people, but as problems to be solved. When he gets the enrollment the game is won. There is no more personal feeling involved than there is in a game of solitaire.

And the most astonishing thing about this boob-catching game is the way nearly all the executives and officials keep up the pretense of believing their own buncombe. The sales meetings and conferences are permeated with the same air of sanctimonious righteousness that is found at a Methodist convention. "Our students" are referred to with a motherly affection, while plans are being laid to cut down the small instruction expense still further, or the question is being debated whether a certain course will stand another boost of ten dollars without reducing the sales. Perhaps this is due to the fact that their activities skirt so close to the boundaries of the law that they feel that a single admission of the insincerity of their purpose would make them criminally liable. At any rate, there is among them none of that frank and jovial camaraderie that exists among other scoundrels, such as horse thieves, politicians, bank robbers, evangelists, pickpockets and shyster lawyers.

BARRETT WENDELL

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

In the Winter of 1919, when the skirts of the war pall were still over us, the American Academy of Arts and Letters engineered a meeting in New York to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of James Russell Lowell's birth, and thereby in some fashion never quite clear to me, "to cement the bonds" between us and our dear ally, England. At this meeting Barrett Wendell, who had been one of Lowell's pupils at Harvard in the '70's, read a paper, in his curiously accented and unpredictably falsetto voice. (His accent suggested an unfortunate alliance between Oxford and the Back Bay.) The paper seemed interminably long; it began, as I recall, with Lowell's great-great-great-grandparents, and included every collateral branch. Happily, I was sitting near the door, beside a famous painter with an Irish name and no interest whatever in Brahmin genealogy.

"It seems to me," he whispered, "that this bird will never be able to see the forest for the family trees. Let's beat it."

So we beat it. And that was my last sight of Barrett Wendell. He died less than two years later. Alas, it was my painter friend's first sight of him, and I have never been able to persuade that child of Manhattan and the Twentieth Century that Wendell was a great man.

"But—my God!"—he says, "your Wendell not only took the whole Lowell family seriously; he took the American Academy seriously!"

To which, of course, it is difficult to find adequate reply.

Barrett Wendell was born a Tory, and he made a virtue of necessity. But very often to make a virtue of necessity mean in time, to make a vice of it. It was s with him. He began by whimsically in sisting that democracy means giving ever man a chance to be himself, which natu rally will result in some men remainin much better than others. But he ended one could not escape feeling, with ver little sympathy for any class but his own and more and more he hated change, h was oppressed by the surge of new lif which washed so much rubbish up on hi beach, and his glance turned ever mor fondly backward to the squire ancestor of his line—and Lowell's. He became mor and more the Bostonian and the snob. If were a biographer, new style, the tempta tion to treat these latter years of his lif would probably prove irresistible. By bor rowing a bit of wit from Strachey (o from Wendell himself), a ludicrous figur of futility could be sketched in, and ex hibited for the delight of the new genera tion.

But, unfortunately, I am not such biographer. I am not any sort of a biog rapher. I am merely one of many whor Wendell taught in the Harvard of th '90's, when, I suppose, he was at his pea as a teacher, as a wit, as an eccentric And my impression of him from thos days is of a man peculiarly vital and stimu lating, as well as peculiarly irritating; of man who even on the same faculty wit William James held his own as an origina intellectual force. Yet James, in 1919, afte the crash of a world war, would neve have come down to New York and ther disported in the branches of the Lowel family tree. James fulfilled his promis

and his destiny to the end. Wendell had lost his influence before his death, and in another generation will perhaps be forgotten, unless some biographer, new style, enshrines him in the amber of irony. The resolution of such a paradox I shall have to leave to that biographer, for it is beyond my powers, who have never been able to see life in such simple terms of inhibitions and complexes as those writers do who are now telling us that Franklin and Emerson and poor old Mark Twain might have amounted to something if they had been psychoanalyzed in youth. I should, however, like to supply a few footnotes to Mark Howe's "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," because, as Mr. Howe confesses, the Wendell of the letters was only half a Wendell—and he doesn't sufficiently give us the other half. A biographer ought to have more than half a man to paint from; though I suspect sometimes biographers choose the half which suits them best—as Mr. Howe did!

II

In one of those pert and felicitous phrases for which he was noted, Wendell once remarked, "The French are given to writing things which they would not say; English-speaking men are given to saying things which they would not write." Wendell certainly was. I am sure he never put into print his definition of the canine paradise, nor some of his classroom comments on the drama of the Restoration. Once, I recall, after a lecture on Seventeenth Century literature, two or three graduate students went up to his desk and vented their moral indignation. It was all right for them to listen to such talk, they said; they were older men. But there were sophomores in the class! Their concern for the moral welfare of these sophomores was strong enough to overcome their graduate-student respect for professorial authority. They gave Wendell a first-rate dressing down. He took it in good part. He understood graduate students.

The usual graduate student comes, or then came, at any rate, from quite a different environment from Wendell's. He is, or was, an earnest soul from Protestant and provincial America, stubbornly pursuing a Ph.D. His ancestors were neither Dutch nor New England aristocrats, still less a union of the two strains; he had not been educated for Harvard by tutors nor taken abroad for travel at thirteen, at sixteen, at eighteen. And there was nothing playful about his mind—good heavens, no! His interest in Seventeenth Century literature was a "scholarly" interest; which is to say, he wasn't interested in Seventeenth Century literature at all, but in the opportunity the study of it afforded him to dig out such facts as the number of borrowings from Molière in the plays of Congreve, and thus achieve his precious Ph.D.

To such a man and mind Wendell presented an astonishing contrast. According to our American classifications an aristocrat and intensely proud of it, and cosmopolitanly trained in more sophisticated ways of thought and speech, with a playful mind, Wendell was above all an artist at heart. It is quite possible, if not very nearly certain, that his not infrequent Rabelaisian remarks (regardless of the age of his auditors!) were partially made for the impish delight of shocking the graduate students and startling the undergraduates. But as I remember them, they had an appositiveness not thus to be wholly explained. Restoration drama put Wendell in a Restoration mood. He cared very little how many times Congreve borrowed from Molière, but he cared tremendously for that superb speech of Millamant's in "The Way of the World," wherein she lays down the terms of her engagement; he adored the glitter and he relished the fun of those plays—and in an age when it wasn't good form to admit it in public. They didn't put him in a scholarly mood; indeed, very little ever did put him in that mood. They put him in a Seventeenth Century mood. He belonged with the King, not Cromwell, anyway. And his class got

the benefit—or, as some of them thought, the injury. He approached the Restoration drama not with a hypocritical smirk, but a smutty story. That method will probably never appeal to parents—and graduate students. But artists will understand. I think, indeed, that many of Wendell's undergraduate pupils understood.

It was by an accident that he became a teacher. He had no Ph.D., and was never a scholar in the academic sense. A nervous, sensitive and not very robust youth, he refused to go into trade like his father, and chose the law merely as something correct to do. But it bored him dreadfully, and after two years of study he failed to pass his bar examinations. It was a chance meeting with Professor A. S. Hill, in the early '80's, which resulted in his appointment as an assistant to Hill in the Harvard English department. There he remained till almost the end of his life. In the first two decades of his teaching he inaugurated at Harvard the daily theme, thus quadrupling his own labor as a teacher and the effectiveness of the composition courses. He saw these composition courses rise from secondary importance in the college curriculum to the first place in undergraduate interest and perhaps in educational importance, and he saw them attract nation-wide attention. He corrected the unceasing river of themes which flowed over his desk with zest and sympathy, pinning down the faults with a biting phrase, or drawing out any flair for true observation or delicate style with keen and judicious commendation.

It would be silly, of course, to suppose that all the hundreds of undergraduates who daily attempted to make copy out of the sights and sounds of Cambridge and Boston, or their own growing pains, went at the task with a craftsman's zeal. Once, in the course given by another professor, who required the themes to be dropped into his box before 10.05 in the morning, we were required one day to define an epigram, and Frank Simonds produced the following: "An epigram is a lazy man's daily theme, written at 10.03 A.M." It would not quite so silly to suppose that the me compulsion of daily writing helped mo students, in time, to express themselves little more readily. And it is not silly all to suppose that for a limited numb of men this daily practice in writing, und the guidance of a fastidious instructor wh was always watchful for individuality, f fine phrasing, for craftsmanship, became source of profound stimulation. It was n "scholarly" inspiration. It was not as a educational process that they felt the worl It was an artistic, or creative, inspiratio

What Wendell did for Harvard was a tually to make a place there—for a tim at least—in which the artist could fin encouragement and counsel. Largely t give an outlet in print for these eag young artists, the old *Harvard Month* was founded, with Wendell as its patro and adviser, and a list of its editors an contributors in the '80's and '90's include the names of George P. Baker (no longe welcome at Harvard as a stimulator o creative art), Robert Herrick, Mark Howe William Vaughn Moody, Frank Norris and many more who have since taken thei place in American letters. Frank Norris' "McTeague" was begun in a daily them course, though not under Wendell. In cre ating this type of composition study, Bar rett Wendell was expressing once mor the artist in him. Especially in his mor advanced courses, he was not lecturing t his students, nor imparting facts to them he was talking shop with them. To d that successfully in a so-called educationa institution is a great achievement.

III

The first time I ever saw Wendell, or a least ever heard him, he came into a fresh man course designed to take us from Beo wulf to Browning in a single Winter. Some body else had got us through Beowul and Chaucer, and Wendell appeared o the platform one morning to initiate u into the splendors of the Elizabethan age

A rather short, immaculately dressed figure, a reddish beard, a voice that hesitated, broke into queer squeaks, had outlandish accents—that is what we saw and heard. And some of us tittered. A boy's first impression of Wendell was of a terrible ass. Nor did he ever do anything to lessen this impression. He used it, rather, as a weapon to attract attention. Presently he began to quote. As he quoted, he became excited. He pulled one end of his watch chain from his pocket (I think there was a gold penknife attached) and began to twirl it round and round. Then he began to walk rapidly back and forth across the platform.

Stamp-stamp-stamp; twirl-twirl-twirl; and—

> "Full fathom five thy father lies. . . .
> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

Ah, gentlemen, that is beauty! That is art!"

An absurd performance? No—for suddenly, here and there, astonished freshmen forgot to watch the twirling penknife, forgot the Oxford-atte-Back Bay accent, and realized that this *was* beauty, this *was* art, and that was what made this ridiculous professor so excited about it. It was so fine he was willing to make an exhibition of himself over it. Again the artist!

In a delightful book, now apparently quite forgotten, D'Arcy Thompson's "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster," a suppositious headmaster gives some final advice to his seniors departing for the university. "In your college lecture rooms," he cautions them, "listen with respectful attention to what is said; but abstain from taking notes. Half of what you hear were better forgotten; with much of the remainder you will probably disagree; what residue is worth remembering will be remembered for its singularity."

This advice, absorbed by me early in my college career, nearly cost me my degree, but vastly increased my pleasure at lectures, particularly those by William James and Barrett Wendell. It was not by his singularity but by his lucidity that James fascinated. Day after day, one thrilled to hear him turn the abstract into concrete images and reduce it to normal understanding. Wendell, however, either woke violent opposition or startled by his singularity. To have taken notes would have been to lose all the fun. I used to look with pitying scorn on the graduate students, struggling to get into their notebooks the patter of wit and comment, the jokes, the obscenity sometimes, the flashes of insight and æsthetic appreciation, the skilfully turned epigrams—none of which fed their insatiable hunger for facts! One phrase above all I remember, coming out of I know not now what lecture, or apropos of what subject, if any.

"The duty of the theatre," said Barrett, his voice cracking upward with anticipatory delight at his own wit, "seems to be to send the suburbs home happy."

I have been going to the theatre professionally now for twenty-five years, since he made that wise crack, and I suppose ninety per cent of the plays I have seen have fulfilled this duty to the suburbs. Certainly the epigram has come back to me, with its twinge of worldly wisdom and its cynical realism, far more often than any of the learned lucubrations of Professor Kittredge concerning the Bard of Avon. In one phrase, he made me, and many like me in the class, consider the theatre across the Charles, the theatre of our own age and race, in a new, shrewd light. He woke our minds with a critical jab. There was something Shavian about it. And, of course, something neat and artistic.

Once he was late to an appointment, and explained in apology that he had been up all the night before discussing with a friend that friend's soul. "He is down in the mouth because he thinks he's a failure in life," said Barrett. "And he is, you know; he positively is. Why, he is over thirty-seven, and at thirty-seven Shakespeare had written Hamlet and Jesus Christ had died."

Many thought then, and probably would still think, that this type of *fin-de-siècle* cleverness were better suppressed than expressed. But Wendell couldn't suppress it, and wouldn't have if he could. If it shocked his hearers, he was tickled. If it amused them, he was delighted. And, anyhow, the idea had come to him, and it had therefore to pop out. What his critics did not realize was that the reverse of this rather boyish and blatant smartness was the coruscating comment which sparkled through his lectures, the true wit and wisdom and critical insight which kept those lectures so far away from dry scholarship and so close either to real life or to the actual processes of creative art. As well imagine Shaw without his slapstick as Wendell without his smartness. And because he was not hypocrite enough to suppress his smartness, he was no hypocrite in the serious business of education and criticism. As Mark Howe says, he "emptied his mind" to his classes, gave them all he had.

IV

In one of his most characteristic books, "A Literary History of America," he quotes Emerson's statement of his reasons for resigning the pulpit of the old Second Church in Boston. Emerson would not administer the communion because he would not do anything "which I cannot do with my whole heart." "I have no hostility to this institution; I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. . . . That is the end of my opposition, that I am not interested in it. I am content that it stand till the end of the world, if it please men and please heaven . . ." Wendell quotes these words with something akin to unction, and adds, "It is doubtful whether the whole literature of heresy contains two phrases which to any mind still affected by traditional Christian faith must seem more saturated with serene insolence."

"Saturated with serene insolence" is in more ways than one a phrase characteristic of Wendell; it has the pith and style, the happy critical acuteness, and it ha too, a certain insistence on the thing i Emerson which was most sympathetic t him—insolence. Emerson was trumpetin the individual conscience against all th restrictions, moral and mental, impose on the New England mind for two hun dred years. This delighted Wendell. H admired Emerson's serenity, he admire the sharp modernity of his prose, he haile him as a seer, even. But it was Emerson' insolence which he took to his bosom. H recognized a mind unfettered by tradition moving as artist and inquirer amid th eternal mysteries and bringing back poems not reports. To one at least of Wendell' pupils that enthusiasm for Emerson's in solence was vastly tonic, and was among the more memorable of the many enthu siasms, or the many hatreds, which h prodigally displayed to his classes. He too, was insolent, if not serenely so. Wher he told us that Whitman's verses often sounded "like hexameters trying to bubbl through sewage," we who were in our Whitman period just then (everyone goes through a Whitman period; Jim Huneker committed indiscreet matrimony in *his*) were furiously indignant. Who was this snippercheese of a professor, with his rules of rhetoric advocating "clearness, force and elegance," to poke fun at our great God of Democracy? "Elegance," indeed As if Whitman's power didn't lie, to no small measure, in his rejection of elegance But then something in Wendell's insolence would capture us—the insolence of a fastidious aristocrat, who frankly hated New York, who frankly considered Whitman's ideal of democracy what we would now call bunk, but who as a literary critic must carefully credit to the gray-whiskered bounder what power he could, and then was free to exalt his own love of classically wrought art, and to toss into the face of our enthusiasm—"hexameters bubbling through sewage."

"Old Wendell's honest, anyhow," we would say. "Of course, he's a terrible snob."

"But, you know, after all," somebody would cut in, "Whitman wouldn't exactly fit at the Tavern Club. Are we going to abolish the Tavern Club?"

"Sure!" from the rest of us. And we would part, with the ghost of a doubt that possibly Walt's democracy didn't quite jibe with the facts of our sheltered and sophisticated and occasionally elegant lives—which we hadn't the slightest intention of abandoning!

It isn't easy to say how one professor, lecturing on literature, imparts the facts, the historical background, the critical analysis—and leaves his pupils much where he found them; and how another may impart fewer facts, supply a less careful or even an incorrect critical analysis, yet wake the minds of his pupils to violent opposition or delighted agreement, and put a piece of literature into the structure of their living. There are not, alas, many teachers who can do that. Barrett Wendell was one. His eccentricity, his honesty, his insolent attitude toward grubbing scholarship, his even more insolent Toryism, his almost naïve delight in fine craftsmanship, especially his own, his wit, his ceaseless interest in the world outside the classroom, a world he was forever bringing with him into class, all contributed to this result. He was never afraid of himself, his point of view, his least likes and dislikes, in the face of Milton or Shakespeare or Whitman or Poe. He had the self assurance and honesty, not of the pedant or critic, but of the artist. Like Emerson, he too must have his say.

V

In his "A Literary History of America" there will be found several pages about Nathaniel P. Willis which anyone who has a desire to know Wendell should not fail to read. After telling of the social isolation which resulted from the elder Willis's adherence to orthodox Calvinism in the face of correct Boston Unitarianism, and suggesting that the Park Street Church folk may have consoled themselves, "as indeed orthodox Yankees sometimes still do, by the thoughts of what would happen beyond the grave to the triumphant religious liberals who on earth rarely invited them to dinner," Wendell goes on:

> Born and bred among such surroundings as this, Willis, whose temper was among the most frivolously adventurous of his time, began life in a state of edifying religious conviction. He was sent to school at that stronghold of orthodoxy, Andover, which was still trying to defend the old faith so completely routed by Unitarianism at Harvard College. From Andover, instead of going to Harvard—in orthodox opinion the gate of the broad road to perdition—he was sent to complete the salvation of his soul at Yale. At the prayer meetings which refreshed school-boy life at Andover, he had displayed unusual gifts of exhortation. The creative powers thus evinced found later expression in diluted narrative poetry which dealt with Old Testament stories in a temper somewhat like that of Leigh Hunt, and which is said long to have remained among the favorite edifications of devout old persons in New England. But even Yale orthodoxy failed to keep Willis within the fold. He was handsome; women, particularly older than he, were apt to fall in love with him. He had an instinctive aptitude for gaiety, and when he came back to Boston from college, this son of a Park Street deacon was the most elaborate fop who had ever been seen on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. In spite of considerable religious backsliding, however, he was unable in Boston to overcome the social traditions which kept his family apart from fashion. He tried a little editorial work there, with small success; and he ended by quitting the town in disgust, hating it for life, and returning only for burial nearly forty years later.

Now, quite apart from the easy flow and neat compactness of that paragraph, pleasing to anyone with a sense for style, it arrests attention because it is saturated with a witty irony remarkably like that attempted, and occasionally achieved, by the new biographers. It imparts certain facts about Willis's life while insinuating a later and presumably wiser man's opinion of prayer meetings for boys, Unitarians, Calvinists, and Yale College. No writer endeavoring to recreate for modern amusement either the Fabulous Forties or even Queen Victoria, could turn the trick more deftly, more urbanely, more wittily. This is not the paragraph of a critic in the pedantic sense, nor of a professor in the academic sense, nor of an old fogy. It is the paragraph of a literary artist, and of a

keen and modern mind, capable of moving at ease and smiling through the facts of history.

Why, then, should a man with the power and wit to write like this have become a rather melancholy climber of family trees, declaring in spite of the honors that came to him in France, where he lectured at the Sorbonne and other universities, that his life was futile, that teaching, or trying to teach, composition, was useless, that education was largely a failure? Why should he have slipped back with the croakers and fossils, instead of going on with the triumphant youths whom he had once inspired and whom he could, conceivably, still have led? Why should the man who put the practice of the arts into American education have himself become more pessimistic about that proceeding than even his friend, President Lowell of Harvard?

Perhaps because Wendell himself was an artist who never became adjusted for adequate expression and over whose life was the shadow of frustration. (I, too, cannot avoid the frustration theme!) His first two published books were not text-books nor works of scholarship, but novels. They were not successful novels, nor even good novels, but the second was better than the first, and it is quite possible that he could in time have written a good one. It was much more likely, however, that his creative talent lay in other directions. All his subsequent books seem a feeling toward the outlet. His famous book on rhetoric is distinguished by the fact that, contrary to all tradition, it is well written, and makes its points in the author's own words, not by quotation. His surveys of literature are actually highly individualized surveys of society. He once wrote a poetic drama, "Raleigh in Guiana," and acted the leading part himself, at a public performance. (His younger brother, Jacob, it will be recalled, after years of fritter in the Amateur Comedy Club in New York, at last made up his mind to disgrace the family for the sake of art, and became a professional player.) Finally, after thirty-seven years of teaching, when Wendell becam professor emeritus, he dreamed of usin his leisure to write, at last, the successfu novel he had never achieved.

But why had he not achieved it, o some compensating work quite free of th lecture-room shackles, which could speal directly and creatively to his fellov countrymen? Why did he feel, too, tha the stream of students passing through hi courses acquired little of creative impuls or ability?

I think a partial answer might be foun without climbing very far into the Brah min family trees. Wendell was born Tory, with all the Tory belief in the Bes People tradition, with most of the Tor prejudices and Tory virtues. (For, as Al bert Nock has pointed out, the Tories *d* have their virtues!) In the New Englan of the generation preceding Wendell, th Tory tradition was so generally acceptec that, as he himself used to put it, ever the writers who came from less than th Best Families (like Whittier) worked in the tradition and achieved an authentic dignity. The New England school was an aristocratic school; even Emerson's inso lence was serene. But by Wendell's day it was a dead school. Already in the '90's Boston had become, as somebody has called it, in a phrase suggesting Barrett himself, "the abandoned farm of American literature."

Nobody knew this any better than Wendell. Twenty-five years ago, in a letter quoted by Mr. Howe, he pointed it out. He knew perfectly well that the future was with New York, Chicago, Oregon, that it bubbled through the "sewage" of Whitman, or was to be found in the funny column of the Denver *Tribune*, or was getting itself born in Camden, Ohio. But no artist, it does not matter how keen or how modern his mind, can create against the back pressure of his emotional convictions. A new America was surging up that Wendell did not like. His attitude toward it was not quite that of Emerson toward the rite of the Lord's Supper; he was not pas-

sively uninterested, he was actively hostile, not because his mind opposed it but because his tastes and instincts did. So long as he cared to make the effort to drive his mind, he could help his pupil, Robert Herrick, into the future, he could be a penetrating critic of what was good or bad in the newest things. But he had to drive his mind. There was no natural propulsion of the emotions behind it; there was just the opposite. "I hate change," he said, and there spoke the Tory, who killed the artist in him.

The intellectual dominance of the "best minds" of New England, when those minds were quite generally found also in the best families, and New England gravely led young America to an artistic flowering, was over in Wendell's day. America needed to be discovered anew, by minds of a different cast. The discovery was not for him because he was born at once a generation too late and perhaps a generation too early. He was born too much of a Tory, too much under the shadow of the Lowell family tree, and all those other family trees which Boston, alas, still considers live timber, to be the real rebel or discoverer his intellect fitted him to be. His, perhaps, is the common tragedy of the Tory artist, in an expanding and changing world.

VI

Something of a pattern, too, was probably his later pessimism over the teaching of composition—though pessimism is surely excusable in one who has corrected undergraduate themes for thirty-seven years! Through Harvard College, year after year, passed the usual stream of American youth, fifty per cent of whom are in college for no better reason than that to attend is the proper thing, and who intellectually are not entitled to the educational attention bestowed on them. Twenty-five per cent of the others, at the very least, of course have no creative bent for literature, and their themes might better be corrected by a hack, not an artist. Of the remainder, there were certainly many in the Harvard of Wendell's day, and doubtless are still, whose own background was enough like his to render them futile as artists in America. That leaves but a tiny minority of potentially effective creative artists to train—and any American college has little enough to give them! Most of them would be better off somewhere else.

Wendell certainly could not give them the emotional enthusiasm for discovery which he knew well enough they ought to have, or could not in his later years. At best, he could teach them "clearness, force and elegance" of expression—when what they needed was rather the raw materials to express the warmth of creative zest, not the chill of criticism. So Wendell, himself enough of an artist to be entirely aware than a man like Eugene O'Neill, say, became a dramatist by running away to sea instead of staying in Princeton, talked a shop with his classes that was never quite shop to the chosen few, and could never be. It was, after all, academic; all right enough for the average fellow interested a bit in literature and wanting to express himself better, but nothing worthy of the blind urge that makes true artists drag beauty out of stokeholes and discover masterpieces in Ohio livery stables.

Stokeholes and livery stables (or, today, garages) would have been no place for Barrett Wendell. He wouldn't even go to see his son play baseball because the players talked such an incessant and vulgar jargon; it was a pity, he thought, the boy couldn't have excelled in some sport fit for gentlemen. But stokeholes and garages are America today, and Wendell knew it. Out of them, willy nilly, our literature must be made. Refuse to enter them, refuse to be on friendly and intimate terms with their occupants, and you cut yourself off from your age, you sterilize yourself as artist. A partial way to achieve this is to go to college. A complete way, as Wendell found, is to be born a Tory. Zaccheus climbed a tree to see his Lord. Barrett Wendell climbed a family tree to miss Him.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Surgery

TISSUE TRANSPLANTATION: REAL AND BOGUS

By Waro Nakahara

There has been keen interest of late in the subject of tissue transplantation, chiefly from the point of view of gland therapy. With the growing knowledge of the importance of endocrine glands in physiological, pathological, psychological, and sociological processes, the question of the transplantation of monkey glands to man has come into widespread popular discussion. But although monkeys may be very close mentally to some of the clients of our alchemistic medicine men, there exist indisputable immunological differences sufficient to prevent the well-being of transplanted monkey glands.

It was once supposed that rabbit skin could be grafted on human beings, but a critical examination revealed the fact that the grafted skin was rapidly destroyed and absorbed. Not only that, but among warm-blooded animals tissues turned out to be so particular that they often differentiated between different varieties of the same species. It frequently happens, indeed, that the tissue of a white mouse cannot be transplanted into a brown, gray or black mouse. One of the most remarkable examples of this peculiarity is afforded by a certain tumor of chickens, described by Peyton Rous. In spite of its very malignant character this tumor refused to grow at first in any but blood-related chickens; it was only after a long series of selective transfers that it became transplantable to other varieties.

Surgeons once thought that the unsuccessful results of the early tissue grafting might be due to a disturbance of the blood supply incidental to the process of graft ing. Alexis Carrel thereupon developed technique whereby organs could be trans planted with an intact blood supply. Bu this did not change matters. Paul Ehrlic then tried to explain the failure on th hypothesis that proper food for the foreig tissue was lacking in the host. He assume that each species of animal produced specific food substance, suitable for it tissue. It followed, then, that when th tissue of one species was transplanted int another species it would die of starva tion as soon as the hypothetical foodstuf carried over with the graft was exhausted Ehrlich offered as evidence his famous ex periment of "zig-zag" transplantation. H showed that when mouse tissue whic had been transplanted into a rat was re moved from the rat sufficiently early an returned to the mouse, the graft, having accumulated a fresh supply of the specific substance, could again be transplanted int a rat for a short time. This process o mouse-to-rat and rat-to-mouse transplanta tion could be repeated indefinitely. The explanatory theory, however, fell down when James Murphy found that varieties of rat or mouse tissue could be propagated in chicken embryos for a long period of time, thus showing that food suitable for chicken tissue was acceptable to rat or mouse tissue also.

Arboriculturists had known for centuries that parts of different species of trees and shrubs could be permanently united by grafting. Parts so grafted retained their original characteristics, despite the fact that they depended upon the host plant for their nourishment. In certain cold-blooded animals too, especially in invertebrate forms, heteroplastic tissue

grafting, as we designate grafting between individuals of different species, has been successfully carried out. This has also been done as high up in the evolutionary scale as frogs and salamanders. But a permanent union of parts of different species cannot be brought about, under ordinary conditions, among the warm-blooded animals.

That this should be so is no matter for surprise. It is a first principle of immunology that defensive reactions arise in the animal body when those foreign proteins are introduced into its blood stream. The tissue will survive and even proliferate in the foreign host until such a time as the developing reactions make their effect felt. When that happens—that is, when the animal is immunized,—the tissue transplanted will be destroyed. But if the defensive reaction is interfered with, it will survive correspondingly longer. As has been shown by Murphy, heteroplastic transplantation can be carried out very successfully in an organism incapable of this reaction, such as the embryo of a chicken.

The outcome of tissue transplantation among individuals of the same species is in general governed by the same law of tissue specificity. That is, it is determined by the degree of genetical affinity between the transplanted tissue and the host. A tissue of an individual can be grafted on another part of his own body; such transplants are widely used today by surgeons in skin grafting. They are called autoplastic transplantations. But if the tissue is grafted on other individuals of the same species, or homoplastically transplanted, its survival will depend upon whether the host and the grafted tissue have a similar genetical make-up or not. If grafted on blood-related individuals, such as brothers and sisters, there is a good chance of success. If the graft is on unrelated individuals that chance is less, and it is still less if the graft is on individuals of a different race.

The constant success of autoplastic transplantations is accounted for by the fact that both graft and host are of the same genetical make-up. It follows, therefore, that among genetically identical individuals the tissues of any one of them should be transplantable to any other. This theory has been prettily substantiated by the experiment of Tyzzer and Little on Japanese waltzing mice. The strain used by them had been so closely inbred for a long series of generations that its genetical make-up was practically homogeneous. Tyzzer and Little utilized a tumor for transplantation which had originated in one of these homogeneous strains of waltzing mice. This tumor, when grafted, grew in practically every individual of the variety, but it consistently refused to grow in common mice.

Let us examine, under the microscope, what goes on at the site of tissue transplantation. Leo Loeb, among others, has been especially concerned with this problem, and from a long series of experiments he has been able to deduce a generalization: that there is a graded reaction of the body cells of the host toward different kinds of transplanted tissues. Various cells, especially the small, round cells called lymphocytes, have been found to behave in a characteristic manner toward different tissues—those transplanted from another part of the same individual, those derived from a brother or sister, those from unrelated individuals of the same species, and those from an individual of a different species.

In and around autoplastic grafts appear a large number of blood vessels. The fiber-forming cells swarm around and form a scaffolding to support the graft, but the lymphocytes remain undisturbed. Tissue transplanted from brother or sister calls forth less blood vessel proliferation; more fibrous tissue tends to collect about, and here the small, round lymphocytes are attracted, though not in a large number. Tissues transplanted from unrelated individuals of the same species meet with a feeble reaction on the part of the blood vessels. The fiber-forming cells actively

invade the graft, and also more fibrous tissue is formed, while the lymphocytes are seen to appear in very large numbers early in the process. In the case of tissue transplanted from a foreign species, the blood vessel reaction is further reduced and the number of fiber-forming cells and lymphocytes is also considerably decreased.

It is one of the most interesting of biological facts that the blood vessels and cells, especially the lymphocytes, thus behave in a specific manner in accordance with the relationship between graft and host. It appears that they are capable of distinguishing fine and delicate differences in relationship. We may justly say, with Loeb, that the reactions which thus take place are the finest biochemical reactions known at the present time. They surpass the serum reactions which permit a distinction only between individuals of different species, and only rarely betwee individuals of the same species.

Thus it appears that monkey glands can not be successfully grafted on human be ings. But the clients of gland therapeutist need not be downhearted. They can stil obtain gland pills. What is more, inasmuc as monkey glands are not destroyed in stantly in the human body, it is stil possible for these credulous ones to enjoy transitory benefit from them. However our laboratory scientists are not so slow as to let Nature monopolize the field Not only have they already isolated the active substance of some of the endocrine glands, but they are going one step further by artificially synthesizing such substances as adrenalin and thyroxin. If progress goes on in this direction it will not be long before all the quack surgeons and gland pill pedlars will be forced out of business.

Sociology

AMERICAN SOCIOLOGY IN 1925

By Harry Elmer Barnes

The status of sociology as an academic and scientific subject in the United States in 1925, as compared with its position at the opening of the century, presents a problem which needs to be examined. There is no doubt that the students registered in sociology departments have increased in number even more rapidly than the college population as a whole. On the other hand, all the large and influential universities which excluded sociology a generation ago have been able to maintain this anachronistic and short-sighted policy up to the present time, while the graduate departments which existed in 1900 have, in general, become weaker. This is particularly depressing in the light of the fact that graduate departments inevitably must be the places of training for the future teachers of undergraduates. Unless the present situation is remedied, ever greater numbers of undergraduates will be taught sociology hereafter by increasingly ill-trained instructors.

The decline in the excellence of the graduate schools, as well as the success of certain institutions in excluding sociology entirely from their curriculum, are due to a number of causes. In the first place must be listed the opposition of the pure and pious folk who look upon sociology as a subject which undermines morality and leads to atheism and Socialism. There is some logical ground for this fear, for while the science, when properly taught, provides the only sure foundation for any valid body of morality or any social religion, it is true that it presumes to analyze with frankness the anachronisms and defects in the present moral code, the prevailing religion, and the capitalistic economy.

Again, one must list among the powerful sources of opposition to sociology the jealousy of the other social sciences. History, economics and political science were established as academic subjects from a century to a half century earlier than sociology.

This has given them a far stronger hold upon the faculties and administrative boards of the universities. The opposition of such vested interests has been intensified by the fact that the vivid human appeal of sociology has attracted to its courses large numbers of students who might otherwise have been swelling the class registers and enhancing the prestige of solemn teachers of history, political science or economics. Therefore, in certain institutions, such as Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, California and the Johns Hopkins, sociology has been excluded altogether, or has been offered in a wholly inadequate and misleading fashion by professors of economics or social work. In many other institutions, while courses in sociology are tolerated, the instructors have been kept under the general control of the department of economics. To this opposition of the older social sciences must also be added the even more vigorous antipathy of the departments of literature and philosophy.

But all the same the responsibility for the decline of sociology as a university subject lies in considerable part at the door of the sociologists themselves, and here the great evils have been discipleship and provincial jealousy. Sociology was founded in this country by a number of very capable but highly dogmatic men. They have, in general, tended to surround themselves with satellites whose chief function has been to expound in a faithful and reverent manner the details of their masters' Olympic utterances. It is only rarely that the most scholarly and independent type of mind is satisfied to remain a mere disciple of even the most brilliant and lovable master. In consequence, the most brilliant students of the early masters of sociology, instead of remaining in the universities to build up and replenish the graduate departments, have been turned out into the undergraduate institutions as instructors in general college courses, or have abandoned the academic career entirely to undertake outside research. The better men in sociology have been taken but rarely into the great graduate departments, while those who have been retained by the masters have tended, with a few notable exceptions, to be of an imitative, unoriginal and uninspired character. This demand on the part of the founders of sociology in this country for reverent and unquestioning discipleship seems to me to be far and away the most important cause of the decline of sociology in academic distinction. To it may be added the domination of politics and personal intrigue in the award of academic honors and offices. Neither amiability nor solemnity nor piety should, in itself, be regarded as an adequate qualification for the presidency of the American Sociological Society.

The ravages of jealousy among sociologists in this country have been inseparably associated with the dogmatism and intolerance of the leaders of the science. Instead of saving their energies for defending sociology against its enemies outside the social sciences, instead of presenting a united front against the arrogance of the earlier intrenched special social sciences, and instead of coöperating with enthusiasm and efficiency to advance the accuracy and volume of sociological researches and publications, the sociologists have too often devoted themselves to disastrous and generally fruitless wrangling and feuds concerning the priority or validity of some particular theoretical phrase, metaphysical assumption, or methodological principle, many of them irrelevant or misleading from the beginning. Prominent sociologists have exhibited more bitterness and hatred towards others of their profession than towards even professors of biblical literature, ethics, Greek or mathematics. This spirit has further promoted the deplorable process of departmental inbreeding. Instead of bringing in men who have been trained under a number of different teachers at diverse universities, there has generally prevailed the practice of appointing men who took their doctorates on the spot. The professors in graduate schools have recruited their subordinates from

among their own graduate students. No Chicago Ph.D.'s were taken into Columbia, or vice-versa. Thus the process of cross-fertilization has been effectively blocked, and discipleship still further promoted.

As a result of these circumstances, it is a lamentable fact that there is no reputable graduate department of sociology in the United States today. I mean by that no department which can compare in number of instructors, personnel, or volume of substantial publications with the competing departments of history, political science and economics. Unquestionably, the best existing department is that at Chicago, but it is only the merest shadow of what it was twenty years ago, when Professor Small was still in his prime, and aided by the vigor and scholarship of his illustrious colleagues, Henderson, Vincent and Thomas. The situation at Chicago is matched elsewhere. The men who founded academic work in sociology in this country are still heads of departments—among them, Giddings, Ross, Hayes, Blackmar, Dealey, Weatherley and Cooley. We owe them an inestimable debt for their pioneer work, but their viewpoints were fixed more than a quarter of a century ago. Because, however, of their priority and personal prestige they still remain, interposing an insuperable obstacle to a reorganization of their departments under men whose attitudes and modes of work reflect thoroughly the contemporary status of sociology. The situation is comparable to that which would exist if Darwin, Romanes, Wallace and Haeckel were still heads of departments of biology in the leading universities. It is rendered all the more menacing because these men, when selecting their successors, tend to choose those who will perpetuate their own viewpoints.

As to the general progress of sociological technique in this country, it has now passed from the earlier stage of magisterial systematization, under Ward, Small, Giddings and Stuckenberg, to various types of specialization. The day of the system builders is past. So rapidly is specialization being forced upon us that some have ever prophesied that the field will be preëmpted eventually by the special disciplines. Certainly there is now such an increase in the materials available for research that the sociologist is compelled to specialize. As he does so he inevitably tends to assimilate himself to biology, psychology, anthropology, history, or economics.

Meanwhile, historical sociology has not advanced far beyond the state reached thirty years ago in Professor Giddings' justly famous "Principles of Sociology." What has been achieved here has been mainly the work of the Columbia and Harvard schools of anthropologists in the study of primitive cultures and institutions, and the work of social historians, primarily Shotwell, Turner and their students, in surveying the institutional development of Europe and America.

In the study of the geographic factors in society little independent work has been done by sociologists, strictly speaking. The cultivation of human geography has been carried on chiefly by the geographers, particularly by Ratzel's disciple, Miss Semple, by the brilliant theorizer, Ellsworth Huntington, and by the student of regional geography, J. Russell Smith. The critical anthropologists, led by Boas and his disciples, have attempted to evaluate in a discriminating fashion the accumulated mass of anthropogeographical data. But Professor Franklin Thomas has been the only sociologist who has made an effort to digest and expound this work for sociology.

In biological sociology some excellent work has been done by men who have, in general, abandoned the old voluminous speculations about the similarity between society and the biological organism. W. F. Willcox, A. B. Wolfe, W. S. Thompson, E. B. Reuter and others have made special studies of population problems in the light of the developments since Malthus. F. H. Hankins, Carl Kelsey and others have studied the application of the laws of heredity to social problems. Then there have been notable contributions to eugen-

ics and the racial history of man by such social biologists as Raymond Pearl, E. G. Conklin, H. H. Goddard and S. J. Holmes. Some biologists, such as E. M. East, have also made additions to our knowledge of population problems.

In psychological sociology there has been progress away from the philosophic, descriptive and systematizing stage of Cooley, Ross and Giddings toward a competent application of psychological principles to social processes by such writers as L. L. Bernard, F. H. Allport, T. D. Eliot, E. R. Groves, E. D. Martin and Kimball Young. Professors C. A. Ellwood and E. S. Bogardus occupy a position intermediate between the older philosophical systematizers and the inductive students of psychology as applied to society.

A relatively recent approach to social problems from the standpoint of cultural processes and institutional growth has been forwarded chiefly by the cultural anthropologists of the Boas school and a few others, notably Professor Tozzer of Harvard. The only sociologists to devote serious attention to this highly important mode of social analysis have been Professor W. F. Ogburn and his followers, all of whom have derived their orientation from the Boas school of anthropologists.

Probably the largest, and certainly the best paid, group of sociologists are what are usually called social economists or practical sociologists, namely, those chiefly interested in social work and amelioration. In this group well-known personalities are E. T. Devine, S. M. Lindsay, Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, Edith Abbott, Jessica Peixotto, Robert Woods, James Ford and Porter Lee. Here the emphasis has been progressively shifted from amelioration to prevention, though the uplift psychosis is still strong in many quarters.

Especially notable has been the development of the quantitative method in sociology, not only in the special branch of social statistics, but in general. In forwarding this method Professor Giddings must be assigned the place as herald which is conventionally given to Francis Bacon in the history of scientific thought in general, even if his actual contributions are comparable only to Bacon's scientific achievement in his "Sylva Sylvarum."

I have already noted the absence of sociology at Harvard, Cornell, Princeton and the Johns Hopkins. At Yale, Professor A. G. Keller carries on the spirit and doctrines of Sumner, with an able corps of younger men for undergraduate instruction. At Columbia the situation is much as it was twenty years ago, except that Professor Giddings has inevitably lost personal vigor with the passage of time, and Professor Devine has retired from the institution. At Pennsylvania excellent undergraduate instruction is maintained, but nothing of distinction in connection with graduate work. At Brown, Professor Dealey, an industrious disciple of Lester F. Ward, divides his time between sociology and political science. Perhaps the most alert and active department of sociology in the East is that maintained at Dartmouth, but it is restricted almost entirely to undergraduate work. There is a flourishing department of sociology at Smith, with the emphasis placed chiefly on biological factors, social evolution and social legislation.

In the West, the best department is that at Chicago, but there are extensive and growing departments, devoted chiefly to undergraduate instruction, at Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio State, Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, and Northwestern. There is nothing of any special note, however, in connection with the work offered in these institutions, unless it be the recent researches of Professor Bernard at Minnesota into the problem of the nature and use of the term instinct, and the systematic work of Professor Ellwood at Missouri in the field of social psychology and the reinterpretation of religion. At Wisconsin the versatile and dynamic personality of Professor E. A. Ross has been diverted lately to a study of political and international prob-

lems. His colleague, Professor J. L. Gillin, has shown remarkable industry in compilations in the field of poverty and criminology. It should be pointed out that the undergraduate registration in sociology is far greater in these mid-western institutions than elsewhere in the country. In some of them the registration runs to more than a thousand, and, in at least one case, to more than two thousand.

In the Far West, while sociological instruction is to be found at Washington, Oregon, and Leland Stanford, the largest and most active department is the one which has been built up by Professor E. S. Bogardus at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. For undergraduate work it is one of the largest and best equipped departments in the country. The unique opportunity to set up a truly great graduate department at the University of California has been frustrated through the opposition of Professor Peixotto and others of the Berkeley faculty. This defect is in part offset by the sociological interests of the unusually competent department of anthropology at California.

In the South there are reputable sociology departments at the Universities of Texas and North Carolina. At Texas there is an unusually alert and intelligent professor, Max S. Handman, while the group at North Carolina, led by Professor Howard W. Odum, constitutes one of the most progressive and enthusiastic departments in the country. Among other things, it publishes what is unquestionably the best sociological journal now issued anywhere in the world.

In addition to these university and college departments of sociology there are many Schools of Social Work, designed to train persons for this profession. Of these, perhaps the most famous is the New York School of Social Work, formerly the New York School of Philanthropy. An especially notable innovation was embodied in the Smith College School for Psychiatric Social Work, founded in 1917, with the aim of putting social work primarily upon a psychiatric basis, thus closely interrela ing mental hygiene and sociology. Ther should also be mentioned the many re search foundations established to aid soci ologists in the investigation of such prob lems as population growth, heredity an mental and social defects, education, an the causes of delinquency.

As to the periodicals dealing with socio logical problems in this country, there ar three devoted specifically to the subject— the *American Journal of Sociology*, publishe at the University of Chicago under th editorship of Professor Small; the *Journa of Social Forces*, published at the Universit of North Carolina under the editorship o Professor Odum; and the *Journal of Applie Sociology*, edited at the University of South ern California by Professor Bogardus. O these, the *American Journal of Sociology* car ries perhaps the best array of relatively long monographic articles, but its forme excellent book review section has now degenerated into what amounts for al practical purposes to the merest drivel though its bibliographic classification is very helpful. A much wider range of topics is dealt with in the *Journal of Social Forces*, and this periodical is also the only one in which attention is given to the adequate reviewing of current sociological literature. The *Journal of Applied Sociology* contains many excellent brief articles, but makes no pretense at thorough reviewing, and is in no sense an addition to the more scholarly aspects of the science of society. A number of other journals publish material closely related to sociology, among them, the *American Anthropologist*, the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, the *Political Science Quarterly* and *Mental Hygiene*. Of these, the most important and valuable for sociologists is the last mentioned. This is a comprehensive and substantial quarterly, edited by Dr. Frankwood E. Williams and published by the National Mental Hygiene Committee. It contains valuable articles in each issue on the application of modern psychology and biology to social problems.

HIRED MEN

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

When we New Englanders were an agricultural people, soon after pioneer days, our smartest young men went into agriculture. They hired themselves out to neighboring farmers, worked hard, and, if tradition may be trusted, saved their wages. Some of them used these savings to buy uncleared land. Others bought cattle. Others went to Andover to study for the ministry or to Bowdoin to become lawyers.

A pretty picture has been handed down to us of high hopes, hard work, and pleasant, deserved achievement. Jacob Abbott portrays in the "Rollo" books a marvelous hired man named Jonas, who absorbed wisdom like a sponge and gave it out like a fountain. I have, too, the shadowy memory of another hired man in Abbott literature who paused under a window to listen to the farmer's remarks on cautiousness, addressed to his young son, and went on his way murmuring, "Think, think, think; then act!"

Now that we New Englanders are no longer an agricultural people, better openings for our worthy youths offer themselves in commerce, industry and transportation. The Jonases of today go into the stores, factories and offices of the towns rather than on to the land. Their places have been taken by men from Italy, Russia and Czecho-Slovakia. These men save their wages and buy the farms which were supposed to be worn out. The ancient New England acres, our disturbed eyes inform us, are now green beneath the feet of immigrant owners. The Puritan farmer and his farmhand have almost disappeared.

A peculiar phase of this change is that these Slavic and Latin farmers have taken over with the acres a residue of elderly farmhands, many from pioneer stock. The incongruous relationship interests me as I watch it in the section of Connecticut where I live. The patriarchal make-up of the immigrant household lends itself to the arrangement, absorbing any number of conflicting personalities. The pride of the native hired man is soothed by his belief in his Nordic superiority, and his ego is fed by his greater ease in the language and customs of the country. The immigrant employer, on the other hand, looks down on him from the vantage point of a man of property. Each feels superior to the other.

These unsuccessful old men, who have never attained land or families of their own, are all damaged in one way or another—mainly in the spirit. They have no families of their own. They are content to live in other men's households, shifting from one farm to another to evade the difficulties of even slight domestic adjustment. The existence of their forebears has become too hard for them. They have declined to assault life gallantly. Yet in their retreat from the struggle they have developed strange and variegated individualities.

These old men who plow other men's fields, eat at other men's tables, and cut willow whistles for other men's children, never face even their own failure. They retreat from reality into fantasy. Just as other men who cannot look at themselves as they really exist are prone to escape their chagrin in bustling activity, money making, philosophy, or the cultural cov-

erts of art, so these old men solace themselves with wild imaginings. The most bizarre love lyric I ever heard was related to me by a hired man named Sylvanus Keep. Sylvanus is indirectly responsible for my getting the house where I now live and for part of the furniture. On a home-hunting expedition in the Berkshires I stopped under a huge maple in front of a farmhouse, to escape a sudden shower. A man lurched around the corner of the house, flung open the front door and invited me to enter. Without a word of thanks or refusal, I put up the road as fast as I could leg it. The man was drunk; flirtatiously drunk.

Thanks to the long detour I was obliged to make to get back to the village without encountering him again, I discovered the house which is now my home and started bargaining without the disturbing presence of a real-estate agent. When I inquired later in the village about my unintentional benefactor, one who knew everyone and everything said, "That's Syl Keep. He ain't been drunk but once in his life."

"He's drunk now," I protested.

"That's what I'm tellin' you," was the reply. "He went on a spree twenty years ago and this is that same spree."

After we moved into our house, I became of necessity acquainted with Syl, still on that first spree which rose and ebbed but never wholly departed. In my nervousness I mentioned with elaborate casualness that I was going to get a dog. It was a bad play on my part, for after that Syl used to come frequently to find out if I had got the dog. Although I was never quite at ease with him, we did a bit of business about furniture. The old lady for whom he worked, a New Englander, was dying, and he assured me that he would arrange with the heirs to sell me a lot of old stuff when the poor soul had gone to her rest. I was vulturish, I admit, but we had only two cupboards and one table in our house, and were sitting on blocks of wood from the woodpile.

"She won't last long," Syl would te
me with an expression of dejection tha
became his lurching figure better than h
usual ogling manner. "She can't bear t
have me out of her sight. If I ain't in th
room, she calls, 'Syl! Where's Syl?' ti
they have to hunt me up. The nurse go
me to help her change her nightgown to
day; to lift her up so's to get a clean on
on her. Her poor old body was just bones
It will be a relief, almost you might say
when she goes."

Finally he came to tell me how, th
night before, she had died, holding hi
hands tightly to the last, unafraid so lon
as he was by her bedside. He cried a littl
and who could blame him?

Only—Sylvanus lied. He had never bee
in the old lady's bedroom. She was nurse
by her daughter and her two sons. But h
had told the truth about the furniture. Th
heirs were glad to sell the pine chests an
seatless chairs, and a few days after th
funeral I accompanied a wagonload dow
our lane.

II

It is hard for anyone to believe continu
ously in fantasies. Alcohol helps. Th
ancient hired men drink heavily to mak
their day-dreams lively and vivid. They
drink to believe the lies they tell them
selves; to escape from actuality; to re
enforce their belief in the unreal world in
which they dream themselves powerful
and desired.

Tim Lucky is a black Irishman, from
stock long in America. His stout body
balances on short legs and when he is
sober he is a jolly man. He acquired in
his youth every trade that could be learned
in his neighborhood and took his wander
years. But with all the trades at the tips
of his fingers, he came back to be a per
ennial hired man. Once he got hold of a
black velvet tam which a girl left at the
Summer boarding-house, and though he
had surely never heard that men wear
tams as well as smocks to help them pain
pictures, he put it on his head and stil

vears it with as much satisfaction as if ıe were a painter home from his first trip broad.

The burden of being a jolly, good-ıatured man of all work occasionally be-omes too heavy to be endured and then Tim goes on a long drunk. At such times his dream life becomes a reality to him. He rolls along the dusty road between the ıigh green tangles of shrubbery, his tam ɔulled sidewise above his purple-plum face, ıis black eyes flashing with cosmic rage, ınd yells, "I am the mayor of the town-hip! I am going to marry Miss ——— who ives at the Summer boarding-house!"

Drinking, in general, is on the decrease n rural New England. Some think the fact is due to the passionate endeavors of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, while others hold that the telephone and livver have broken the fierce monotony on the farms, and lessened the need of escape through alcohol. At any rate, the insane hospitals report that alcoholic in-sanity has almost disappeared among na-tive New Englanders. But it is still going strong among the foreign-born, and the American-born children of foreign parents stand about halfway between. They seem to lose their heavy drinking habits along with their accent. Drinking is not so hard on the tough peasant physique and men-tality as it is on the more sensitive Ameri-can make-up.

Old Hickey, who works for Steve Dom-browski, must have been a fine figure of a man in his prime, but he is rather craggy now after sixty-odd years of heavy farm labor. He likes to cut himself a sapling staff, on which he leans and with which he lunges at the cows, swearing garru-lously and absent-mindedly. His huge stiff muscles still employ themselves in accus-tomed motions. He can cut hazel bushes away from the roadside with a bush scythe that I can hardly lift.

A few Winters ago Hickey disappeared from the neighborhood, as he had fre-quently done before; but this time the affair was somehow mysterious and rumors went up and down our road. Gossip as-serted that he had started for the next town on an errand, but had stopped at Jablonski's on his way to the station. Jablonski was said to have something you put four drops of into a pail of water and serve in glasses. Hickey, we were told, had three glasses of it before he took the train. The conductor had him in charge by the time the four drops got in their work and at Hartford an ambulance re-ceived his huge lax body and raced him to a hospital. He was said to have spent the whole Winter recovering from Jab-lonski's hospitality. I tell it as it was told to me.

When he returned to our valley in the Spring, his usual explanation that he had been over in York State was not for some reason accepted. Our news correspondent to our county weekly reported under "News Tersely Told" that "C. Hickey has been wintering in Europe." As the editor records in his sheet the movements of Summer folk who go abroad frequently and of prosperous immigrants who make visits to their parents in Europe, he saw nothing strange in that and the jest slipped into print. Hickey gave me his version the following Fall. I was taking a short cut across the Dombrowski potato patch and stopped to pass the time of day with Mrs. Dombrowski. She wore a blue calico wrapper and a bib apron. Her hair lay in wet wisps against her face and her bare feet were firm in the warm dirt. She chanted her song of plenty to me as she raked the pinky potatoes out of the loose earth with her fingers: "Good potat! Beeg potat! Nobody good potat like we!"

It is marvellous to these peasants from lands where everyone lives scantily to have at last so much. So much land, so much live stock, so much produce—even so much work! They revel in plenty. They never get used to the feeling of abundance. Mrs. Dombrowski gives us the most delightful presents: luscious salt pork coming out of its brine as pink and white as a clean baby, a squawking broiler gorged with

corn, or a handful of ducks' eggs. This time it was a kettleful of potatoes, warm from the soil. She added two heads of white cabbage, crisp as lettuce and weighing, my arms said, half a ton apiece. She called Hickey from his potato digging to carry the load across the field for me. He walked slowly, with his arms and legs held a little away from his body to balance the weight. As soon as we had rounded the corner of the high corn patch, he began without preface:

"The reason I went away last Winter was because Steve Dombrowski was jealous of me. I heard him outside on the steps one night when I was in the parlor. He says to her:

"'Yer won't do anything fer me, but yer'll do everything fer Hickey,' says he. 'Yer like Hickey better nor yer like me,' says he.

"That didn't set good with me. I went right outer doors.

"'Now none er that,' says I. 'I know when it's time for me to leave,' says I.

"I walked right out of that house. I know when it is time ter leave."

In his blue overalls, high boots and big hat, the old chap walked along beside me, falling heavily forward on each advancing foot, and I reflected how fancy solaces us when reality is dreary. As we neared the house, my husband came out to relieve Hickey of his load of gifts.

"Here comes yer man," cried Hickey with a delighted chuckle. "He's jealous!" And to him, "Seen me sparking yer woman, eh? And come out ter stop it!"

In his romantic old heart, Hickey is a devil with us skirts!

III

The fantasies of these dependents are all of receiving favor, love, or social recognition from women; not of conferring it. Always receiving, never giving. Theirs are the day-dreams of infantile natures. The hired man's romance is to marry a woman who owns or will be heir to a farm. Sometimes they do it. I know of tw cases where hired men followed the wome of their dreams to the city to press the suits in extraordinary ways. The olde man, ponderous and serious, thought tha he was called by Providence to save th woman, who was a college professor, fro the pitfalls of the wicked city. The othe followed his beloved along the city street wherever she went and stood outside doo waiting for her reappearance. Both me appeared insane, but they were simpl acting in the real world in conformity wit the laws of their dream world. The soli tary life of the countryside encourages con fusion between fact and imagination.

Some of the old farmhouses in my sec tion of Connecticut are built with no doo on the second floor between the mai chambers and the ell chambers. The wome of the family in the old days slept in th front of the second story and the hire man in the rear, with a solid wall betwee them. There was no way of reaching th front bedroom, where the daughters slept except by descending the back stairs, trav ersing the length of the house on th ground floor and ascending the front stairs Hired men, in those days, were famous fo loving and running away.

The pitifully inadequate emotional ex pression of these men today comes no from stern repression but simply from lack of vehement affections. I am reminded o the discovery made by a social worke who lived for a time among the down and-outers in the lodging houses of a grea city. His object was to discover from thei confidences what social forces had dragged them down. He naturally assumed tha women had functioned largely in thei drunkenness and final pauperism. But he learned that very few of them had eve had any sex life at all. Their emotiona development was so retarded that it had expressed itself only in various banal forms of obscenity. The country counterparts o these city derelicts find release in lewd talk and occasionally in degenerate, idiotic acts. Their acts are never the outbreaks of vig

rous, unbridled natures, but rather of veaklings.

The world has moved on and left Hickey nd Sylvanus and Lucky behind, but the ittle section by which they are enclosed as also stood still. It is about one genera- ion behind the rest of the country. The mmigrants who have moved on to the New England farms are just about where our grandfathers were. The newcomers work and live the way that was common when the older hired men were boys, and so the men remain in the old familiar environment. The immigrants' homes are substitutes for their fathers' homes to these elderly children. As the immigrants often buy the furniture with the houses, the hired man is sometimes surrounded by the old Connecticut pine upon which his baby eyes rested sixty years ago.

The food is much the same. Every cellar contains mountains of cabbages, bins of potatoes, bags of onions, slabs of salty, delicious bacon, crocks of pickles, barrels of Winter apples, heaps of carrots, beets and rock turnips. This is the hearty food our ancestors ate before the farm bureaus turned quilting bees into canning clubs.

The work habits are old style, too. The immigrants have brought with them customs long abandoned by our own farmers. Old Hickey, with rhythmic flail, beats out wheat on the threshing floor for Dombrowski just as he used to for his grandfather. We have few tractors in our neighborhood, no milking machines, and not very many gasoline engines for sawing wood. All the elasticity of the immigrant seems to be used up in making the great change from one country to another. After that convulsive alteration in his life, he holds closely to the ways of his fathers. He lacks the passion for time-saving and labor-saving which has driven American men into making and using machinery. But the American-born sons of these conservatives take up new notions rapidly and the old picturesque back-breaking methods will not last much longer.

Very likely the old hired men are happier in these strangers' homes than they would be with their own up-and-coming kinsfolk. The unheated, unplumbed houses, the heavy labor and the coarse food are what they knew as children. They probably get more satisfaction out of food that coats the stomach well with grease than they would from a modern balanced diet. They have less sense of inferiority where intricate machinery is absent and all that is required of them is accustomed handwork and slow muscular toil.

MUZZLING EDITORS IN HAITI

BY ARTHUR RUHI

Among the subjects of criticism of our present régime in Haiti is the part we play, or are supposed to play, in muzzling a patriotic native press. Vitriolic letters of protest, from the skillful hand of M. Georges Sylvain or some other engaged in the congenial avocation of putting tacks in front of the Occupation's tires, appear in this country from time to time and are read by serious Americans with more or less sympathy, bewilderment and indignation.

Nor are these complaints without basis in fact. Newspapers *have* been shut up in Haiti and their editors put in jail and permitted to languish there indefinitely. In the prison at Port au Prince, during my recent visit, there were enough journalists, including the much-talked-of M. Pouget, to have added a school of journalism to the wood-working classes which the Americans have established there.

The sight is not pleasant, and no American relishes it. But after looking into the matter with some thoroughness on the spot, I am struck by the fact that in this, as in many other Haitian questions, it is difficult to see clearly at a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and easy to be misled by giving one's own connotation to phrases which have quite other meanings in Haiti.

In the first place, the Occupation is not directly responsible for the arrest and imprisonment of M. Pouget and his colleagues. He was put where he is by the Haitian government, and the matter is something with which the Treaty officials, as such, have nothing to do. When the Haitian authorities are asked why imprisoned newspaper men are not brought sooner to trial, their reply is that their cases are in the hands of the proper authorities—that evidence is being collected and will come into court in due course. It is the sort of reply usually made by Foreign Offices in similar cases.

The inside explanation, according to common Port au Prince gossip, is that inasmuch as any government, under present conditions of coöperation with the Treaty officials, is *ipso facto* "pro-American" and a target for "patriotic" criticism, no journalist, however unjust and inflammatory his attacks, is likely to be held by the lower courts before which his case would naturally come. The government therefore takes the somewhat unconventional method of punishing the offender first and trying him afterward. When he has been in jail long enough, his case comes into court and he is released. This seems odd to most Americans, but not so odd, perhaps, as the good old-fashioned Haitian method of shooting the critic first.

Some of M. Pouget's friends, while readily admitting that newspaper critics of the Government had short shrift in the old days, make the point that things are different now. The Americans have taken away their old weapon of revolution. They are now supposed to be enjoying the blessings of true liberty, and it is an anomaly, and a blot on our 'scutcheon, that such high-handed treatment of the press should go on under our wing. The point seems to me to be well-taken. The answer appears to be that the Treaty officials have no legal jurisdiction in the matter, and that while extra-legal pressure might be brought, it has evidently not been thought expedient,

n view of the many unescapable causes of riction in the Occupation's routine work, o stress a purely domestic matter in dis-ussions over the tea-cups.

II

o much for the journalists in jail. There re, however, various differences between Haitian newspapers and our own which lso may cause misunderstanding at this listance, and on this aspect of the matter personal experience of the writer may ossibly shed a little light.

I landed in Port au Prince, curious, nat-rally, to see something of the Occupation, ut more personally pre-occupied with blue vater and velvet airs, and in revisiting, fter many postponements, a place where had spent a few delightful days in that ar-off time "before the War." Imagine the onsternation of such a pilgrim, after drift-ng about for an afternoon in about the tate of mind of Kipling's soldier returned o Mandalay, to learn from *Le Nouvelliste* hat evening, in big type and a full column n the front page, that he was "a corre-pondent of the New York *American*, the reat negrophobe daily," and had come *à a recherche de faits sensationnels*.

The Haitian people will recall the famous narrative of the so-called marine which the New York *American* illustrated with horrible pictures of human sacrifices. All the iniquities reported by it, happened, according to the *American*, in Port au Prince.

Is Mr. Ruhl going to arrange a scenario in order to say tomorrow that he has seen the same scenes which the alleged marine described with such detail and which the High Commissioner declared were non-existent when the clipping was shown to him?

Certainly the New York *American* is immensely rich, and if it has put sufficient funds at Mr. Ruhl's disposal, the latter can organize all the grotesque scenes he wants to in order to picture them later as cross-sections of Haitian life. And the sad part of it is that he will find plenty of readers in the United States to swallow his yarns. . . .

The mere speculations of *Le Nouvelliste* did not disturb me, for news is scarce in Port au Prince and people are accustomed to reading all sorts of nonsense and taking it accordingly, but to be introduced to the capital as the representative of a supposedly hostile newspaper with which I had no connection was embarrassing, for this much of the story would doubtless be accepted—as indeed it was—as a mere statement of fact.

The next evening, during a ball at the Cercle Bellevue, another Haitian editor with whom I was chatting asked if I would not like to meet the editor of *Le Nouvelliste*. Although still somewhat aggrieved, I consented, picturing, meanwhile, some lowering pirate, who would doubtless reveal, in his furtive gaze, his consciousness of being in the wrong. Nothing further from the fact! The gentleman who presently blew up, broad, beaming, sanguine, and shook my hand emphatically, might have been my oldest friend.

"Well," said he gaily, with his air of the impudent *boulevardier*, "attack's the better part of defense!"

"Yes," I agreed rather lamely, "but why attack *me?* I've just landed. I came down because I wanted to see your country. I'm not . . ."

The editor of *Le Nouvelliste* listened rather impatiently, meanwhile taking in the stranger, the orchestra's seductive strains, and the beautiful ladies swinging by, in his look *tout Tartarinesque*. Suddenly he interrupted by grabbing my arm, whirled me toward the refreshment-room, and in a Manhattanese picked up during two years' reportorial experience in Brooklyn, exclaimed: "Aw, come 'n' have a drink!"

A "good fellow," in short, lively, amusing, and journalistically speaking, quite irresponsible.

The next day a young Negro poet appeared at my hotel, to interview me pleasantly and talk of books and things, and the following day came "Explications de M. Ruhl":

"Is it true that I am in the presence of the representative of the most Haitianophobe of the newspapers of the United States of North America?"

"What you say surprises me! It is true that I am a journalist by profession, but at present I am attached to no journal, etc., etc. . . ."

The *amende honorable*, evidently. But soft, not so fast! A day or two later a mysterious and anonymous subscriber writes to the directors of *Le Nouvelliste* that inasmuch as they are "interested in the object of the visit of a certain negrophobe now within our gates, it seems pertinent to report that the individual in question was seen on Sunday in the cemetery, hiring some poor wretches to dance for him, one of them waving over his head a bottle of rum." At the moment that he, the mysterious and anonymous subscriber appeared, the stranger, "betrayed by an emotion which he could not conceal, saluted *bien bas*, and caught full in the act, slunk away like a fox about to steal a chicken. But unhappily, he had already pressed the button of his kodak! . . ."

Such quaint attentions may be accepted philosophically by the casual visitor and even with amusement as part of the furniture of an exotic scene. But the stranger with serious business in hand, land to rent, an agency to open, a franchise to acquire, a factory to run, may find them more concretely embarrassing and even be forced to sprinkle a little sugar to satisfy the gadfly's hunger or deflect it to another trail!

III

Even the most serious Haitian journalist is faced with difficulties which can scarcely fail to stir the sympathy of his colleagues in more prosperous and sophisticated lands. Only a handful of the public can read newspapers at all; there is no news, no money, and a cultured gentleman who has served his country abroad as a diplomat in luckier days may have to grub along day in and day out with his one-page printed sheet, for a wage which, in Chicago or New York, would no more than hire the merest clerk.

But this very smallness of scale is partially responsible for differences which give such words as "editor," "the press," and "newspaper opinion," a connotation in Haiti, and indeed throughout the Caribbean, very different from that to which we are used at home. An American newspaper because of the very size of its invested capital, if for nothing else, represents a certain continuity of policy and a considerable body of public opinion. It may over-accent the virtues of its political friends or under-accent those of its opponents, but in any case it reflects the average thought of thousands or hundreds of thousands of readers, and is more or less solidly and permanently rooted, like a railroad or a church, in its particular neighborhood.

The little Haitian sheets are quite otherwise. They are not newspapers at all, in the sense that the vending of that curious objective commodity called news is their main business. Like the little papers which crowd and make so entertaining a Paris news-stand, they are, only on a smaller scale, organs of personal opinion, of more or less personal attack or praise, and the opinion is that of the editor and his little group of friends, for the great mass of the people—95% or 97%—do not read at all. Anyone who can get enough money together to print a few score copies of a single sheet a day can start a newspaper, and the custom of the country is such that freedom of the press implies a freedom to abuse and misrepresent which, whatever our newspaper faults, is almost unheard-of at home.

But these and other local habits, while they may assist in accounting for the occasional arrest of editors, certainly do not excuse their being held indefinitely without trial. No American relishes that sort of thing, and in talks with some of the Haitian ministers, I suggested as much. The reply, as I have already said, was that the cases were in the hands of the judicial authorities and taking the usual course.

Nobody likes to stay in jail, but even the woes of the muzzled journalists cannot be swallowed quite literally as pictured in the Opposition press. The responsible editor, an individual whose curious *métier* it is to answer the summons of the authorities and possibly to serve terms in jail, is found

sometimes in Haiti as he used to be in Russia, and the exploitation of his martyrdom is such good business for the Opposition that there is suspicion, sometimes, that his detention was premeditated.

Once in jail, he immediately begins to "rot"—the orthodox Caribbean phrase—and if starvation and disease can be added to his supposed sufferings, they heighten the villainy of the authorities and the force of the fervid appeals for saving the unfortunate's life. In Port au Prince, journalists continue now to "rot," although the spotlessness and general attractiveness of the prison is one of the things to which the Occupation—with possibly characteristic military naïveté—points with special pride. At the precise moment that M. Pouget, for instance, was pictured as rotting there, I visited and chatted with him one day, as he lay on his cot, in a clean and by no means disagreeable room, opening on a sunny court, and he told me that he had no complaint to make, aside from objecting to being in jail at all, and that the behavior of the American commandant of the place had been entirely correct. Another journalist, about whom a great outcry was made before his release shortly before my arrival, came back to the prison one day during my stay in Port au Prince to pay the commandant a polite call. The visit seemed to be in the nature of a bread-and-butter call, so to speak, a courteous salutation to one whose hospitality he had shared, and was characterized by the most graceful and gracious amenity on both sides!

Other lands, other customs! Other realities behind the same words. With all due respect for the difficult position in which upper-class Haitians now find themselves, with every sympathy for their quite natural exasperations, an editorial quotation from *Le Nouvelliste*, for example, does *not* carry quite the same relative weight as similar comment from the Manchester *Guardian* or the Paris *Temps*. And whoever tries to pass on events in Haiti without some little acquaintance with what a Haitian journalist once called the "tragic operetta" of Haitian political life, will simply get his fingers burned.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Art in the Sewer.—The exponent of that one of the graphic arts which has to do with the laying of paint beautifully upon canvas finds his lot increasingly discouraging in the present-day Republic. In the last fifteen years, his patrons have been recruited less and less from Americans of sound taste and appreciation and more and more from newly-rich bounders who have made fortunes out of khaki cloth, oil manipulations, bootlegging, gasoline-barrows, chewing gum and enterprises of a piece. It is this latter class of Americans, most of them with no more actual knowledge of painting than a Hottentot, who currently satisfy their vainglory and posture a fictional culture by unbelting themselves for his works. The old order of American, who had at least a measure of sympathy for and understanding of the artist's aspirations and achievements, has grown poorer as the new order has grown richer, and it can no longer afford the luxuries it once could. And it is thus that the artist is compelled presently to rely for a livelihood not upon persons who can comprehend him and, comprehending, encourage him with their taste, their intelligence and their honestly founded enthusiasm, but upon persons who are not likely to buy one of his paintings until after it has been given the imprimatur of the Sunday rotogravure sections and been reproduced alongside the photographs of Cal Coolidge shaking hands with the Dolly Sisters, Jack Dempsey's pet dog, and a scene from Gloria Swanson's latest movie.

It isn't that the artist has to go hungry and sleep on the floor of a Macdougal alley garret; as a matter of fact, he makes a great deal more money today than he ever made before. It is, rather, that he steadily gets less and less encouragement, both from without and within, to do fine work, and more and more, both from without and within, to do merely the hollow and flashy work that the purchasing pack of ex-cloak and suit merchants, ex-army raincoat manufacturers and ex-delicatessen dealers can handily understand. He searches his æsthetic soul, and throws up his hands in despair. The sincerest artist in the world must inevitably lose his sincerity if he is condemned to paint the walls of pig-stys. The sincerest artist in the world must inevitably give up his dreams in disgust when he sees the labors upon which he has expended all his heart-ache and all his joy and all his love hung upon the walls of golf clubs and meat packers' and knit-tie manufacturers' houses. Art can thrive under the patronage of a Lorenzo or a Sixtus IV, but it cannot thrive, though millions be laid at its feet, under the patronage of stock-jobbers, Florida realtors and pants makers.

The Yellow Lack-of-Peril.—Back of all the romantic blather about Uhuhu, Ahahaha, Umhumha and the other South Sea island maidens in whose amiable embraces the Anglo-Saxon heroes of current fictional *opera* find at length the peace and solace and comfort that have been denied them in paler embraces nearer home, there is, I have a notion, a soupçon of disconcerting truth. A man, as I have observed in the past, is always happiest with a woman who is deferentially his inferior. It is the equality of woman to man in the Anglo-Saxon countries—and not only the equality, but often actually the superiority—

that is the cause of man's frequent dissatisfaction with his married lot and of the consequent alarming increase in the divorce rate. A marriage in which the wife knows the difference between a sonata and a *Geburtslied*, the distinction between second growth Pichon-Longueville and fifth growth Mouton d'Armailhacq, the relative eminence of George Eliot and George Barr McCutcheon, and the batting average of Babe Ruth, is already on its way to consult a shyster lawyer. The most successful marriage is ever the one in which the wife believes the husband to be a compendium of all the refinements of wisdom and understanding, however depressing an ass he may really be. And as in marriage, so in love. Since the discovery of ink, there is no record of an Anglo-Saxon's having divorced, for example, a Japanese wife.

A Book.—Many literary gents have, I venture, at one time or another in their lives fashioned for their own private amusement and the private delectation of their friends certain confections which, because of their nature, have never been permitted to see print. In many instances these esoteric products represent the best work the gents in question have done; some of them that have come to my attention, indeed, are indubitably possessed of a high and genuine quality. Inquiry among writers develops the news, in point of fact, that it is a rare fellow who hasn't somewhere in his archives a poem, a sketch, an essay, a story or a little play that is close to his heart but that must remain forever hidden from light because of the birch currently wielded by the professional dung-diggers. Inasmuch, as I have said, a considerable number of these compositions are genuine literature, something should be done about collecting them. Some years ago Mencken and I thought of offering ourselves to the job and of publishing such a collection privately to give to our friends at Christmas-time. But for one reason or another we never went through with it, and the task is therefore still open to other hands.

When we looked over the material for the contemplated volume, we found that there was a wealth of excellent material from which to choose. I can't recollect all of it, but I remember that among the items that we believed should, by virtue of their uncommon quality, be included in the golden treasury were a remarkably amusing playlet in the Maeterlinckian manner by Frederick Arnold Kummer; a gorgeous essay by a New Orleans Maupassant, by name Moïse, called "The Literary Approach"; a rib-busting ironic farce by Randolph Bartlett entitled "Three Like Papa"; a short Oriental sketch by Orrick Johns; a beautifully written and immensely effective story of a certain species of operation by the late Harris Merton Lyon; a long poem, "Oxilene," published privately by the Chamber of Commerce of an Oklahoma city; Edward Ellis' burlesque of the Grand Guignol piece called "The Sacrifice"; an anonymous document entitled "A Royal Fragment"; and a monologue by Alexander McDannald on the trials and tribulations of a Virginia rustic. There were twenty or thirty other pieces but, though I recall what they were about, I just now can't recall either their names or the names of their authors. An ideal frontispiece to such a book would be the late George Bellows' magnificent drawing, "Men's Day at the Turkish Bath."

I herewith dedicate the job to whoever wants to undertake it. What help I can lend, I shall lend gladly. All the compensation I ask is that I be remembered with a copy of the tome at the Yuletide.

An Honest Living.—One of the most dubious phrases in the English language is that which concerns "the earning of an honest living." The earning of this honest living, as it is called, often wears sardonic cardboard ears and a fine red putty nose. Among the men who earn this honest living, as the Americano regards it, are, for example, salesmen of cachoo powder, which, placed on the arm of grandma's

chair, makes her sneeze her head off, five-cent smell-bombs, loaded cigars, marked decks of cards, oil stocks, correspondence courses that guarantee to teach women how to become Irene Castles in five lessons and men how to become Thomas Nasts in four, horoscopes, rejuvenators that will make octogenarians feel like Jackie Coogan, three dollar and a half diamonds, nose-straighteners that are put on at bedtime and convert a proboscis that resembles half a doughnut into a retroussé snout by Saturday night, and a thousand other such things. All of these entrepreneurs are safe from the hoosegow, all are more or less respected members of their particular communities. Men who do not earn their living honestly, as the Americano looks on it, and who are therefore not safe from the bastille, are, on the other hand, those, for example, who sell information to the destitute and agonized mother of ten children how to keep from giving birth to an eleventh, who publish fine pieces of literature that are regarded as obscene by those small boys who never get over playing with their *Schmutzigkeit*, to wit, the professional censors and moralists, and who sell a glass of blackberry brandy to a man half-crazy with a terrible stomach-ache.

Damon versus Pythias.—That personal friendships influence criticism is a platitude beside the whiskers of which those of the M. Hughes look like maiden-hair fern. If there was ever a critic who was not held back from a completely honest appraisal of a friend, his finger-prints remain to be taken by the beadles. But personal friendship is not the only thing that influences and checks absolutely forthright critical assaying and evaluation. There are others. A polite, humorous and engaging letter from one whose work has previously not met with one's approval; an act performed with philosophical courage in the face of violent majority opposition which happens to echo one's own attitude and hence arouses one's respect and admiration; a serious and miserable illness, news of which has come to the critic's ear; an article by the criticized praising the virtues of the critic in intelligent terms and yet without a suspicion of flattery—these also often contrive in a measure to tie the hands of criticism. Thoroughly honest and uninfluenced criticism is possible only to a critic who lives alone on top of an Alp. And even then, let the manufacturer of his hot-water bag write a novel, and watch the result!

And Thou, Brutus?—I sit here, my copious notes on the subject carefully assembled lying close to hand, and prepare to begin an article on the critical idiosyncrasies of the estimable Merejowski. The subject interests me; I am eager to unload my views on it. Yet what keeps my pen from its self-invited job? In the first place, my right ear itches and I stop to scratch it. Then, for some occult and unintelligible reason, my thoughts wander to a band concert I heard several years ago in Madrid, the aforesaid meditation being interrupted in turn by the consciousness that my left shoe is laced too tightly and hurts. In rapid succession, there then pass through my mind—for what reason, God knows!—the thought of how nice it would be to be on a steamer bound for the Caribbean, the memory of a hoochie-coochie dancer I once saw in Wilmington, Delaware, the fact that I forgot to call up my bootlegger this morning and replenish my fast disappearing stock of Italian vermouth, certain passages in Graf Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher," the brindisi from "Giroflé-Giroflá," and the feeling that it is high time I had my hair cut. I dip my pen in the ink again, shoot back a cuff and prepare myself anew. Something—doubtless an eyelash—has got into my eye. And my cuff has slid down again. An organ-grinder in the street below has started up a catchy melody: I listen to it for a while. For some inscrutable reason I find my thoughts wandering to Duke's Hotel, in St. James's place, London. I notice that I have a little pain in the third finger of my

right hand. My specs then need cleaning. Through my head there runs the phrase, "*Ad astra per aspera*," the motto, I believe, of the State of Nevada. It keeps repeating itself. Now it is my other ear that tickles. My gaze, traveling out of the window, is held by a piece of paper caught swirling in the wind. I find that I have got ink on my forefinger. I wonder if John D. Rockefeller's wig gets moist and sticky when he plays golf. I light a panatela, burning my finger with the match. I find myself thinking what a funny looking fellow Senator Smoot is . . .

The Curse of Happiness.—Happiness is ruinous to accomplishment. Few men can do first-rate work when they are bathed in a mood of expansive cheer. A touch of unhappiness, of concern, of discontent, is essential to vigorous enterprise and achievement. When everything is going with beautiful smoothness in a man's daily life, his work immediately shows the effects of it. He slacks up a trifle; he takes a bit too much for granted; he slides back, however imperceptibly. It is when things are not exactly hotsy-totsy with him that he produces the best that there is in him. No man ever accomplished anything on the day he counted up his first thousand dollars, or on the day before he was to make his first trip to Munich, or on the day his forgotten uncle died in Australia and left him his estates, or on the day he paid down the last instalment on his electric piano, or on the day he got married. Napoleon's happiness at Ligny caught him by the throat a few days later at Waterloo. Haydn lost his lady love to a convent and, married in despair to her elder homely sister, wrote his masterpieces with a broken heart. George F. Babbitt himself shone with particular lustre in the realtor field only when the world and the devil had sardonically at him.

The Artificial Life.—In a review of a recently published novel, I find the phrase, "the artificial window-box life of New York." It is a phrase that, in some form or another, one constantly encounters in the writings of men who live in the hinterland or of others who, imported to New York, long still in their hearts for the great, open cow-pastures. What is in the phrase? So far as I can make out, after prolonged conferences with myself, absolutely nothing.

The notion that life in New York is in the aggregate any more artificial than life in a small town is the not uncharacteristic reasoning of such persons as have been born to believe that human nature is forthright and honest in a farmhouse but is quickly perverted and corrupted if it takes a suite at the Ritz. That there is an artificial side to life in the metropolis, no one disputes. But this phase of life is confined very largely to more or less temporary visitors who are no more really New Yorkers than real New Yorkers are Parisians when they cut up in the Paris cafés and peep-shows. The New Yorker, by and large, leads a life that is no more artificial, when you come to look at it closely, than the life led by the average country-town hick. What is more, even the good-time-Charlie New Yorker, the flashier type of New Yorker, isn't at bottom much different from his country-jake cousin. He dresses better and he spends more money (because he makes more), but in other ways Julius O'Grady and this lady's Colonel—jake and sophisticate—are brothers under their skin. Both, to get to the main point at once, are ignoramuses. They have little education, little taste, little distinction—and not the slightest perception of refinement or beauty. Both are dolts. But their lives are cast upon much the same intrinsic plan, however varying the details. The rube lives in a frame house with the *châlet de nécessité* a half block away; the New Yorker lives in an apartment with the *cabinet d'eaux* three feet from his bed. The New Yorker drinks genuine Holloway gin; the rube guzzles home-made applejack. The New Yorker dances jazz to Paul Whiteman's jazz band; the rube dances the polka

and the Virginia reel to the grocery boy's fiddle. The New Yorker negotiates his rendezvous on the Hudson river boats or in Atlantic City; the rube negotiates his in his phaeton or in a hayloft, and he negotiates them oftener, if the statistics do not deceive us, than the city man. The New Yorker, when he tires of his wife and can't stand her any longer, kicks her out and divorces her; the rube, when he tires of his and can't stand her any longer, goes on living with her and making the rest of his own and her life miserable.

And so it goes. If life in New York is artificial, life in Newtsville and Sauk Centre is equally so. If the New Yorker pivots his life on the making of money, what about the farmer? If the New Yorker, in the pursuit of money, cheats and swindles, what about the farmer? If the New Yorker does not go to church on Sunday, how much does the rube consider God on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday? If the New York flapper bobs her hair, rolls her stockings, smokes cigarettes and is indiscreet, so to speak, in taxicabs, what about the country gir when the lights in the front parlor have been turned down and pa has swallowed his chewing tobacco and gone to bed? I the New Yorker sits up at night listening to a cabaret hussy sing "Who Makes the Dressmaker's Daughter When the Dressmaker's Making a Dress?", what about the rube's sitting up at night to listen to the same flapdoodle over the radio? If the New Yorker thinks artificially, the rube doesn't think at all. When I read references to the artificiality of life in New York, indeed, I am reminded of the French peasant who walked two hundred miles to see Paris, who arrived at six o'clock in the morning, who saw a policeman patroling his beat in the chilly dawn and who, shaking his head sadly, observed, "Yes, yes, they are true. Alas, they are true, these stories of the dissipations and artificial life of Paris! What will happen to our army if its generals stay up all night and raise hell like that one there and don't go home until this time in the morning?"

SAN FRANCISCO: AN ELEGY

BY IDWAL JONES

One of those Stygian tule fogs had swirled through the Latin Quarter and got into our throats. My friend, a tenor of resounding fame, was apprehensive for his vocal cords; therefore, we entered a bar in Columbus avenue and asked for strong drink. The bartender looked as stony-hearted as Tagliagola, the Calabrian bandit. Prohibition informers, it appeared, had faces even more innocent than those of ours reflected in the mirror. And he had been raided twice. It was a critical moment.

"Ah, *un bel dì!*" warbled the tenor. Tagliagola melted. His Bourbon was good. Then entered a personage. He was crowned with a huge *cappello*, and his cloak, smeared with clay and paints, was fastened at the neck with a silver chain like a bulldog's.

"Signori, an artist," explained the bartender. "Mister Giovanni!"

Noblesse oblige! we proffered him a glass. Later, he demanded that we be served with a dinner sufficiently worthy of us. So down cellar we went, a black cave alive with squealing rats. A light revealed a table covered with oilcloth and set about with decrepit chairs. Tagliagola banged pots on the stove and yelled infernally, and some quite charming persons came down: an Italian editor, a scene-painter, a fiddler and a singer among them.

A miraculous banquet was evolved: *gnocchi*, *vitello con salsa*, chicory salad and *zabaglione*. To drink there was Asti Spumante, Tipo Chianti with wicker bellies, demijohns of sparkling Zinfandel. The talk was stimulating, a vocal tornado. We made speeches that were vociferously applauded. Mr. Giovanni eulogized our pleasant traits. Tagliagola arose, vowed that his life had not been lived in vain, then collapsed through excess of emotion. It was that Asti. . . .

At 5 A.M. we encountered the dawn. Who paid for that fabulous dinner I never knew. It was not Mr. Giovanni. We conducted him down Third street, among the Hellenic coffee-shops, while he looked up at the signs. Beneath one: "Beds. Two Bits a Night," he halted. Borrowing a quarter, he wished us a *buona notte* and disappeared into the flop-house of Big Gus the Greek. The tenor, being a man of fine instincts, wept, and swore he would live in San Francisco forever. However, he sobered up, and left that very morning.

After that, Mr. Giovanni, in company with a Jugo-Slav painter, came often to my garret in California street to argue. A militant anti-clerical, he spoke with pride, nevertheless, of some years' time he had served on a Jesuit organ in Milan, writing editorials. His Russian was even better than his Italian, so much had he traveled. He made a living painting imitations of Zuloaga and Gauguin—an incredible mixture. Heaven only knows where they are. Probably in museums. Some of his Gauguins, I think, were considerably better than the originals.

Desperately hard up though he was, he entertained in the most lordly fashion. The last affair he staged in the chambers of a woman painter now dead. He assessed all of us a dollar. He purchased miles of spaghetti, boiled it in a baby's washtub borrowed from the Jap housecleaner downstairs, and made a bucketful of sauce. These feats he performed over a gas-burner, up

in his attic. The comestibles were hauled off in a cab, and he stopped *en route* at an undertaker's parlor to buy a pair of white cotton gloves.

The dinner was a splendorous success. The stuff was immensely edible. That man could have made a ragout of a hippogriff. He donned the gloves and dished out the paste by handfuls. We were short of tumblers. As luck would have it, George Wharton James kept here his famous collection of Pompeian tear-jars, and out of these lachrymaries we sipped the blushful Hippocrene.

At formal dinners Mr. Giovanni always came two hours late, and small wonder, for he kept his velour hat at Bigin's, his walking stick at La Campana, his best trousers back of the wine kegs at the Buon Gusto, a pair of pointed shoes at the Tour Eiffel, under the bar, and his collars—he had forgotten where.

Even the best-certified Bohemians of San Francisco marveled at him, the while they prophesied a dire fate. The worst did come to pass. He visited Los Angeles—some elderly lady had become infatuated with him—and he tarried. Now this *gai sabre* is painting scenery there. The amount of money he makes must be prodigious, and in frock-coat he rides about in a limousine driven by a high-priced Japanese with a face like a bonze.

He was the last of the guerilla artists, and his defection caused no surprise. For Bohemia had long been on the wane. I mention him here to recall the vanished triumvirate that made the beer-halls of San Francisco the envy of Munich: Tofanelli, a braggart of the first water; Benvenuti, the eagle-faced and violent old man whose forebears for generations had been official painters at the Vatican; and Cristodoro, a fat and morose genius whose taste in gnomes, kobolds, Gothic landscapes, and cavern scenes with a medieval flavor of rapine and bloodshed made beer-drinking at the Louvre, the Olympia, the Zinkand, the Pabst and the Tait an emotional experience.

II

The merry and turbulent days were dying out. More thoroughly than Baron Haussmann had changed Paris, the fire of 1906 had transformed San Francisco. The *genius loci* had been incinerated. The old haunts were destroyed. The energy of the people was absorbed in the task of reconstruction, and there was a hiatus in the artistic life until the building of the exposition. When the lath and stucco city began to rise on the Marina, the painters and sculptors, who had fled elsewhere, drifted back, and with them hundreds of European craftsmen. That task completed, plastic artists did gingerbread for the architects. The brushmen got jobs with the poster companies. A thousand lots within the city limits were screened about with hoardings that concealed craters filled with weeds and fused brick. So billboard painting became the principal art of the town.

The *affiche* has progressed in San Francisco beyond anything done anywhere else, at least this side of the Atlantic. Collars, ginger-ale, butter-substitutes, coca-cola, hats, automobiles, chocolates, bifocal glasses, vacuum cleaners—all are emblazoned on the noblest billboards ever seen. At night they are dressed up with electric sparklers. A majestic Navajo—a Maynard Dixon Indian—stands on an illimitable desert and contemplates a salmon-pink sunset. The moral is to buy somebody's tires. But what of it? This is a commercial age, and to paint such things is remunerative work.

The æsthetic nature of the present generation has been nurtured on these billboards, just as in England the prose style of the most esteemed writers has been formed on the Eno Fruit Salt advertisements. But the billboards are now vanishing before the triumphal progress of the concrete-mixer, and must soon take refuge in the far hinterland. Some ten artists continue to paint pictures to hang on walls. There are still a few homes fit to put them in. But the majority of the citizens of San

Francisco are genuinely urban and dwell downtown. Even millionaires live in midget apartments, for the immigration laws have made the problem of domestic help more acute than ever. The wall-bed is a San Francisco invention, and it preëmpts too much of the wall space for anything to be stuck up larger than a photograph.

Where are the Bohemians of yesteryear? Gone into commerce, and prosperity has befallen them. Call up any of a score, and no longer do you hear the significant, and sacramental, phrase: "The line is temporarily disconnected." They keep respectable ménages in gum-finish apartments. And they are probably at home. The writers? Gone to New York, where all the publishing houses in the country are. They don't commit the folly of shooting at long distance when they can make a killing just a block away and save postage. The weeklies that bred a crop of literati here in the previous three decades are now non-existent. Folk used to lay in a supply of weeklies to read over the week-end as religiously as they brought home the sabbatical gallon of steam beer. No more. Golf and the automobile have usurped Sundays. But what really killed the weeklies was the new distrust of periodicals not standardized—not precisely what people read in New York, Chicago, Boston and everywhere else. The urbane and erudite stylist, who seasoned his articles with the salt of *in situ* allusion, was now damned as provincial. He hadn't a chance against the rotogravures of bathing beauties.

Prohibition, of course, wrecked the topography of Bohemia. Gone are all the old haunts, from Marshall's of Bret Harte's day, where he discussed sherry and baked venison marrow with the prototypes of Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin, to the last of the *botteghe* raided in the Latin Quarter, where the bright spirits foregathered to spend unlimited hours at trifling cost and cultivate the fine art of conversation. Leveroni's, the gayest of cellars; Maggini's, renowned as the stamping ground of the wits of the Suicide Club; Lucchetti's, famous for its bread-ball barrage and fried halibut; Papa Coppa's, with the jug behind the door, the rendezvous of the Irwins, Jimmy Hopper, Jack London, George Sterling, Martinez, with the bandeau over his Aztec locks, and the seigniorial Ambrose Bierce, dropping in after visits to the Morgue, where he had gone to inspect the floaters in from the bay; Negro and O'Brien's; the early Fior d'Italia, otherwise the Fire of Italy, where newspapermen were ranked one notch higher than the lesser angels—the litany is now like a strain on a Louis XIV harpsichord.

Reverent souls will point out their sites for you. They are soft-drink parlors, or they are placarded with those saddest words of tongue or pen: "This Corner to be Remodeled to Suit Tenant." At times a Latin pities those whose souls were once warmed with the ichor of the true Falernian, and starts a cenacle. The hired sniffters creep in. They gladhand the illuminati, try some mellow talk on paint and words, and after indefatigable efforts succeed in inducing the cook to give them a sip from the kitchen sherry bottle. Then a badge is flashed; everybody gets hauled off to the Bastille, and liberty and happiness are once more foully slain. And in a State where viticulture but a few years ago was glorified as the noblest of the arts!

III

Civic indulgency perished before the onslaught of the Methodist forces in 1916. Their leader was an Iowa Savonarola, the Rev. Paul Smith, pastor of the Central Methodist Church. Their first objective was that roaring spectacle, the Barbary Coast. Roughly, it embraced Broadway and Pacific street, where the Thalia, the Wave, the Swede's and a score more dance halls gave entertainment to lusty youth from the mines, the lumber camps and the deep sea, and the adjacent alleys where twinkled the lights o' love. It was in a mean part of the town; less flagrant than

the Paphian belt of New Orleans, and little more wicked, though more noisy, than the Cannabière of Marseilles.

The vice-fighting parson let loose his phillipics. The police commissioner protested that the region was more orderly than any in Chicago or New York, but the row was on. The pastor threatened to print a roll of dishonor with the names of the plutocrats who owned property in the district. The city quaked with anticipation, but the idea fizzed out like a damp farthing candle, for only an obscure real estate agent got shown up—much to his annoyance. Then the pastor organized the Law Enforcement and Protective League, with himself as president and a Y. M. C. A. secretary as promotion manager. All the professional wowsers rallied under the banner and fought with the exaltation of mullahs. The *filles de joie* were aghast, then consumed with indignation. They appeared in a body at the Central Methodist Church, and made their complaints likewise at the City Hall.

But the game was up, and the alleys were purified. The dance-halls were abolished, the French restaurants chastened, and the beer-hall devotees disciplined to the meekness of Quakers at a meeting-house. The vice-fighting parson paused not. He determined to carry his reform all over the United States. The first step was to employ the movies, and to film the great fight as an object lesson. So "The Finger of Justice" was made. The church scene was filmed with the Reverend Smith in his own pulpit, supported by a vested choir of thirty-six, with the pipe organ going at full blast, and the congregation in the throes of hysteria. Gilded sin was depicted in the cabaret scene, which cost $5,000. Little Jane O'Roark, attired in shimmering scales, writhed as the vamp; Crane Wilbur, star of "The Perils of Pauline," had the hero's rôle, and the Rev. William L. Stidger, an able young ecclesiastic, now in Henry Ford's entourage, essayed the part of the cop.

Two hundred Methodist parsons attended the first showing, and shattered the canons of their church by sanctioning the Sunday exhibition of the film. Inspired by his meteoric rise to the front pages, the Rev. Paul Smith resigned from the ministry to become head of the International Church Film Corporation, and left for New York. There, much to the chagrin of the League, the license commissioner of the State, one Gilchrist, barred the film as subversive of public morals!

The Barbary Coast, boarded up, is now the haunt of stray cats and mechanics contemplating the opening of small tire-repair shops. Otherwise it is as deserted as the North Pole, except at eight o'clock of evenings, when the Salvation Army, ever faithful to the spot, bangs the tambourine and exhorts the empty air, exorcising the ghosts of dead sins. On the boundaries, below stairs, are dismal and empty Little Bethels. At times a Jack Tar strolls through, striking matches to hunt for once familiar numbers, and then hies himself to a Wild West movie or to blaze away fifty cents at a shooting gallery. The Los Angelization of San Francisco is almost complete. The latest innovations are orange-juice stands and buffoons in costume ballyhooing in front of the movie palaces. The passion for uniformity rages. Until recently the town had a complexion peculiarly its own. But not now.

IV

In the seventy-five years of San Francisco's existence there was more fulgurous life than in three cycles of Cathay. In a twinkling a trading post became a Gargantuan camp which the high-spirited youth of fifty nations transformed within a decade into a city of the first rank. The town had become old before it ceased to be young.

The first Bohemian was Jacques Raphael, chef of the Tehama House. He had been *cordon bleu* at the Rocher de Cancale in Paris, where Balzac's Rastignac dined on baked partridges. When the Royalists went to pot, Murger's Bohème died, and Mons. Jacques quit France. The next year gold

as discovered in California, and in a tent
gged down on a San Francisco sand-dune
e once illustrious chef, in top boots and
l shirt, ladled out slumgullion *à la* Maz-
in to the Argonauts.

La carriere ouverte aux talents! That was
ons. Jacques' brave device. His omelettes
la Morny were made of seagulls' eggs,
t the sauce to disguise the flavor was a
umph. Hidalgoes of the old régime, gun-
en, Sydney coves, the frail sisterhood,
ississippi steamboat gamblers, sailors,
iners insane through sudden wealth—
l these poured riches into his lap. He
rmed a coterie that included the wits of
e camp, two nephews of Victor Hugo,
la Montez, just banished from her Aspa-
an couch in Bavaria, and all the artists
the Coast.

The Summer of 1849 was memorable for
e first artistic event of the town. A spec-
al tenor warbled "Take Back the Heart
ou Gavest" at a tinkly piano in the
hool-house. The citizenry attended *en*
asse, with the governor and his staff;
e barbarians tried to crash the gate, but
ere repulsed by the gendarmes. The front
w was reserved for the ladies, and four
dies availed themselves of the privilege
the entire house standing until they
ere seated. The cheering was maniacal,
rybantic. Canes, hats, chairs were hurled
to the air. Mons. Jacques declared "it
as a demonstration that eclipsed that
er 'Ernani.'" Atop the Butte Mont-
artre in Paris clanked a semaphore. Atop
legraph Hill in San Francisco, an emi-
nce destined to become the Montmartre,
y, the Parnassus, of the Western World,
kewise clanked a sempahore. The augury
eased Mons. Jacques, who, by right of
postolic succession, had lighted the candle
la vie Bohemiènne.

So far, the boundaries of Bohemia had
t been defined. Social unorthodoxy pre-
iled. The town was gay, sprawling, up-
arious and peopled by men tolerant of
ind and by nature nomadic and lively.
hat is Bohemia but a minority in revolt?
ven attics were let out at vast sums, be-
yond the reach of those who had to subsist by skewering roof sparrows with a curtain rod. By the middle fifties what passed for Bohemia was the milieu of dandies and gentlemen of fortune. The high-rollers consorted on Merchant street, a narrow thoroughfare of brick edifices with iron doors and shutters. The gourmands were to be found at the Ivy Green Saloon, where Bass' ale was procurable, or about the offices of Bolton and Barron, the quicksilver kings, renowned for their banquet room and a chef paid twice the salary of President Pierce. Here the banker, Eugene Duprey, consumed a fifteen pound turkey, washed down with twenty bottles of port, to the awe of the assemblage.

He won a bet of $500 thereby. Without, like a crowd by the Vatican awaiting the result of a papal election, were throngs of *tribudores* up from the mines, arrayed in velvet jackets bedecked with silver, and their faces stained red with cinnabar ore. As the crapulent hero strode forth, they cheered him as rapturously as the Florentine populace acclaimed Giotto or Cimabue. The poet O'Connell celebrated that feast in measures right worthy of Ossian.

Mons. Louis Bacon, drawing master, tendered himself with his snuff-box and clouded cane upon the streets. He did funerary art, and his stone urns and weeping-willows still evoke the megrims in our abandoned graveyards. By happy chance he ran into a Mæcenas, one Ah Sing, an adept in Chinese rituals, and the owner of a flourishing joss-house. Ah Sing was a master-hand at funerals. Flutes, drums, banners, dragons a block long, drays hauling a thousand roast pigs to lay on the tomb—customers got a run for their money. He had a Narcissistic streak, and bestowed largesse upon all artists who made portraits of him. Mons. Bacon made a cartload of statues of his illustrious patron, and was enabled to retire shortly after. Grief among the artists was unutterable when Ah Sing, urged by the police, returned to China.

V

In the sixties the exuberance and prosperity of the citizens gave birth to a rococco, an efflorescence of ornamentation that was astounding. Houses were larded with garbels, portes-cocheres, verandas, bell-towers, serpentine carvings and colored windows. Within were ormolu, bronze Arabs, lacquered fruit and cherubim and speared draperies. The lawns bristled with cast-iron fauna. Away from these horrors dwelt a small band of Bohemians, atop a fortress of a bank on Clay street—penury above the money-bags. A most amiable little man was the doyen, Charles Brooks, a virtuoso in fish. The accuracy with which this Meissonier of salmon depicted scales was the despair of both artists and icthyologists. His method was ingenious enough: he stencilled them, using a square of Brussels lace. He burned with simple fervor before his masterpieces. No painter had a larger heart. He sublet chalked-off corners to impecunious colleagues, got tick for them at the butcher's and gave them claret free.

From Red Dog and Whiskey Gulch came red-shirted miners to get their pictures made at Brooks' establishment. Too much engrossed with his fish, the old man parcelled them out to Pascal Loomis, the dog portraitist; to Keith, then an engraver; to Jules Tavernier, who did landscapes, or to Harrington. The door to his studio was of oak, a foot thick, built to repel ruffians, and was engraved with coats of arms. In fact, to have one's name thereon was an honor surpassed only by achieving the Prix-de-Rome. Between this studio and the Julien and Gerome ateliers in Paris flitted young men of gifts who would have chosen the former. The arbiter of worthiness was the incomparable Harrington, a bulbous-nosed, turbulent Celt with the aspect of an inebriated hackney-driver, who painted Madonnas and *quattrocentista* saints. The other day a prize-fighter took us to Jim Griffin's, the referee, whose saloon is the only haven left on the Barbary Coast. Above the bar was an excellent little pai ing of Andromeda, with flesh tints an palpable modelling all too rare. A H rington, and one of the very few kno examples of this joyous Dionysian.

He was the cock of the walk until t advent of Gariboldi. This magnifico ar in the seventies. He strode into a Bohemi café and bellowed so loudly for a wai that the words died on the lips of t patrons—journalists, models, artists a actors. He threw back his manteau to veal the blood-red lining, and demande salad. Some noisy and inferior person, mock him, likewise ordered a salad. Th fish, a dish of paste, etc. The wit echo each item.

"Wine in a quart glass!" sang o Gariboldi.

"Wine in a quart glass!" shouted t other.

By this time the whole café was in tu moil. Gariboldi seized his cane and pull out a glittering rapier, felt the point, a after a muttered imprecation, thundered

"A sword, *cameriere!* And bring it sharp

The death-like silence was broken cries of delight and a fusillade of han clapping. Thus sprang full-panoplied in renown Il Magnifico, whose aspect a unique talents dumbfounded even a Boh mia in a town swarming with original The times were made for him. He h marked the city for his own, and with h sword split it open like an oyster.

This was the era of the colossal. Th Ophir, the Yellow Jacket, the Chollar a Potosi—the entire treasure box of the Co stock Lode had been broken open. B great as was the display of the minin nabobs, the railroad kings outshone the Mark Hopkins, of the Southern Pacifi was building his castle on Nob Hill. Th granite wall, with bastions and portculli about the lot, cost a million dollars, and th house, a *chef d'oeuvre* of the Pullman schoo cost two million more. It was a fright.

Gariboldi arrayed himself like a gra duke, with épaulettes, drove up in a han some carriage—the hire took his last dim

-and got the job of decorating that house. he commission was $100,000. The Napo- onic Hopkins quailed before that chal- nging eye. Once a month a payment of 10,000 came up to Gariboldi's cottage, in pine box like a coffin. An escort of Bohe- ians aided the ascent of the load with nouts and rope-pulling. The counting of ne specie lasted until midnight, and ended vith a saturnalia of roast ducks, bouilla- aise and champagne. I have met aged men vho shed tears at recollection of those leronic feasts. But Il Magnifico has left o trace behind him. The theaters he dec- rated in his flamboyant style, the hotels, ne Hopkins chateau, with its infamous rieze of wooden angels—naught has sur- ived the fire.

To Pietro Mezzara, a Sicilian stonecut- er, San Francisco owes what faint vestiges emain of its traditional Bohemia. He is ecure of his place in the hagiology of the Vest, for he was the first sculptor to make statue of Lincoln. Not that the good ietro was a rabid Unionist—it was just wartime job. He depicted Lincoln as a ery Balmaceda defying the Powers of Darkness. Even Harriet Hosmer—disciple f Canova and Gibson though she was— onfessed to a shudder as she passed it by. At the worst it was good bravura.

Mezzara helped found the art school, hen perched over the California Market, vhere the oyster cocktail was invented. This was a happy propinquity. If a pupil vere seized with the pangs of hunger and acked change, all he had to do was knock off a canvas and trade it downstairs for a teak or a dish of tripe. The school throve nightily. The mass of the students was Anglo-Saxon, the leaven was Italo-Gallic. The academy was infused with a heady onsciousness that manifested itself in êtes of volcanic gaiety—masquerades with Afghan chiefs, Highlanders, Corsairs, hou- is, Amazons, Turks, and the Parisian rimmings of the cahut, the can-can and he galop infernal. With what glee the ragedian Salvini describes such a revel in is memoirs!

Decorous beyond reproach is social life at the academy these days. It has become an adjunct of the State university, and the elders regard it with patriarchal benevolence.

VI

Some years ago a philanthropic dentist plastered the city with statues of himself, cast in a Connecticut iron foundry. They were of a horrific ugliness. A band of valiants headed by Gelett Burgess made a sortie under cover of darkness, lassoed the statues by the Ruskinian pot-hats and hauled them to the dust. The dentist clamored for capital punishment. The Board of Supervisors was apathetic. What could one say to artists? Two months ago at the annual art exhibition, the Brahmins were aghast at a small nude hung on the wall. The lady, forsooth, had no shirt on. She savored of *La Vie Parisiènne*. So down she went to the basement, though the grand jury had awarded her a prize.

Art in San Francisco is still praised, though regarded as a little bawdy. But not for worlds could we dispense with that vague entity known as Bohemia. The journals, without some lickerish reference to artists, those high-priests of nudity, or to some lunatic raving in free verse about the moon, would be as savorless as the breakfast egg without salt. The farce of Bohemia is still carried on by vertebrates who exploit anæmic and tenth-rate Parnassians for the sake of the reflected glory. But the last redoubt of the true Bohemians, a rookery in Polk street, has been torn down to make room for the ornate New Babylonia. There is small room for them now in the busy, progressing world, and still less for their old haunts in the Latin Quarter. Rents have shot up in that region designated by mastodonic electric lights as "The Heart of Bohemia." Parnassus is heavily over-capitalized. The Café Momus is become a spaghetti Versailles. At the door there now stands a giant Senegambian in brass buttons and shako.

Where congenial souls once talked over

the slenderest consummation—that corner is cataclysmic with a jazz orchestra whanging and bellowing off key while a chocolate-colored lady in green ballet skirt gives an imitation of Sophie Tucker. Even the Italian waiters are looking flabby and scrofulous through lack of the antidote for excess of gluten—the tannin present in the fermented juice of the grape. Their look of hebetude is due to the speeches of the Rotarians and the Civic Improvement Club members they have had to wait on. It were enough to debilitate the most rampagious *camorrista!*

Telegraph Hill, groomed and fitted with a palisade for the protection of tourists, is now a park. Down the slope flutters the wash of some surviving artist, and it flutters in the salt breeze like defiant oriflambs. The bay-scape is by Turner, palpitant with haze and whorls of mist-scarves blown in through the Golden Gate. Disposed in broken planes of grey and purple the ci lies on a dozen hills. The colors wou delight Veronese.

Under the group of eucalypti who fronds clatter in the wind sits an arti with coat collar buttoned up. He faces th heart of the city, looking down Mon gomery street, the purlieus of the ol Bohemians. He adumbrates with gusto th towering shafts of the Telephone Building the Standard Oil, the Dollar Line, th Pacific Gas and Electric—the enormou piles springing up in accordance with th new art of vertical design. These are th tongues of the city, the tongues of a grea metropolis. They are calling him. He pack up his kit and whistles for a taxicab. H has to deliver a snappy talk on color i commerce before the Ad Club.

The old days are gone. We are all go getters this age. *Vale, messieurs*—the pla is ended. It was infinitely amusing.

A NOTE ON BREAKFASTS

BY CARL VAN VECHTEN

BREAKFAST is the most personal meal of the day. Luncheon, in the city, is a hasty, chatty meal, shared with intimates, and dinner is often had even with comparative strangers—comparative in the sense that one has been introduced to them in the drawing-room but a moment before. Overlooking the idiosyncrasies of personal taste, it is, therefore, a matter of indifference what one eats at these later repasts. At breakfast, on the contrary, both the nature of one's food and that of one's companions are questions of paramount importance.

Everything depends, of course, on the mood in which one awakes. There are those who bound out of bed whistling, or singing lustily, the latest popular tune. This sort of person demands a cold shower and indulges in chamber-athletics. He relishes a heavy breakfast with many courses and enjoys it the more with several companions or relatives. This fellow is an excellent choice for a week-end house-party, provided you can offer him a room and bath to himself.

The man who awakes with a bad taste in his mouth and no conversation is indubitably more common. He turns over several times and rearranges the sheets and pillows before he is able to invoke enough energy even to press a button on his bed-table. When his coffee is brought to him on a tray he regards it languidly. He endures the first sip; the next is slightly more pleasant; in time, he drains the cup and pours out another. Only at the end of about half-an-hour does he feel human enough to go through the familiar horrors of his morning mail or to scan the headlines of his favorite newspaper.

In my home in the Middle West it is the unhappy custom to serve breakfast for all the members of the family, fully dressed, at seven-thirty. I conformed to this custom, although not without hearty protest, until, at the age of nineteen, I went away to college. To approach the table in a state of grace at that hour—and dressing-gowns were *verboten*—demanded rising a full sixty minutes earlier. My mother used to call me when she herself arose, but this usually had little effect. I replied to the call in my sleep and then dozed off, with the result that frequently the family were half through their meal before I appeared in the dining-room. To miss the whole of this meal was not a simple feat, as the summons was repeated at intervals and breakfast at our house continued for nearly an hour. First, there was fruit, preserved or fresh, then a breakfast food, usually oatmeal (this was before the day when it became fashionable to christen cereal foods after Pullman cars); then the principal course: sausage, or bacon and eggs, or fried steak, together with potatoes, often boiled and smothered in cream. An extraordinary collection of pots soon appeared on the table in front of my mother: a pot of coffee, a pot of tea and a pot of postum, to satisfy the diversity in taste for beverages on the part of the several members of my family. Until I was fifteen I added to the confusion by drinking milk. After or during the meat course pancakes, buckwheat, corn, or wheat, were served, although sometimes Sally Lunns or doughnuts were substituted for these. Such were the breakfasts I was brought up on and

which I have never seen since anywhere else.

On my first morning at the University of Chicago I lonelily awoke to realize that I must forage for my breakfast, for no meals were served in the hall where I slept. The nearest eating-house was blocks away. All the foods I was accustomed to at home were on the bill of fare, but the prices alarmed me. How could I afford to pay thirty-five cents for bacon and eggs and then lay out an additional twenty cents for pan-cakes? My modest allowance did not seem to warrant such extravagance. So I compromised on rolls, two fried eggs, and coffee. A few days later, after I had made an acquaintance or two, I discovered that it was the thing to sit on a stool in a vile little cabin near the athletic field and crack jokes with the eccentric old woman who prepared the rude food. It was here that I learned to consume sinkers and, curiously enough, from that moment on I never again suffered from the indigestion which had caused me so much pain in my early youth. Thereafter, my college breakfasts varied. In the fraternity house we demanded what we wanted when we wanted it from Desdemona Sublett, who sold bricks for the projected new African M. E. Church for four years. On bright Spring mornings it was pleasant to sit before a table in the pavilion in Jackson Park.

II

I began my newspaper days with an early shift. Working on an afternoon paper, I was obliged to report at four in the morning so that I might clip all the morning papers and arrange the strings of stories in a convenient manner to meet the eye of the city editor, who arrived at seven. To prepare myself for this task, at three-forty-five I hied myself to one of the few restaurants within the loop open so early. There I munched two large pieces of apple pie and drank a great cup of the worst coffee that I ever sampled before or since. I could, I believe, eat anything in those days, and often did.

Three years later, at the age of twenty-six, I was discharged from the Chicago *American* for "lowering the tone of the Hearst newspapers"—I am quoting from the managing editor's note. Feeling that I had accomplished all that was possible in the West I went to New York where, almost immediately, I found employment on the *Times*. Here I was not obliged to report for duty until eleven. For the first time in my life, therefore, I enjoyed the luxury of lying in bed late in the morning. I then lived in the old Maison Favre on Seventh avenue, where Madame Favre, often in a dressing-sacque, presided in the evening over a good old-fashioned table d'hôte. Bottles of wine, furnished free with the dinner—and the dinner in those days cost seventy-five cents—studded the tables, and the conversation was coevally referred to as Bohemian. The phrase went that you could cut the smoke with a knife. It was also considered clever to remark from time to time, So this is Paris! Occasionally Lotta Faust, the famous half-back of her day, or some minor opera singer from the Metropolitan, enlivened the evening for me merely by her presence. Well, at the Maison Favre, as I have said, I lay in bed until late in the morning, and good old Annie, incongruously Irish, at a certain set hour brought up my breakfast, consisting invariably of shirred eggs, chocolate, and *croissants*. She rapped gently and deposited the tray outside my door. If I did not heed the tap immediately, ten to one Madame's little black-and-tan, Fifi, ate the breakfast for me and another had to be provided.

Petit déjeuner at the Maison Favre served to prepare me for Paris where it is the celestial tradition to sip chocolate or coffee and crunch *croissants* in bed, but, inexplicably, when I went to London, I began to enjoy English breakfasts almost at once. In the public dining-room of the hotel I ate kippers or bloaters and followed them up with a healthy helping of meat and

ggs, accompanied by orange marmalade, conserve I cannot even look at anywhere lse. And this benign adaptability is a uality I still possess; invariably, in Lonlon, I wake up in the morning with an ppetite. In a Munich *pension*, discovering he coffee and chocolate to be indifferent nd the beer heavenly, it occurred to me o sample Münchener as a breakfast beverge, and thereafter I followed this system vith regularity.

I came upon this plan in this way: Some years earlier, in Chicago, I had been ssigned to meet Sarah Bernhardt at the railway station. The actress, fresh—or weary—from a South American tour, had disembarked in New York and caught a train leaving directly for the West, where she proposed to open one of her many farewell American tours. If memory serves me right, she undertook five more. I still recall the crowd in the station, the diva's exit from her private car, all velvets and furs and carnations. Leaning on the arm of one of her comrades, she bestowed on the bystanders her alarming smile with the gums exposed, at the same time seductive and repulsive, and then tottered up the platform to clasp the hand of the engineer who had driven her safely to her destination, all this to the accompaniment of innumerable flashlight explosions. Then, entering a vehicle, Madame was borne to the Auditorium, a hotel erected in the purest Benjamin Harrison style, where I together with half-a-dozen other reporters, rejoined her. How do you like America? What is your favorite city in the United States? All the usual questions were asked and answered in the usual way. Then her manager entered, breathless. The theatre, at which she was announced to appear in a different play every night, and for two matinées, was sold out for the week. Would Madame consent to add matinées on the remaining afternoons? "But yes," was her reply. "You know my terms, so much a performance—in advance." "Splendid! We shall endeavor to make it easy for Madame. What would Madame wish to play? Some lighter piece, perhaps, on these extra days?" Sarah shrugged her shoulders. "Don't annoy me," she urged, "with business details. You know I have a repertory of fifty dramas. Announce anything you like and let me know in time to get my dresses to the theatre." During this conversation and the interviews with the reporters, Madame ate her breakfast: two poached eggs, a porterhouse steak, *pommes frites*, and two bottles of Budweiser.

I have a vague memory of having sampled Edam cheese at eight A. M. in Amsterdam some fifteen years ago, but continental breakfasts in later years have left a more enduring and a more æsthetic impression. It is pleasant to recall the breakfasts at the Villa Allegra outside of Florence, where I rose at my desire and strolled out into the garden to gaze over the balustrade towards the lovely hills, to which gnarled olive-trees, with their sage-green foliage, and funereal cypresses (I am reminded, with some amusement, that a scene-painter for Augustin Daly painted these trees a lettuce-green for a production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"), pointing heavenward, gave form and color. I listened to the bells tolling softly from invisible campanili in the city below. In the garden itself, where daphnes and oleanders and gardenias blossomed, a white peacock strutted and a monkey screamed. Presently, my morning revery was interrupted by the appearance of Vittorio, obsequious and sardonic, bearing a tray and demanding where I would have it placed. Quite alone, I sat down on a marble bench to enjoy my coffee and honey and rolls in this curious confusion of nature and artifice, so like a stage-setting for an Oscar Wilde comedy. In English and American country-houses I have since frequently experienced a similar decorative solitude. I recall, too, an amusing episode in the garden of an inn on the mountain above Heidelberg where I was forced to compete with a swarm of bees for my food, and, finally vanquished, ran laughing down the mountain-side.

III

But perhaps the most titillating breakfasts of all are those of which one partakes before going to bed, the early dawn breakfasts at Pré Catalan in the Bois where it used to be the fashion—and possibly still is; I have not been there for many years—actually to milk the cow, to the astonishment of the intoxicated customers; or the breakfasts one eats at some hole in the wall off the Place Pigalle, where one is nudged by the sleepy women of the streets sharing snacks with their *maquereaux* before officially retiring.

In New York in the days before the war, unless one modestly repaired to Childs' for butter-cakes, Jack's was the rendezvous for all the delightful people who like to stay up all night and it did as flourishing a business at six in the morning as any other successful restaurant at seven-thirty in the evening. Here newspaper men and actresses gobbled platters of scrambled eggs and Irish bacon, washed down with good beer or Scotch highballs—unless one had acquired a taste for Bushnell's Irish whisky, which has an aroma like that of apple-blossoms. The stragglers from smart East Side parties also wandered in and, as people who stay up all night form a kind of club and as no one who eats breakfast before he goes to bed objects to sharing it, everybody was very intimate and there was a good deal of visiting from table to table. It was here that Vernon Castle, then engaged in feeding Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the old Herald Square Theatre, executed amusing sleight-of-hand tricks with table-knives. It was here that Monsieur de Max glowered saturninely from a corner table, remembering, perhaps, the tribulations of Œdipus Rex.

Jack himself, grey-haired and grey-moustached, always immaculate in his evening clothes, a scarlet carnation in his buttonhole, wandered about like the host of a yachting party, while the Irish waiters exchanged pleasantries with the customers. Jack's only recently closed it doors for ever, but long ago Prohibitio and the passage of time had changed th character of the place, although the iden tical waiters, many of them, remained t the end to remind us that some things i life are stable. They became sadder eye and less spry of limb, however, and it wa a melancholy experience to observe thei faces brighten whenever some chanc brought one of the old habitués back t the tables.

Nowanights, perhaps, the most agree able places for breakfasting before retirin are the Bamville and the Vaudeville Com edy Club in the heart of ebony Harlem where the night life is more brilliant a present than that which any of us eve saw in Paris in our youth. I also highl recommend a chicken-breast or a hard boiled egg, served in a paper napkin, a an excellent stiller of the appetite whe served in a brightly illuminated basemen on Lenox avenue or upper Fifth avenue t the accompaniment of wailing saxophone and swaying brown limbs and rockin bodies.

But those others who as yet have n knowledge of the pleasures of Harlem an who still remain up all night, for the mos part eat their breakfasts festively togethe in some apartment or other, for the Eight eenth Amendment has driven Americar men and women into the home and create an interior and intimate form of socia atmosphere that did not exist ten years ag in New York when one bottle of Veuv Clicquot, or six of beer, was adequate t see a quartette well into a pleasant nigh in some corner café. When a contemporar hostess plans a party she asks her servant how many gallons of juniper juice an alcohol have been prepared; she calls u her bootlegger and orders two cases o Scotch with the current fashionable labe . . . and then she replenishes the larde with a sufficient quantity of eggs and loaves of bread to convert into omelet and toast in the morning, because no one eve goes home any more.

THE FIRST FAMILIES OF OKLAHOMA

BY STANLEY VESTAL

OKLAHOMA is like the other American States in this: that her first families came from somewhere else. Their origins were extremely various. Some have been where they now are—or nearby—since the days of Francisco Vásquez Coronado, who led his army across the buffalo plains in 1541; others have arrived within the past few decades. To appreciate their present status, it is necessary to know certain facts about the State.

All Oklahoma was once divided into two parts. These political divisions corresponded roughly with two well-marked topographical regions. Each has a different history, a different character. The East Side—old Indian Territory—is a well-watered, well-wooded region broken by hills, and contains one or two ranges of what pass for mountains on the plains. As a whole, it is a good deal like Arkansas, which it adjoins, though far richer in natural resources. It was first settled, almost a century ago, by the so-called Five Civilized Tribes (Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles)—the peoples whom Andrew Jackson drove from their ancestral homes in order to provide his constituents with free farms.

These peoples were even then familiar with the institutions of the white men, and had intermarried with them to some extent. Coming from the South, they brought their slaves with them and remained Southern in sympathy in the main, playing a part—not wholly voluntary—in the Civil War on the losing side. After the war their freed slaves were given citizenship in the Indian nations, and the blood of these freedmen is to some extent mingled with that of their former masters. Though the number of Afro-Indians is not great—rather less than five per cent at the time of statehood—it has caused the tribes least mixed to look with condescension upon the others.

The five tribes numbered rather more than one hundred thousand souls at the time of statehood (1907), and of this number less than forty per cent were fullbloods. Intermixture with the whites had gone on for a long time, and at an ever-increasing rate. Uncle Sam never could keep his citizens out of the Territory. Some of them had a legal right to be there, and brought in excellent blood, but there were always the outlaw and the border ruffian to be reckoned with. Their progeny were numerous. There is an old song, once sung in the public schools of the Territory, which illustrates the character of such men:

> Oh, what was your name in the States?
> Was it Thompson, or Johnson, or Bates?
> Did you murder your wife
> And fly for your life?
> Say, what was your name in the States?

To make matters worse, the early white children were not permitted to attend the Indian tribal schools, and so many of them grew up without any education. Even today, if one may judge by the newspapers, most of the crime heard of is committed on the East Side of the State, and generally by white men. On the other hand, practically all the local celebrities of Indian blood—United States senators, politicians, poets, athletes—come from the same region. Today the number of Indians with fair hair and blue eyes would be astonishing, if one could distinguish them

from the whites. But only race pride and the tribal rolls indicate that these people have Indian blood. Persons with a prejudice against Indians will do well to guard their tongues in Oklahoma.

So much for the East Side—old Indian Territory. The West Side—old Oklahoma Territory—has quite a different topography, history, and population. It is mainly rolling prairie and flat plain, with a range or two of high hills, known locally as mountains, and a few areas covered with black jack oak. There is timber along the streams, but on the whole it is an agricultural country, with much land fit only for grazing. At its western limit it reaches an altitude of five thousand feet, sloping up towards the Rockies in Colorado. With the exception of its oil-fields, it has not developed many mineral resources.

The West Side was once given over to the reservations of various Indian "wild" tribes, but these were thrown open one by one, and immediately filled up by land-hungry homesteaders, who came in as soon as the law allowed, or sooner. Whence the name of Sooner for an Oklahoman. These settlers were for the most part from Texas or Kansas. They were more northern than southern, and more western than either. The Texans hated the Indians, for they had been exposed to the terrors of Indian warfare for generations. The Kansans had no better reason to love them. The settlers from other parts of the country were indifferent, and inclined only to shoulder the Indian aside. These people were all pioneers of the Middle Western type, with rigid standards and iron souls, and immediately they built homes and schools and churches, and began to look with scorn upon their neighbors in the Indian Territory, where, under the Indian-Southern régime, popular education lagged behind.

The Indians on the West Side were all blanket Indians fresh from the warpath and the buffalo hunt. They knew little of the white man's ways, and desired to know no more. All they asked was to be let alone. They leased their allotments to the cattlemen and passed the time joyously, feasting when they had food, dancing, talking over the good old days. Naturally, there was little social intercourse and very little intermarriage between whites and Indians on the West Side.

Then came statehood. A benevolent Congress, disregarding the wishes of both parties to the contract, insisted upon uniting them in one State. At first the people protested, but the politicians, lured by the fleshpots of easy office, led them into agreeing. Just here the Indians of the East Side gave the pioneers of the West Side the surprise of their lives. The leaders of the Five Civilized Tribes had been jockeying with Uncle Sam and with each other for fully a century: compared to them, the white settlers were the veriest tyros at politics. The Indians had their constitutional convention at home before they came to the State constitutional convention, and at this rehearsal worked out what they wanted. As a result, they ran away with the show, and made a constitution to please themselves. They had attended a hard school, but they had learned their lesson. There are no more competent politicians in the United States.

II

In the present State of Oklahoma there are fragments of more than thirty Indian tribes. With the exception of the Comanches and Wichitas, who were there when white exploration began, very few of them had any choice about coming. There is irony in the fact that the white man concentrated them on these waste lands in order to get them out of the way. Today the waste lands form a State that is almost the richest in natural resources in the whole country.

In striking contrast to the large Indian population on the East Side, the Indians on the West Side numbered hardly fifteen thousand. They had all been brought together within a few years, and had no more in common than a ship-load of immigrants at Ellis Island. For it must be

remembered that an Indian, until he has been educated out of it—if he ever can be—never thinks of himself as a mere Indian, any more than a Frenchman thinks of himself as a mere European. No, he is Comanche, Osage, Cheyenne, or Cherokee—never simply an Indian. One glance at the linguistic map of North America, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, will explain this. Because Plains Indians have a similar culture is no reason to suppose they love one another, or can talk to one another. Plains Indians of different tribes have to talk in signs when they meet, their languages are so different, and so their ancestral grudges and animosities die hard. Indian warfare, in the old days, was an intimate, personal, family matter, not unlike a Kentucky feud. At the University of Oklahoma, where there are more than two hundred students of Indian blood, the Indian Club disintegrates and has to be reorganized every year or so, simply because its members do not feel that they have anything in common unless they belong to the same or allied tribes. I was once much amused at the blank stares with which a group of Arapaho boys greeted the remarks of an Eastern speaker, who bade them be proud of the exploits of that great athlete, Jim Thorpe. They were not at all proud, for Jim was not Arapaho, but Sac and Fox. By the time an Indian graduates from this tribal clannishness, he has graduated from all interest in his Indian origin.

Let us consider only four of the larger tribes of blanket Indians—as they recently were—on the West Side of the State, the Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahos. All of them were originally buffalo-hunters, warriors, tepee-dwellers, and to the casual eye quite indistinguishable. But in reality they had very strongly marked differences. To mistake a man of one tribe for a member of another was, and is, as great an error as to mistake a Frenchman for a German. The Comanches are a people of the same stock as the Aztecs, and near relatives of the Utes and Shoshonis. From time immemorial they have lived on the Southern plains, harrying the Mexican settlements, and—later—the Texans. They are distinguished for their easily-learned language, which became a sort of trade language on the plains. Their political organization was of the slightest, and strange to say they had no tribal "medicine," no creed or ritual. Individuals "made medicine" when it seemed advisable, but the Comanche was temperamentally a skeptic, a hard-boiled fighting man, whose chief industry was hunting buffalo and stealing Mexican horses.

Contrast the Arapaho. He was sensuous, poetic, devoutly religious, gentle and accommodating to his friends, with the most highly developed music and decorative art on the Southern plains, given to all manner of ceremonial, and having the reputation of artists generally for easy morals. His mythology was voluminous, his religious ordeals severe, his hospitality most generous. Immemorially allied with the Cheyennes, he was yet regarded by them as vastly their inferior—so much so that in old days no Cheyenne woman would marry an Arapaho man, although Cheyenne men sometimes took Arapaho women to wife. As a Cheyenne once said to me, "We then regarded the Arapaho as you white men now regard the Negro."

Then the Kiowas. Few in number and surrounded on all sides by relentless foes, they had to recruit their strength by adopting captives and carrying off the children of the settlers whom they murdered on their far-flung raids. As a result, they are much mixed with Mexican and white blood, and—if we may accept the word of so eminent an ethnologist as James Mooney—not a very reliable people. Perhaps there is a certain connection here with the fact that their legal system was more highly developed than that of the other tribes on the plains. They were careful about genealogies, kept pictographic tribal histories, and made heraldry their major form of art.

The Cheyennes were quite different. Driven out on the plains before 1800, they

developed from a peaceful farming tribe into the most dreaded warriors of the West. Headstrong, stubborn, proud, they were never docile, never inclined to obey Uncle Sam. But they were men of their word, and their women were models of domestic virtue—or promptly ceased to be at all. Though their blood is now mixed with that of other Plains tribes, they are practically all fullblood Indians, without white admixture.

Few peoples have shown so much of the real joy of battle—the classical *gaudium certaminis*. They regarded hunting—quite rightly—as hard work. But war was their sport, their delight, and they were masters at it. It was, in fact, their failure to take it quite seriously that sometimes prevented them from carrying their victories to a logical conclusion. After the destruction of Custer and his men, they should—by all the rules of civilized war—have persisted, and wiped out Reno as well. But instead they fought until they were tired or had won all the glory they cared for, and then rode back to camp (and had tea I was about to say) like so many English sporting squires. They had had their fun, so they went home to dinner. The Cheyenne warrior, in fact, thought no more of an ordinary frontier battle than we think of a round of golf. Find a genuine old-timer and talk of those battles; then watch his face light up, his eyes sparkle. Those were the days of real sport!

The Cheyennes know very well that the white man did not really conquer them; that they had succumbed simply because the buffalo had disappeared and they had nothing to eat. They know that their losses were as nothing compared to those of the army in the Cheyenne campaigns. Anyone who will take the trouble to look into their record will soon be convinced that the troops never at any time found the Cheyennes unwilling to fight, and never could catch them when they decided to adjourn a battle to fight again some other day. In attack or retreat, they were always magnificent. Yet they were not greatly elated at a victory or depressed by a defeat. The battles with the whites were not the only ones they fought; they kept up wars with other tribes year in and year out. How could they respect fighters who pursued mounted men with howitzers and a pontoon train?

It is perfectly true that all these four tribes had the same culture, but so have all Europeans. To the instructed eye a Comanche is as readily distinguishable from a Cheyenne as a Spaniard is from a Greek. Is it surprising, then, that the Cheyenne is dumfounded when he is lumped with all other Indians? All the Plains Indians, of course, do present a type at variance with, say, the Pueblos. The latter, by contrast, look urbane, soft, affable, with none of that assured manner, that arrogant self-control which marks the born fighter, the born hunter, the born shedder of blood. The old-time Plains Indian walks with the grave air of a man accustomed to carrying deadly weapons in his hands. Unlike the Pueblo, he did not depend, in the old days, upon impregnable cliffs and stone walls to protect him. His safeguard was his good right arm.

III

The old-time Plains Indian thinks the white man ill-bred, noisy, childishly impatient, with no sense of dignity or decorum. I have seen a whole camp circle of Indians electrified when the chief's son walked through with a white girl at his elbow—a shocking spectacle! No one spoke: no one moved. But no wonder they complain in the privacy of their tepees that the white men have ruined the morals and manners of their children! To walk and talk with an unmarried woman, and unchaperoned! Terrible!

A college graduate, a man born in a house, of educated parents, once confessed to me that the white man, in his opinion, had brought the Indians only one thing that was better than what they already had. I give the reader three guesses. . . . I asked what it was. "Christianity," he said.

But what he said about white Christians afterward I much prefer to leave to the imagination. On another occasion a young Cheyenne said to me: "Why do the white men laugh when they come to see our dances? When we go to a church it is all strange to us, but we do not laugh." He is still waiting for an answer. No; the Indian—least of all the blanket Indian—is not suffering from an inferiority complex. If he seems embarrassed in our presence sometimes, it is merely his shyness. But he does not feel inferior: on the contrary!

This shyness is not only congenital; it is based upon sad experience. For a century or more, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand white men who have come into contact with the Indian have had axes to grind. Something is up his sleeve: what is it? That is the only possible attitude for the fullblood to take. All the white men's relations and attitudes towards the Indian are to be explained by the character of what they want from him. The trader wanted his money, and so raised prices and extended credit like any good business man with easy money in sight. The missionary wanted his attendance at church, and got it—sometimes. The soldier wanted a fight, and got it with a vengeance! The cowboy wanted to lease his grassland for a song, and was successful in the main, though the Indian sometimes picked up a stray steer to make the odds even. The government official wanted to spin red tape and prolong his tenure of office; the adroit Indian—born politician that he was—kept him busy at the tape-mill. The general public, "Uncle Sam's boys," wanted anything that could be lifted from the Indian lands, and succeeded so well that the tribesmen have had to give up their airy tepees and move into wall tents, because all the native cedars were long since cut into fence posts, and tepee poles cannot be obtained nearer than the Rocky Mountains. There is a church in a certain little western town with a foundation of cedar logs—lifted, I was credibly informed, by Uncle Sam's boys from Indian lands to which neither Uncle Sam nor his boys had any title whatever.

All these things some white man or other is after all the time. And, if there is nothing else to covet, there is always the Indian woman. People in the East have no conception of what some of the tribes have been through: conquest, the utter shattering of their tribal religion, an arduous economic struggle, a decay of manners, an assault upon tribal morals, temptations of crippling vice, epidemics of disease, and —perhaps most crushing of all—sudden wealth. It is impossible for the American people even to imagine passing from capitalism to communism; is it reasonable, then, to ask the Indians to pass without a struggle from communism to capitalism? But the Indians have weathered the storms amazingly well, most of them.

IV

It must not be supposed that Oklahoma is filled up with people of Indian ancestry. Of the two million and more persons in the State, not more than one in twenty, perhaps, has any Indian blood, and not one in fifty is a fullblood. In fact, there are large areas in the State where an Indian is as much a nine-days-wonder as he would be in New Jersey—or, rather, there were such areas before the Osages began driving around in their Cadillacs.

For the prosperity of the State has brought in a multitude of people from everywhere, and the old pioneers, the Indians, are swamped in the flood of Babbittry. The old tolerant, helpful, help-yourself West is gone or going. Farmers have taken to running picnickers off their lands; Prohibition is enforced here and there. The qualities of the free man are being crushed down by rule and custom, to the dismay of those who knew Oklahoma in the old days. How is the Indian adapting himself to this new state of affairs?

At first glance it may seem that he will make a very good Babbitt. He is conserv-

ative, optimistic, and given to fixed rituals, and he likes to make a display of himself. He is very sensitive to ridicule, and likes to be well thought of by his fellows. He is not, as a rule, particularly intellectual, though amply intelligent. And he has begun to see the practical value of money in the bank, and the social value of a good car, a good house, good clothes. Moreover, the influenza epidemic wiped out most of the genuine old-timers during the war, and the young folk have it pretty much their own way now. Thus there are the makings of a Babbittry among them.

But on the other hand, the Indian is a very human person, a man of strong and enduring friendships, one who is not likely to put his bank account or his printed code of ethics before his family or his affections. He has the advantage of a double point of view; he can compare two cultures, and this makes for independent judgment. More, he has behind him a vast racial pride and a personal pride in the exploits of his ancestors—which were always warlike exploits, not commercial. He must, if he thinks of it at all, look upon the business man much as an English country gentleman looks upon him—as a necessary but unpleasant nuisance. And it must not be forgotten that he *does* think, and that he has had to go to school—every man of him—for the last fifty years. An illiterate Indian is hard to find—at least among the blanket Indians.

Thus the well-to-do Oklahoma Indians approach more closely the type of the English country gentleman than any other group in the United States. They have been taught to exalt personal qualities, to be lieve that character is more importan than achievement. They had a rigid cod of honor, and they have been, until latel quite indifferent to property. Like an Eng lish country gentleman, the Indian prefer a small, sure income from the lease of hi inalienable lands (entail, that amounts to to a finer home and no certain income. Hi chief interests have always been war, poli tics, and charity—to his friends or to th needy—and, of course, sport. These are pre cisely the interests of the English govern ing classes.

Now some of the tribes are becoming rich without effort, but, nevertheless, it may be the ideals of the old military caste will persist, that Babbittry will fail to enlist the red man, after all. He is sending his daughters to expensive schools in the East; his sons pass their days hunting elk and bighorn in Wyoming, playing polo and drinking champagne at twenty dollars a bottle like young lords. His record in national politics is not to be sneezed at, and his record as a soldier in the Great War was enviable, indeed.

And his women, especially those of mixed blood! Exotic types which cannot be matched elsewhere, some of them! At the fraternity dances, on the walks of the campus of the State University, one sees them—always attended, always popular, always with enthusiastic males at their elbows. Their frocks come from Paris; they have been everywhere, seen everything. Looking at them, one simply cannot believe that their sons will be Kiwanians on Main Street.

NOTES & *Queries*

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 15

Dr. Hamilton's neat and effective disposition of the ancient legend that Abraham Lincoln was illegitimate suggests that some other historian tackle the equally venerable legend that George Washington was a loose fellow and kept mulatto mistresses. Is there any truth in this last? If so, where is the evidence? I have been told that some incriminating letters are in the State archives of Maryland. But have they ever been printed?

MATTHEW BARNES, *Washington, D. C.*

QUERY NO. 16

Who wrote the once-popular song, "Everybody Works But Father"? And what are the correct words?

ERICH SIEGEL, *Penn Yann, N. Y.*

QUERY NO. 17

I have been puzzled by the surname of Senator Borah. It scarcely seems to be Anglo-Saxon. But if it is not, what is it?

W. C. MORTON, *Memphis, Tenn.*

QUERY NO. 18

Is it true that the garment known as a *Teddy bear* was so named in honor of the late President Roosevelt? It seems incredible that the women of America should be so lacking in patriotic delicacy as to involve the head of the nation in their most intimate underwear.

Donald O'Keefe, *New York*

QUERY NO. 19

Does Shaw place the accent on the first or second syllable of Bernard?

D. M., *Minn.*

QUERY NO. 20

I would like to know the significance of "Nostromo," the title of one of Joseph Conrad's books and the name of its principal character. I would like to know also whether the locution "whether or not" is good English as in "Whether or not 'Yankee' comes from an Indian dialect is still disputed."

ROBERT JACOBSON, *Atlantic, Iowa*

QUERY NO. 21

I do not understand some of Joseph Conrad's sea terms. Sometimes it is essential to know the exact meaning of them to get the sense of the story. What book or books can be had on the sea, ships, etc., that would enlighten one who has never seen a ship or the sea?

W. S., *Decatur, Ill.*

QUERY NO. 22

Will one who knows tell me if there is any significance in the fact that the amount of white space at the base of the finger-nail varies greatly in different people? I have been told that a generous supply is an indication of: (1) long life; (2) bad blood circulation; (3) an even temper; (4) consumption; (5) insanity.

M. L. R. MACCALLUM,
Buckingham, Quebec

QUERY NO. 23

Can any of your philological readers tell me the origin and first use of the following words:

Apache, signifying a Parisian gangster
Maverick, signifying an unbranded steer
Highbrow

J. K. Lammers, *Toledo, O.*

QUERY NO. 24

Would some pundit who understands the Puritanical mind answer George Moore's question: "I wonder why murder is considered less immoral than fornication in literature"?

Alvis Finch, *Detroit*

QUERY NO. 25

I desire to know what is the most authoritative book or books written concerning the military maneuvers in the recent World War. Will someone please inform me?

W. K. Ivie, *Oklahoma City*

QUERY NO. 26

Will some gentleman who is competent to give such advice prescribe the best order in which to examine the works of Thomas H. Huxley? What are the best criticisms on Huxley?

A. F., *Detroit*

QUERY NO. 27

A few years ago the *Literary Digest*, I believe it was, printed a photograph of "Le Faun" by a peasant-sculptor of France. I have been trying ever since to obtain a copy in some medium or other, even a good photograph, but have never been successful. Are there any copies for sale? If so, where?

Einzigus, *Columbus, O.*

QUERY NO. 28

I am in search of bibliographical data about W. D. Forrest, publisher of *Paragraphs*, a periodical published in Boston in 1896. Can any reader help me?

Elmer Ellsworth, Jr., *Cleveland, O.*

QUERY NO. 29

Can anyone tell me the publisher of Theo dore Dreiser's "Studies of Contemporar Celebrities"? It was listed in "Who's Wh in America" up to the 1910–11 volume since then there has been no mention of it The date of publication was given as 1900 a year before "Sister Carrie." Apparently it was made up of reprinted newspape articles.

Gustave Brenner, *Terre Haute, Ind.*

QUERY NO. 30

What is the penalty, under the Volstead Act, for taking a bottle of wine to a friend ill in hospital? Is it possible to get a permit to do it? If so, from whom? I am informed that a physician cannot prescribe a bottle of the usual size—that he is limited to a pint at a time. I think it would be a good idea to print annually a list of the congressmen who voted for so villainous a law. Such scoundrels should not be forgotten.

New Englander, *Northampton, Mass.*

QUERY NO. 31

I am trying to find out who wrote "John Brown's Body," and when. Who can help me? I am informed that the song was old at the time of the Civil War.

J. L. L. F., *Elyria, Ohio*

QUERY NO. 32

Are there any *good* elemental books on sex? I want to give one to an intelligent boy of 14, but all that I have examined seem to have been written by castrati. I want an honest one, telling the truth frankly and decently. It ought to have a good chapter on anatomy and physiology, with illustrations.

John B. Round, *Chicago*

QUERY NO. 33

What is the ground of the Catholic objection to cremation? I have asked several priests, but they seem to be very vague

about it. Is it argued that a body that has been burned cannot be reassembled at the Resurrection? If so, what is the evidence?

INQUIRER, *Atlanta, Ga.*

QUERY NO. 34

Can anyone tell me what has become of Mary MacLane, author of "The Story of Mary MacLane"? It made a great sensation when it was published in 1902. Is the author still alive?

LAWRENCE J. GRANT, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 3

The following short poem, though a bit longer than the examples quoted by R. L. O'F., seems worthy of his collection:

Men are foolish, women are vain,
Children cry; life gives me a pain.

It was printed in the column conducted by Jake Falstaff in the Akron *Times* a year or so ago.

A very short one is the greeting of a columnist on a New York paper on the occasion of a convention:

Ho
Bo!

I believe Don Marquis is the author.

C. M., *New York*

Some time since, the Drifter of the *Nation* supplied the following:

We
De-
Spise
Flies.

Let R. L. O'F. file this in his repertoire.

RANDALL O'NEILL, *Gilroy, Calif.*

Has your correspondent, R. L. O'F., ever heard of the ode written by Levi E. Bierer, of McComb, Ohio? It follows:

The Collapse of an Ancient Superstition
Hell
Fell.

Can it be beaten in the shortest poem contest?

GROVE HERBERT, *McComb, O.*

I trust that R. L. O'F.'s collection includes George Augustus Sala's epitaph on John Camden Hotten, the English publisher:

Hotten,
Rotten,
Forgotten.

There is also the "Ode on the High Mortality Among Journalists," usually credited to the late Henry Watterson:

Man's a vapor,
Full of woes;
Starts a paper;
Up he goes!

S. T. D., *Bath, Maine*

ANSWER NO. 5

The Maryland Free State got its name by acclamation. It is the last remaining stronghold of freedom in the United States. There is no State Volstead Act in Maryland, and there never will be. It would be impossible in the State to jail a radical, save by federal process. The State constitution declares in plain terms that "the doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind" and that the people have a clear right to "alter, reform or *abolish* their form of government in such manner as they may deem expedient."

MARYLANDER, *Annapolis, Md.*

ANSWER NO. 6

The Catholic Church, I believe, maintains that it saves 100% of the faithful. That is, it refuses to admit that its ministrations can *ever* fail, given obedience to its ordinances. No Protestant church, so far as I know, is so optimistic. The late Dwight L. Moody, if I am correctly informed, once estimated that 80% of the people of the United States would go to hell. That was in 1883. Since then they have obviously grown more sinful.

AGNOSTIC, *New Haven, Conn.*

ANSWER NO. 7

Regarding the vitamine content of beer I submit the following from the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, perhaps the highest American authority:

> Beer is brewed from an extract of malt to which ingredients of hops and yeast are added before the process proceeds. In the early days of the modern study of the vitamines, it was found that the beverages fermented from such worts were devoid of both the antineuritic and the antiscorbutic factor. From a recent investigation at the University of Sheffield, Southgate concludes that beer contains vitamine B independently of its yeast content but to a much less extent than that in the corresponding amount of malt used in its manufacture. On the other hand, the workers at the Lister Institute have again found a variety of English beers examined by them to be free from vitamines B and C. All students of the subject agree in the absence of vitamine A. Thus it seems that despite the varied virtues of the precursor extracts of malt, this beverage when fermented not only takes on the reputed dangers of alcohol but loses most if not actually all of the precious vitamines that malting insures.

JAMES T. BRANN, *Alexandria, Va.*

There is an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for May 9, 1925 (vol. 84, p. 1425), which states that Vitamine B is destroyed in the manufacture of beer.

D. M., *Minn.*

I am sending a bibliography that will cover your correspondent's question about the vitamine content of beer:

Harden, A., and Zilva, S. S.: *Journ. Inst. Brewing*, Vol. 24: 197 (1918).

Harden, A., and Zilva, S. S.: Investigation of Barley, Malt and Beer for Vitamines B and C, *Biochem. Journ.*, Vol. 18: 1129 (1924).

Southgate, H. W.: The Dietetic Value of Barley, Malt and Malted Liquors as Determined by Their Vitamine Content, *Biochem. Journ.*, Vol. 18: 769 (1924).

Southgate, H. W.: The Effect of Fermentation on the Water-Soluble Content of Wort, *Biochem. Journ.*, Vol. 18: 1248 (1924).

EDSON B. HECK, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 8

I seem to remember seeing General P. H Sheridan credited with the saying abou hell and Texas while he was in comman of the Department of the Southwest. Th paper publishing Sheridan's remark als gave the retort of a Texas editor, wh said, "Damn a man who don't stand u for his own country."

SAMUEL WARBASSE, *La Fayette, N. J.*

ANSWER NO. 9

I believe that *broadcasted* is quite sound Isn't there the analogy of *forecasted*? Cer tainly, "A musical programme was *broad cast*" seems clumsy and un-English.

EDITH FOWLER, *Chicago, Ill.*

There is a long discussion of *broadcasted* i Tract No. 19 of the Society for Pure Eng lish, lately issued. I wish I could repor that the three contributors agree; unfor tunately, they do not. One suggests tha *broadcasted* be reserved strictly for the pas tense. He proposes that *broadcast* be use in the past perfect, as in the present. Thu we'd have "I *broadcasted*," but "I hav *broadcast*." In the past tense *broadcast* i surely ambiguous. Suppose I say, "They *broadcast* a musical programme." Does i mean that they did or that they are doing it now?

SCHOOLMARM, *Bound Brook, N. J.*

ANSWER NO. 10

Ambrose Gwinnett Bierce, he having dropped the Gwinnett in later years, was born June 24, 1842, in Meigs County Ohio, and lived mainly at Elkhart, Ind. prior to April 19, 1861, when he enlisted in Co. C. Ninth Indiana Infantry. He re-ënlisted in this regiment August 15, 1861 when he gave his occupation as that of a printer. He received a gun-shot fracture of the skull at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain. More detailed data as to his early life should be obtainable at Pomeroy Ohio, and Elkhart, Ind.

L. D. C., *Washington, D. C.*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Lamentation, Op. 4,329

At intervals of every few weeks, there arises from among the people of the theatre an indignanto of one species or another who looses the oratorios of his wrath upon the critics of his chosen art and proposes that they one and all be thrown without further ado to the hyenas. During the season recently concluded, dramatic criticism and its more or less skilled professors were thumbed down no less than thirty different times and by umpires ranging all the way from theatre managers and producers to actors who appear on the program under "Townspeople" and impresarios of trained cockatoo acts. Not the least rococo of the various spasms was that vouchsafed the readers of the daily journals by the M. Edgarius Selwyn, who declared that all the New York critics should immediately be retired on pensions and that the present writer should be made to lecture to them daily from three to three-thirty on the fundamentals of their craft, presumably—since Mr. Selwyn made no mention otherwise—gratis. While not ungrateful for the compliment, despite the gentleman's veiled dig that my time and services are worth nothing, I am yet constrained to believe that his views on dramatic criticism as it is locally practiced wear, in part, uproarious whiskers. These views I need not rehearse in detail; they have been promulgated so frequently in the past that they are long since familiar. They concern, in brief, the valuelessness of dramatic criticism as the New York newspapers exhibit it, the personal motives that often disfigure it, the damage it often works to theatrical enterprise, and so on. That there is a considerable measure of truth in the charges Mr. Selwyn makes, I do not presume to deny. But the mistake he makes lies in denouncing as dramatic criticism something that is actually no more dramatic criticism than the newspapers' ship news is a novel by Joseph Conrad.

With a minimum of distinguished exception, what appears in the New York newspapers is not dramatic criticism at all, but an amalgam of hotel news, flirtations, genial backslappings, bread and butter letters and *quid pro quos* that calls itself dramatic criticism. True enough, this hotel news, these flirtations and backslappings and bread and butter letters and tits for tat are deceptively swathed in the externals of dramatic criticism, but the lingerie fools very few, and them only momentarily. To anyone who has familiarized himself with the inside workings of the *ars critica* on the home grounds, half the notices of plays and players which appear in the newspapers may be accurately foretold the day before and, in some instances, several months before. It is relatively easy, for example, to foretell exactly what kind of notice any one of sixteen particular young actresses or any one of eight or ten particular older actresses will get. And it is equally easy to guess in advance just how five certain playwrights will be praised or, at worst, gracefully let down, just how the productions of two specific producers will be overpraised, and just how the ax will be swung upon the necks of certain unfortunate creatures, chiefly members of the Actors' Fidelity League. As I have said, there are exceptions which are immediately recognizable, but in general the so-called critical reactions to local theatrical phenomena follow more or less the punch-clock I have hinted at. If you doubt it, write me a letter denouncing me for a

doodle, for instance, the next time Miss Laurette Taylor, Miss Winifred Lenihan, Miss Helen Gahagan, Miss Margalo Gillmore, Miss Katharine Alexander, Miss Clare Eames, Miss Peggy Wood, Miss Lynn Fontanne, Miss June Walker or any one of seven other such reviewers' pets gets a bad notice, or when Miss Margaret Anglin, Miss Ruth Chatterton, Miss Francine Larrimore, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Charlotte Walker, Madame Olga Petrova, Miss Emma Dunn, Miss Irene Fenwick or Miss Doris Keane gets a good one—in either case, whether they deserve it or not. I mention trivialities, to be sure, but straws show which way the lemonade goes. And there are many such.

Dramatic criticism, of course, is a rooster of somewhat different plumage. Mr. Selwyn's contention, however, that dramatic criticism which denounces an "Abie's Irish Rose" (which thereupon blissfully proceeds to run on for years) is *ipso facto* poor dramatic criticism is as jocose as the contention that because the same school of criticism praises "The Way of the World" (which promptly closes), it is therefore poor dramatic criticism. But here, of course, I get into a morass of platitude. The business of dramatic criticism has no more to do with the box-office than the business of sewer inspection has to do with art. The business of dramatic criticism is, very simply, with drama as an art and the moment it concerns itself with drama in any other way it ceases to be dramatic criticism and becomes either journalistic reporting or mere Rialto cheese-mongering. Now, it so happens that any critic on a New York newspaper who would insist upon considering drama purely as an art would promptly be booted into the street without further ceremony, and correctly. A daily newspaper is no more the place for such criticism than a monthly magazine, say, is the place for weather predictions and reports of fires. The reader of a daily newspaper is vastly less interested in the way "Aloma of the South Seas" differs from the "Heracles Mainomenos" of Euripides than in learning how closely the thunderstorm in Act II resembles a Belasco effect and how warm the hooch dance in Act I is. To argue that, even though this be true, it should be the duty of a newspaper to inspire the reader, through its dramatic critic, to meditations more lofty is akin to arguing that it should similarly be the duty of the newspaper to uplift itself and its readers by placing its art critic in charge of its comic strips and its music critic in charge of its cabaret news. A newspaper must have a large circulation or perish. And consideration of drama as an art interests comparatively few persons. Drama, to ninety-nine out of every one hundred newspaper readers, is simply a pastime, like baseball, pinochle, automobiling or making gin. It means not potential inspiration, reflection and beauty, but merely something to go to when there is no new Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks movie in town. And what the newspaper reader wants is simply an intelligible and preferably humorous account of its plot, of its scenery, of its relative superiority or inferiority to various current successes, of the looks of its actresses and of the way the leading man tripped over a rug on the opening night in the middle of the scene in the villa at Lake Como and landed plumb on his calypteria. The best dramatic critic for a newspaper is thus not one who is idiotic enough to criticize drama as an art, supposing him capable of doing it, but one who, appreciating the humor of his job, writes the species of dramatic criticism that is a burlesque of dramatic criticism.

It is, of course, impossible for me to say whether the burlesque dramatic criticism which appears in certain of the local gazettes is deliberate and intentional or not, but it remains that it is excellent in that it is actually this satire on dramatic criticism. To object to this burlesque of criticism, as Mr. Selwyn and other producers have objected, is a foolish business, for were the objectors successful in getting rid of it altogether they would presently find

themselves doubly embarrassed by a school of criticism that might honestly call itself dramatic criticism and that, once it got under way, would and could show them, by the very nature of it, no mercy and so would leave them with their shirt-tails hanging out. If our newspapers were given over to dramatic criticism in its real sense, nine-tenths of the theatres in New York would be converted into ten-cent dance-halls, garages and cinema-sinks within a year, assuming, of course, that people read and understood this real criticism, which they wouldn't. But they might in time, and therein would lie the danger to the producers. Under the present régime of criticism, on the other hand, the producers are better off than they know. If Mr. Selwyn's "Dancing Mothers" suffers excessively bad notices from it, his "Quarantine" profits by excessively good ones, so it is an even break for him where under a different and sounder critical régime the two plays would get equally bad notices. As a matter of fact, the New York managers and producers are lucky. Think what would happen to their Punch and Judy shows if the six leading metropolitan newspaper dramatic critics today were Dryden, Voltaire, Zola, Brunetière, Coleridge and Shaw.

When our producers make the complaint against my colleagues of the daily press that some of them, being bondholders in the Theatre Guild's playhouse, are therefore naturally prejudiced in the Guild's favor against the aforesaid producers' interests, they say what may or may not be true. When they make the further complaint that, with two actresses in line for a certain rôle, they have to take the one with the Algonquin pull, even if she isn't as good as the other, unless they wish to lay themselves open to sour notices, they also say what may or may not be true. And when they make the still further complaint that unless they worm their way into the personal favor of the reviewers by hocus-pocus of one sort or another, such as seeking advice on actors, beseeching a conference over a play manuscript, u. s. w., they will receive treatment not so kind as that vouchsafed a more proficient hocus-pocuser, they say, too, what may or may not, for aught I know, be true. But, even so, they bark up the wrong tree. They alone are responsible for the present state of affairs. They have produced the kind of plays that have given birth to the kind of play reviewing which they howl against. Criticism follows quality, as it leads lack of quality. Let our producers devote themselves to the production of sound drama and in time respectable criticism, whether anyone reads it or not, will inevitably and humbly follow. The producer of a "Dancing Mothers"—although I say it who shouldn't, after the compliment he has paid me—may have to pass out free lunches and choice cigarros to get good notices, but the producer of a "What Price Glory?" can always get notices ten times better though he hand out never so much as a three-fer and politely tell all the boys to go to hell.

II

L'Homme Poudré

The actor is, of all mortals, perhaps the most generally ridiculed. He is the butt of all manner of folk, including his fellow actors. From time immemorial he has been the seat of humor whereon the slapstick of the world has enjoyed a continuous explosion. The mocked at of men, he has been driven to seek unction to his vanity and ointment to his *amour propre* in the adulation and respect of male milliners, flappers and servant girls. He has been ever the target of drawing-room epigram and bar-room jest; he has been ever the tin can on his own tail. Why?

The reasons usually assigned for this attitude toward the actor do not entirely convince me. There have been, and there are still, actors of high talent and men of personal and professional dignity. Yet these, who have been worthy of respect, have suffered from the stigma that attaches

to their craft scarcely less than the rank and file of the bounders. The springs of this stigma have often been inquired into. It has been argued, for example, by Jules Lemaître—and, after him, by the brother of an actor, Max Beerbohm—that the prejudice against actors is less strong as regards women, and reasonably, in that when women play they compromise their dignity much less than men do, since they are, in life, actors naturally, and since gaudy clothes, gaudy manners and gaudy cosmetics are part and parcel of the charade that is their daily game. Although this is true, although the stage is, of all places, the place for women, I can't see that a man compromises his dignity in becoming an actor much more than a man compromises his dignity by becoming a poet and giving public readings of his own verses. The poet who thus postures himself before halls full of sentimental fat women is a not less ridiculous spectacle than the actor, yet no stigma attaches to him in the minds of his fellow men, although, true enough, they may permit themselves an occasional esoteric snicker at his expense. So far, too, as the actor's painting his face goes, one of the leading local orchestra conductors, two of the foremost French dramatists and one of the best Spanish dramatists, one of the leading figures in Italian letters, one of the best known of opera singers and one of the most conspicuous of modern European painters are each and all notoriously guilty of the same thing, and without the actor's legitimate reason, and yet none of these is vouchsafed the derisory hoot that greets the mummer. It is said, further, that one cannot have respect for a man who always has to go to his work up an alley, but if the actor's work is always up an alley so is the work of many sculptors and painters. The actor, it is continued, is an absurd fellow, a professional lady's man, a professional rooster, a popinjay. Well, so is one of England's greatest novelists, so is one of England's best critical intelligences and essayists, so is one of Italy's best poets, so is one of France's most skilful dramatists—and yet these are the admired and respected of cultivated men.

The actor, so runs the objection to him, is a parasite: he lives on the labor of an artist, his dramatist. But if the actor is a parasite in this respect, so, in a measure, is the dramatic critic, yet no one would think of an actor, even the best, in the same breath with, say, Shaw, even on his off-days on the *Saturday Review*. The actor, pursues the prosecution, is an idiot who thrives on the applause of other idiots. True, but the idiots who applaud him are not looked down upon by their fellow men as the latter look down upon the actor. The Poli vaudeville actor who climbs in through the window, finds his wife in the embrace of the piano-mover and demands of Gus, the orchestra leader, what he would do in such a case, being informed in turn that Gus would give the piano-mover a box of cigars, is an actor, and is ever regarded as an actor. The man who loudly applauds him from the right-hand stage box may be a President of the United States named Woodrow Wilson, who is regarded as a great statesman and savior of democracy.

These are each and all poor arguments. They do not account for the disesteem in which the actor as actor is held. But if the actor is generally disesteemed, as he is, and the usually assigned reasons do not hold water, what are the reasons? The reasons, it seems to me, are obvious. In the first place, the actor brings obloquy down upon his own head by being privately more or less ashamed of his job. The one ambition of an actor, above every other ambition, is not to be like an actor. The highest compliment one can pay a mummer is to tell him that he doesn't look like an actor, or act like one. If one were to tell the same thing to a musician or a painter, to wit, that he didn't look or act like what he pretended to be or actually was, he would feel that he had been insulted. But it is a rare actor who isn't flattered if he be told that he looks and acts like a good, all-around, every-day,

100 per cent butter and egg man. To the end that he may not seem an actor, the actor will go to the greatest extremes. He will lay aside his purple suit, white spats, yellow gloves and gardenia and dress himself with such sedulous simplicity that, in leaning backward, his get-up touches his toes. He will studiously avoid talking of the theatre; he will avoid the gathering places of actors; he will shun actors as companions. Secondly, the actor makes a laughing-stock of himself by posturing an intelligence that he hasn't got, and that, even if he had it, would be as valuable to his craft as a knowledge of the bagpipe is to a man with lockjaw. For one actor who confines himself to the subject of acting, regarding which he may be assumed to have some opinions, usually worthless, you will find a dozen who, when interviewed, seize the occasion to discuss subjects about which they know absolutely nothing and who rely faithfully on the ignorance of the interviewer to get them safely over the tough spots. Ask the average actor what he thinks about this or that concerned with acting and he will exhaust his profundity in a couple of minutes, and breathe a sigh of relief when he is through. But ask him what he thinks of the relative values of the art of Domenico Alaleona and Rachmaninoff, the multiplicity of prose meanings in Browning's "Sordello," the communistic philosophy of the Karmathians and the first 3½'s of the Spuyten Duyvil and Port Morris Railroad and he will talk himself through a box of throat lozenges. Ask a novelist, or a composer, or a sculptor, or an architect —or, for that matter, a lime and cement dealer—to talk and, once he gets through with the inevitable preliminary disquisition on ethyl alcohol, he will talk about the thing that he knows about, that is closest to his heart and that interests him most, which is to say, his trade. Ask an actor to talk and, once he gets through with the inevitable preliminary disquisition on women, he will talk about everything save that which he knows. In every generation, there are a few actors who adorn their profession by being and remaining actors. In every generation, there are a thousand more who bring it into disrepute by trying to be what they are not. The place of the actor is the stage; when he seeks to constitute himself a critic of life and art he is as absurd as Georg Brandes would be in the rôle of Charley's aunt.

There was a gipsy day when the actor was proud of being an actor and when, accordingly, his fellow men respected him for his pride, as men always respect lack of affectation and honesty in others, however humble and grotesque their lot. Then, as Moore has said, a great and drastic change came; the mummer grew ashamed of his hose and longed for a silk hat, a villa, and above all a visit from the parson. He began to patronize not too scrupulous merchants of genealogy in order to learn of possible aristocratic connections, of his possible descent from William the Conqueror or Theobald of Blois, and of his right to have his letter paper engraved with a crest including at least two bags of spears and three lions. He began to jockey for invitations to lecture at the universities, to attend Chamber of Commerce banquets, and to join so-called exclusive supper clubs. He hired himself private cars, like Charlie Schwab, and went in heavily for rare first editions, like Mr. Guggenheim. He went in, in short, for almost everything but the art of acting. For a study of diction, he substituted the joys of a pink and green Rolls-Royce; for a study of gesture, he substituted lunch at the Colony restaurant; for a study of drama, he substituted a place on one of S. Stanwood Menken's committees to make the world safe for Sinclair, Doheny and Jesus. And slowly his profession showed the results of his monkeyshines. Slowly it dropped and dropped until today we are entertained by the spectacle of a horde of incompetents who have no more claim to the title of actor than a Bowery bum has to the title of archduke. For one actor who

knows his craft, we have a score who know little more about acting than a cannibal knows about Listerine. For one actor who is a credit to his calling, we have fifty who look on that calling much in the way that a street-walker looks on a drunken gob.

And yet, though the actor runs away from being an actor, though he is ashamed of the work in which he is engaged and upon which he depends for his livelihood and his place in the sun, he makes himself further ridiculous by the paradox of rushing noisily to the rescue of his fellow actor when the latter calls to him as actor. If a dozen actors, so abysmally bad that they have caused a play to close three nights after it has opened, have ten dollars apiece still coming to them from the manager, who has had to go out and pawn his hat in order to pay off the charwoman, the dozen best actors in the country will promptly cast off all dignity and honor to their art by hurrying around to the manager, either personally or through representatives, and threatening him that they will send him to Coventry unless he promptly goes out once again and pawns his pants in order to pay their colleagues what is due them. This unionization of actors has been the last and most ludicrous straw upon the camel's back. If some poor, forgotten wop house-painter had made a botch of painting the water-closet in Lorenzo de' Medici's palace and had been packed off by Lorenzo's major-domo without pay and if thereupon Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Lorenzo di Credi, Verocchio, Correggio, Raphael, Botticelli, Filippo Lippi, Pollajuolo, Bellini, Titian, Carpaccio, Tintoretto, Veronese, Piero della Francesca, Gozzoli, Palma Vecchio, Signorelli, Lazzaro Vasari, Giorgione, Pinturicchio, Mantegna, Ferrari and Bordone had promptly sent a committee around to the palace and instructed Lorenzo that if he didn't settle with their brother at once he would forever be outlawed, a homeric horselaugh would have descended down the ages. Yet our leading actor-artists (as they like to call themselves) ask us to take them seriously as artists when a poor, deluded fellow goes down into his sock to put on a measle of his own composition called "Flesh," hires a bunch of the most outrageous, but inexpensive, hams in Christendom to play it for him, and is then told by the union representatives of these leading actor-artists that he cannot ring up his curtain unless the "rights" of the outrageous and unspeakable hams who are about to outrage the public in an unspeakably outrageous play are duly safeguarded by him. No artist worth the name can conceivably have any interest in the affairs of a hack, whether artistically, commercially, psychically or in any other way. If he is concerned with a hack's affairs and well-being, he is no artist, but simply a brother Elk. The artist not only does not care whether the hack starves to death; he hopes that he will starve to death, and the sooner the better. Trades unions are not for artists. They are, evidently, only for garment workers, hod carriers, plumbers and actors.

It is, as I have said, the misfortune of the actor who dignifies his craft to be compelled to share the derisions that have come to be attached to it through the imbecilities and pollutions practiced by those who use it as a parade ground for their ignorance, their insolence, their vainglory and their imitation Fifth Avenue clothes. There is only one union that actors should form, and that is a union of competence. But such a union, one fears, would have very few members.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Osler

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER, by Harvey Cushing. Two volumes. Oxford: *At the Clarendon Press*.

These immense and closely packed volumes, twin monuments to the astonishing diligence of the professor of surgery at Harvard, are less a critical biography of Osler the master physician than a collection of souvenirs of Osler the man. The curious enchantment that he worked upon all who had any sort of contact with him is visible on every page. He lived in the United States for less than a third of his seventy years, and when he went to Oxford, in 1905, it was with the air of one going home. Nevertheless, no other American medical man has ever left so brilliant and durable an impression upon the craft in this country, or upon the general imagination. During his sixteen years at the Johns Hopkins he was not only the first of American physicians; he was in a category all his own, and quite beyond the reach of rivalry. The fact, in the end, drove him out of the country. Patients swarmed about him, fighting for his attention. Most of them, of course, he could get rid of by this device or that: their money did not tempt him, and it was always possible to have engagements near or far. But one class of them he could not escape, and that was the class of fellow doctors. They came from the remotest parts of the United States, ill in their day like the rest of us, and eager to get the advice of the unchallenged master of their profession. This practice brought no fees; hence it could not be dodged. In the end it swamped poor Osler, and he escaped to Oxford with something of the air of a champion pugilist retiring from the ring. All he asked of life, at fifty-six, was peace. He got it for a few years, but then came a rising tide of new duties, and then the great shock of the war, and then a family calamity of the first magnitude—the death of his only son in battle. When Osler took to his bed, in 1919, he was broken by the struggle. There were hopes for his recovery, but not in his own heart. He turned his face to the wall.

Dr. Cushing, as I say, attempts no critical evaluation of the man, but contents himself with gathering and organizing the materials for it. Their collection proves anew a fact that Osler himself was a standing proof of—that even the busiest medical man can somehow find time to cultivate the humanities, and, cultivating them, to do them credit. The work is simply and admirably planned, and the selections from Osler's great mass of letters and fugitive papers are made with great skill. We see his rough boyhood in the Canadian wilds, we see the beginnings of his interest in the natural sciences, we see his herculean efforts to get a sound medical education, and we see him, scarcely twenty-one, beginning the business of teaching himself. Osler, in after life, liked to praise his teachers; he dedicated "The Principles and Practise of Medicine" to them; one of them, James Bovell, haunted him in an almost spookish manner to the end of his days. But he was, at bottom, a self-taught man, quick to doubt authority but infinitely respectful to a demonstrable fact. He got his grounding, not in lecture-halls but in the autopsy-room, laboriously anatomizing an endless procession of cadavers. And what he learned there he tested at the bedside, with actual patients before him. No man could have been less the latter-day laboratory doctor. It was

not that he underrated the laboratory; it was that he saw the enormously greater importance of quick observation and sound reasoning at the bedside. As a medical pedagogue his whole life was devoted to putting clinical medicine in first place. He believed that all medical progress would be in vain if its constant and certain product was not an adequate body of competent physicians. He respected a good country doctor, in all probability, more than he respected Virchow. The snobbery of the specialist was simply not in him.

The cure of diseases was thus his goal, but I have a suspicion that when his career is subjected to its final analysis it will turn out that this was not the art in which he shone most brightly. He was a master diagnostician first, and a healer only second. His early training had carried him in that direction; what interested him primarily was pathology, not therapeutics. There was always a touch of the nihilist in him; he was, in his more urbane way, a sort of American Skoda. No man on the medical side was ever more willing to turn treatment over to the surgeons. He had, indeed, an immense influence in that direction, particularly in the matter of appendicitis. And it was the skepticism in the first edition of his "Principles and Practise"—the frank confession, over and over again, that for this or that disease there was no known remedy—that led him into what was perhaps his greatest service to medicine. This first edition fell into the hands of a man employed by John D. Rockefeller to handle his charities. The reader, a layman, was appalled by what he read. Here was a text-book by a high authority—moreover, a charming writer, an obviously intelligent man—and its burden was that, after the diagnostician had completed his work, it commonly remained for God to do the rest. The depressing news was reduced to words of one syllable for old John D., and the net result was the founding of the Rockefeller Institute—in brief, a vast plant for discovering and perfecting remedies. Osler always took great delight in the fact, and you may be sure that its humors did not escape him. There was cynicism in him; it showed itself in his endless burlesques of medical flummery, his elaborate and often cruel practical jokes. Dr. Cushing says that in his early days in Baltimore he was cautioned by a colleague to wear a longer face: he had shocked the family of a very ill patient by leaving the sickroom humming a gay tune. Dr. Cushing reports that this gaiety was but a mask for melancholy—that Osler laughed that he might not weep. Well, maybe Skoda was moved by the same fear when, after diagnosis had led to the question of treatment, he said, "*Ach, das ist ja alles eins!*" But I doubt it.

Osler and the Johns Hopkins Medical School seem to be almost identical. His influence upon it, in truth, was immense; to this day he is a living figure in its halls, and men who studied under him belong to its aristocracy. Through it he left a permanent mark upon medical education in America. But the fact remains that it has departed widely from two of the three ideas that were most precious to him. Bedside teaching survives, almost if not quite as he established it, but the school now turns out more research men that physicians, and teaching by men in active practice is rapidly disappearing. Osler had a vast contempt for the popular consultant, but he believed firmly that medical students should be taught, whenever possible, by men who saw plenty of patients, and so understood the art and craft as well as the science of medicine. He believed, too, that the chief goal of teaching should be the training of practical physicians. The Johns Hopkins has departed from these principalia—by increasing the number of its full-time professors, and by raising its entrance requirements to such a height that few of the young men who get in will be likely, by the time they get out, to want to take up the burdens of a practicing doctor. These departures have been attacked—Osler himself attacked them—but there is no reason to conclude that

hey are evil. The Medical School, despite he capture of the university proper by Babbitts, remains where Osler and his associates put it at the start—at the very op of the heap. It has no superior, and very few peers. Perhaps Osler, in these matters, was wrong. He could afford to be wrong now and then. The thing that made him what he was was surely not infallibility. More than once he saw his most careful reasoning smashed by an inconvenient fact. It was characteristic of him that he always abandoned the reasoning instantly and embraced the fact.

Much has been written of his purely literary writings—the essays with which he beguiled the fugitive and elusive leisure of a pack-horse professional life. He was a great lover of old books, and he liked to write about them. He wrote gracefully and charmingly, but I doubt if his compositions will be long remembered. Even today, indeed, they are not much read. A considerable pedantry is in them; they smell of the lamp. The essential man is in his medical writings. His "Principles and Practise" remains his masterpiece. To find its match you must go to Huxley's "Crayfish." Into it he poured the vast knowledge of one of the most adept and penetrating diagnosticians ever heard of, and into it he put, too, all his fascination as a man. It is profound, and yet it is romantic. Even medical students read it with pleasure.

Novels Good and Bad

GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE, by Francis Hackett. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

HARVEST IN POLAND, by Geoffrey Dennis. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

REPLENISHING JESSICA, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

All of these books, each in its different way, depart from the usual pattern of the novel. "Harvest in Poland" is a bold mixture of the harshest realism and the most fantastic romance—and somehow it manages to come off. "That Nice Young Couple" is half story and half series of essays—and it is equally a success, though the story is not as good as the essays. "God's Stepchildren," at bottom, is a sociological study more than a novel—a searching and mordant treatise, often brilliant, upon the effects of racial mixtures. "Replenishing Jessica" is an attempt to isolate, not only one character, but one motive, and to show its operations in detail.

Of the four novelists, Mrs. Millin is by far the most competent. She has, in fact, a truly astonishing capacity for narrative. Her story starts to move on the very first page, and there is not a sign of slackening to the end. Nothing is unnecessary; nothing is without its appositeness and its effect. One is dragged along by it as by some external and irresistible force; it is immensely engrossing and unflaggingly readable. In brief, the story of the Rev. Andrew Flood, a missionary, and of the corruption of his blood. Flood goes out to the Cape in 1821 to convert the Hottentots, and discovers to his dismay that his Christian theology simply amuses them. They detect embarrassing discrepancies in Holy Writ; they are full of devastating criticisms of Christian ethics. Flood decides that he must attack them in some dramatic and overwhelming manner. The Hottentot damsel, Silla, is conveniently at hand. What if he should marry her? Wouldn't her fellow savages respect him and give ear to him then? Moreover, isn't she tempting otherwise, with her youthful bloom and wriggly hips? So Flood persuades a reluctant and horrified fellow missionary to join him to her by book and bell, and proceeds at once to consummate their union.

The rest of the story is the chronicle of their descendants. They have a daughter, Deborah, and in due time she succumbs extra-legally to a wandering young Boer, one Hans Kleinhans. The issue is a son, and Deborah names him simply Kleinhans: it is both his given name and his substitute for a surname. Kleinhans, growing up,

sprouts a blond beard, and decides to move over into the white race. But when he tries it at Kimberly the alert Nordics of the mines detect the imposture, and he gets a beating that cures him of his aspiration. Then he marries a half-caste girl, Lena Schmidt, alias Smith, and they have a large family. One of their children, Elmira, is very beautiful, and almost white. She is sent to school by Adam Lindsell, her father's employer, but an illness reveals her black blood, and she is turned out. Eventually Lindsell, who has no color prejudice, marries her, and they have a son, Barry. In this Barry the tragi-comedy comes to its last act. The fanaticism of old Andrew Flood, after three generations of quiescence, flares up. Barry has taken holy orders and married an Englishwoman. Now he resolves to expiate the evil of both sides of the house. "This is my vow," he says. "For my sin in begetting him I am not to see my child. And for the sorrow I share with him I am to go among my brown people to help them." It sounds melodramatic, and even maudlin. But there is surely nothing maudlin in Mrs. Millin's story. How many novels have been written around the tragedy of mixed blood! But how many of them do you remember? Here is one, I believe, that will stick longer than the others. It is an extremely artful, knowing and moving piece of work.

The charm of "Harvest in Poland" lies in the fact that it is an impossible story told in terms of the most meticulous realism. The combination, of course, is not a novelty; it has been employed to vast effect by G. K. Chesterton, to name but one. But Mr. Dennis gives it new life by widening the spread between its two parts. His hero, Emmanuel Lee, is the most dull and vulgar person imaginable—a Plymouth Brother turned Oxford snob, which is to say, in American, a Kansas Methodist turned Harvard man. And his adventures in the occult do not stop with the usual commerce with ectoplasms and poltergeists, but carry him on to sorceries of the most baleful and appalling type, with blood bubbling in cauldrons, black bat fanning the sulphurous air, and God an the devil battling for his soul. Why eithe of these Eminent Personages should wan it doesn't appear, but to Emmanuel him self the thing seems clear enough, for h is a believing Christian and trained t prayer, and so the notion that the Princi palities and Powers are acutely intereste in him is not novel to him. Suffice it t say that he is lured from his Oxford tea parties to a sinister castle in the heart o Poland, and that there a terrific battle i joined. The devil lures him into the cellar draws a phosphorescent circle around him and "in a voice that is Sin and Hell mad audible," hisses, "Kneel! Cry, 'I ador Thee, Satan!'" But God supports him an he resists. More magic follows. He resist it all. The devil, growing frantic, order out his *Landwehr*. Emmanuel sweats, shiv ers, gasps, suffers damnably. But still h resists. In the end he escapes altogether and makes his way to the chateau of hi friend, Prince Julian Lelewel, and so back to Oxford. After that, we learn, he take his degree peacefully, serves in the war t end war, and later becomes a functionary in the secretariat of the League of Nations

Various newspaper reviewers have sough to identify Emmanuel with Faust. The fact that they are distinct is plainly stated on page 336 of the book. It is much easier to see Emmanuel simply as a typical evangelical Christian—one in whom the sou struggles that shake all are thrown up for purposes of dramatic narrative, into scarlet objective form. Every Presbyterian, at some time or other in his life, is fought for by God and the devil; a great many, I fear, are won by the latter. You will find these victims at Sunday baseball games, in the cabarets and stews, in the smoke-rooms of transatlantic liners. Anon you will see them go pale suddenly, roll their eyes, tremble, and then seek to cast it off with sickly grins: the Stigmata. In the end they go to hell. . . . Mr. Dennis thus tells an old story, but it must be said for him that he gives it a great deal of new

gaudiness. His prose has a Carlylean thunder in it; he knows how to roll up gorgeous sentences. And he has humor—a quality sadly lacking in Algernon Blackwood, and other such exponents of the occult. He can laugh at his own evocation of the incubi and succubi; he can even laugh at his hero, who seems to be himself. For the rest, his view of the world is precisely that of the young Oxford gentleman he describes. Americans are uncouth bounders; Poles are barbarians, and either crazy or criminal. His characters are all too grotesque to be real, but he makes them amusing none the less. A story-teller of unusual talent, with a great deal of originality.

Mr. Hackett is primarily an essayist—one of the most diverting, indeed, ever heard of in this land—and his story, "That Nice Young Couple," is marked by many excursions into the medium he adorns. Those essays are unfailingly exhilarating. They are full of novel phrases, each packed with brilliant significance, and they are full, too, of shrewd observation and penetrating wit. Obviously, he has thought a long time about the sort of people he is dealing with—the commonplace, conventional men and women who get on in the world, and found families, and are universally respected. He sees into their stupidity and he sees into their sham. Their aspirations arouse his mirth and their frauds and dodges move him to something not unlike indignation. But he is essayist first and story-teller only second, and so he is far more persuasive when he sits down philosophically to talk about them than he is when he shows them at the actual business of their lives. I offer the scene of Eleanor Beale's seduction by Stephen Tannay as an example. It is not improbable, and yet Hackett reduces it to a series of platitudes out of—I almost said the drama of Pinero. Eleanor and Stephen make long speeches at each other; the affair becomes a sort of combat of banalities. One feels that the author is really very little interested in it—that he is eager to get through it, and so resume the pleasant job of analyzing it. Once he gets to that job, he is in excellent form instantly. There is all the old purling of phrases, the old play of devastating humor. . . . I suppose it must be called a novel that misses its goal by an inch. But what a refreshing novelty to encounter a beginning novelist who has seen something of life in this world, and thought about it to good effect, and acquired a genuinely resilient and charming English style! Only too often they come direct from college (or even prep school) to the sacred grove, and bring with them a manner of writing that suggests the state papers of the sainted Harding.

Bodenheim's novel, like its predecessors, is full of that harsh, implacable cynicism which passes for irony in Greenwich Village. His heroine, Jessica Maringold, is the daughter of a realtor worth four millions, but has taken to the free life of an artist, and maintains a studio in the Village itself. Here the author must be granted a sound piece of observation: Jessica's interest in painting, it quickly appears, is predominantly sexual. She is, in fact, an incorrigible man-chaser, though she never permits herself, of course, to acknowledge the sad fact. The first part of the story is simply a series of yieldings, some of them impromptu. Her quest is for the man who will overcome her in some romantic and elevating way, not producing a harvest of disgust the next morning. No such fellow appears, and so, concluding that what can't be made pleasant might as well be made virtuous, she marries Ted Purrel, a Babbitt, and settles down with him on Riverside drive. This marriage naturally goes to smash. Jessica soon has a whole herd of lovers and Ted consoles himself with chorus girls. In the end he gives her a beating, and she divorces him. I say in the end, but there is yet another act. As we part from her Jessica has resolved to marry a paralytic who makes a living watching umbrellas in the basement of "a huge, public art museum."

Bodenheim's trouble is that he is com-

pletely devoid of humor. Changing a few words would convert his story into a roaring burlesque. All of Jessica's fornications and adulteries are described gravely, and her parleys with her companions in iniquity are set forth at great length. Some of them, it must be said, employ novel arguments, and are sufficiently eloquent. But all of them are sticks nevertheless. There is not a moment in the book when any of the characters breathes and moves. The thing is a show of marionettes, and the philosophizing that goes with that show is simply the doctrinaire tosh that passes for profound in the Village.

Other Biographies

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF, by Jean Jacques Brousson. Philadelphia: *The J. B. Lippincott Company.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG, by M. R. Werner. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET, by John Donald Wade. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, by R. F. Dibble. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

BARE SOULS, by Gamaliel Bradford. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR, by Samuel Gompers. Two volumes. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, by Ernest Brennecke, Jr. New York: *Greenberg, Inc.*

Two of these works seem dull to me: the Gompers autobiography and the Brennecke volume on Hardy. Brennecke presents few biographical facts that are not known; his criticism, in the main, is sophomoric and without value. On page six he represents Mrs. Hardy as saying that Dreiser's "The 'Genius'" "ought to be suppressed—really!" Mrs. Hardy has since written to Dresier, denying that she ever said anything of the kind. The Gompers is windy, like old Sam himself. A vain and bombastic fellow, with certain sharp abilities under his feathers, he deserves to be studied objectively. I commend the job to Mr. Dibble, author of "John L. Sullivan," or to Mr. Werner, author of "Brigham Young."

Both books make capital reading. Mr. Werner, it seems to me, approaches Brig ham in exactly the right spirit. He is nc deluded by the theological imbecilities c the ecclesiastic, but neither is he blind t the high merits of the man. The Mormons indeed, were lucky in their first pope. H was a man of numerous and sometime almost stupendous capacities—an organ izer of high skill, a serpentine politician a shrewd trader, a mob-master of th first order. Withal there must have bee some charm in him, for women not onl married him, they also fell in love witl him. Mr. Werner makes him brilliantl real. It is an excellent piece of work, an better than the same author's "Barnum." Mr. Dibble does quite as well with th immortal John L. There is here neithe heroizing nor moralizing. We are aske neither to venerate John nor to deplor him. He is presented exactly as he was: a a salient and joyous figure in the incom parable comedy of life in America. N other country could have produced him and none other could have appreciate him. An amusing and instructive book.

Part of it was printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for July of last year. Two month later appeared one of the chapters in Brous son's "Anatole France Himself," a highl indiscreet but immensely amusing portrai of the dead master by his secretary. Ther are no less than 186 short chapters, an there is not a dull one among them. Mr Bradford's "Bare Souls" is in his familia manner, and shows all his customary skill The men he discusses are Voltaire, Thoma Gray, Horace Walpole, Cowper, Lamb Keats, Flaubert and Edward Fitzgerald He has attained to complete mastery of hi formula; in a few pages he produces a psychological portrait of unforgettabl vividness. Dr. Wade's "Longstreet" is les a biography than a picture of an era. Wha he deals with is life in Georgia in the firs half of the last century, and to the busi ness he brings a vast erudition, a searching humor, and a great boldness. The book indeed, is the best volume of history tha has come out of the South for many years

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

Clarence W. Alvord, Ph.D., *formerly professor of history in the Universities of Illinois and Minnesota, is now living in Paris.*

Joseph Auslander *is a frequent contributor of verse to the reviews and is now at work on a group of poems depicting American industrial life. He has taught English at Harvard.*

Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is professor of historical sociology at Smith College and professor of economics and sociology* ad interim *at Amherst. His books include "Sociology Before Comte," and the recently published "The New History and the Social Studies."*

Nelson Antrim Crawford *is president of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism and associate editor of the* Midland. *He is now on a year's leave of absence from his teaching duties at Kansas State Agricultural College and is Director of Information for the United States Department of Agriculture.*

Clarence Darrow *is the well-known Chicago lawyer. He has contributed to* The American Mercury *in the past.*

Robert L. Duffus *has been an editorial writer on the San Francisco* Bulletin, *the New York* Globe *and the New York* Herald.

Walter Prichard Eaton *is the well-known dramatic critic. He has written a number of books.*

Charles Fiske, B.D., D.D., S.T.D., LL.D., *is a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church and head of the diocese of Central New York. He is the author of a number of books, including "The Perils of Respectability," "The Experiment of Faith," "The Faith by Which We Live" and "The Religion of the Incarnation."*

Francis Hackett *was one of the original editors of the* New Republic. *He is an Irishman, born in Kilkenny, but came to America at seventeen. In Chicago he became literary editor of the* Evening Post. *His books include two volumes on Ireland and two of criticism, "Horizons" and "The Invisible Censor," and his recently published first novel, "That Nice Young Couple." He is now living in France.*

Mary Alden Hopkins *has had a hand in various industrial investigations. She was born in Bangor, Maine, and was educated at Wellesley College and Columbia University. In Winter she lives in New York City and in Summer on a Connecticut farm.*

Idwal Jones *was born in Wales, and after a varied career as engineer, miner, gun expert, scene builder and machinist, went to journalism. He is now on the San Francisco* Examiner. *His first novel will be published this Autumn. "San Francisco: An Elegy" is to be a chapter in a book, "The Taming of the Frontier," edited by Duncan Aikman, to be published in September.*

Waro Nakahara, Ph.D. (Cornell), *has done research work on cancer at the Rockefeller Institute. He was recently appointed associate pathologist in charge of cancer research at the Government Institute for Infectious Diseases, Tokyo Imperial University.*

Arthur Ruhl *is a newspaper man of long standing. He has been on the staffs of the New York* Evening Sun, *the New York* Tribune, *New York* Evening Post *and* Collier's.

George A. Scott *was connected with a correspondence school for five years, and held many important positions in it. For the last year and a half he has been an advertising man in Chicago.*

Carl Van Vechten *is the author of a number of books, among them, "Peter Whiffle," "The Blind Bow Boy," "The Tattooed Countess," and "Red," a collection of papers on musical subjects.*

Stanley Vestal (Walter Stanley Campbell) *has devoted much time to the study of the ethnology and history of the Plains Indians. He is now assistant professor of English at the University of Oklahoma.*

Owen P. White *has been a lawyer, a rancher and a newspaper man. He has published a history of El Paso, Texas.*

INDEX TO VOLUME V

Aikman, Duncan: Hell Along the Border . . . 17
Alvord, Clarence Walworth: Politics in the Revolution 175
Musings of an Inebriated Historian 434
Americana 35, 163, 297, 428
Army Officer, An: The Uplift Hits the Army . . 136
Arts and Sciences, The:
Aesthetics 337
Architecture 194
Diplomacy 340
Law 59, 199
Pathology 196
Perfumery 57
Sociology 458
Surgery 456
Auslander, Joseph: Steel 400
Authors, The American Mercury: 128, 256, 384, 511
Barnes, Harry Elmer: The New History 68
American Sociology in 1925 458
Burns, E. L. M.: The Cavalry of Tomorrow . . 291
Butler, Hilton: Congressional Pie 77
Cain, James M.: The Pastor 30
Check List of New Books . . . . . No. 17, xxxii
No. 18, xxviii; No. 19, xxiv; No. 20, xxiv
Chin, Yua-Ling: American Politics: A Chinese View 356
Clarage, Eleanor: Anniversary 169
Clark, Emily: Chocolate Sponge 160
Clinical Notes 95, 215, 352, 472
Crawford, Nelson Antrim: A Man of Learning . 403
Crowell, Chester T.: Mary Fisher's Philosophy . 46
Darrow, Clarence: Salesmanship 385
De Kruif, Paul: Jacques Loeb 273
Dibble, R. F.: Devil Anse 89
Dodd, William E.: Napoleon Breaks Thomas Jefferson 303
Dudek, J. B.: The Czech Language in America . 202
Duffus, Robert L.: The Legend of Roger Baldwin 408
Eaton, Walter Prichard: Barrett Wendell . . . 448
Editorial Notes . . . . . No. 17, xxvi
No. 18, xviii; No. 19, x; No. 20, xviii
Edler, William: Making a Wreck of the Veteran 257
Fergusson, Harvey: Billy the Kid 224
Fishbein, Morris: Chiropractic 24
Fiske, Charles: Bringing in the Millennium . . 393
Goldberg, Isaac: The Lower Learning 154
Grattan, C. Hartley: Thomas Bailey Aldrich . . 41
Greene, Ward: Notes for a History of the Klan . 240
Hackett, Francis: Unshapely Things 415
Hamilton, J. G. de Roulhac: The Many-Sired Lincoln 129
Hemphill, John: The Uniform Laws Craze . . . 59
Hopkins, Mary Alden: Hired Men 463
Hussey, L. M.: The Wit of the Carpenter . . . 329
Jenks, Leland H.: Principle in Foreign Policy . 340
Johnson, Gerald W.: Service in the Cotton Mills 219
The Curve of Sin 363
Jones, Idwal: San Francisco: An Elegy 477
Keeble, H. Rob.: The Grand Inquest of the County 142
Krout, John Allen: Glimpses of a Golden Age . 208
La Follette, Suzanne: The Modern Mæcenas . . 188
LeBlanc, Thomas J.: The Medicine Show . . . 232
McClure, John: The Domination of Literature . 337
McDougall, Walt: Rowdy Days on Newspaper Row 147
McFee, William: Modern Conquistadores . . . 8
Mason, Gregory: This Ain't the Waldorf . . . 61
Lemon Pie 314
Masters, Edgar Lee: More Lichee-Nut Poems . . 238
Mencken, H. L.: The Library . . 122, 250, 378, 505
Clinical Notes 95, 215, 352
Nakahara, Waro: New Facts About Cancer . . 196
Tissue Transplantation: Real and Bogus . . . 456
Nathan, George Jean: The Theatre 116, 244, 372, 499
Clinical Notes 95, 215, 352, 472
Nock, Albert Jay: A Study in Manners 82
Notes and Queries . . . . . No. 18, xxiii
No. 19, xvi; No. 20, 495
Pennypacker, Isaac R.: E Pluribus Unum . . . 343
Peets, Elbert: The Interior of the Lincoln Memorial 194
Reed, James A.: The Pestilence of Fanaticism . 1
Ruhl, Arthur: Muzzling Editors in Haiti . . . 468
Sanford, Winifred: Allie 280
Scott, George A.: Shrines of Opportunity . . . 442
Smith, Beverly Waugh: The Business-Getter . . 199
Smith, Harry B.: Music Critics 102
Tascheraud, Henri: The Art of Bumming a Meal 183
The Passenger Stiff 368
Taylor, Ellen du Pois: Dakota 320
Tetlow, Henry: The Art of the Perfumer 57
War Paint 285
Thomson, Lawrence J.: Why I Live Abroad . . 109
Tully, Jim: Bright Eyes 263
Untermeyer, Louis: Jewelry 98
Vestal, Stanley: Ballads of Kit Carson 270
The First Families of Oklahoma 489
Van Vechten, Carl: A Note on Breakfasts . . . 485
White, Owen P.: Shafter 420

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

Endowed by Mary Louise Curtis Bok

The Endowment Makes Possible
Rare Opportunities for Students of Talent

Second Year Begins Thursday, October 1, 1925

Full Courses—Practical, Theoretic, Academic—
in All Branches

THE FACULTY INCLUDES:

VOICE—Marcella Sembrich, Madame Charles Cahier, Emilio de Gogorza, Madeleine Walthèr, Horatio Connell

PIANO—Josef Hofmann, Wilhelm Bachaus, George Boyle, Wanda Landowska, David Saperton, Isabelle Vengerova

VIOLIN—Carl Flesch, Richard Hartzer, Frank Gittelson, Sascha Jacobinoff, Emanuel Zetlin

VIOLONCELLO—Felix Salmond: *VIOLA*—Louis Bailly: *HARP*—Carlos Salzedo

ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski, Thaddeus Rich

THEORY, Etc.—George A. Wedge and Staff:

COMPOSITION—Rosario Scalero

The Faculty of the Academic Department is drawn from the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton University, Bryn Mawr College, etc.

Numerous Scholarships, Full and Partial

Entrance Examinations, Week of September 21-26

For catalogue and detailed information address
William E. Walter, Executive Director

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
625 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Steinway Pianos Used

MIAMI 8%
The Concrete City

A Safe Investment Field for First Mortgage BONDS

Investigate now this seasoned investment field while 8% is prevailing, legal interest rate. Our $100 to $1000 First Mortgage Bonds are secured by income-paying business property *authoritatively* appraised at double the amount of the mortgage loan. Interest coupons payable semi-annually. Bonds underwritten and protected by Filer-Cleveland safeguards. References: *All Miami Banks.* Write for illustrated, descriptive book, "8% *and Safety.*"

THE FILER-CLEVELAND CO

1808 BEDFORD BLDG., MIAMI, FLA.

New York Chicago

Do you hold

FRENCH DOLLAR BONDS
JAPANESE DOLLAR BONDS
POLISH DOLLAR BONDS
GERMAN DOLLAR BONDS

Are you uncertain as to the advisability of investing funds in the obligations of the above Governments?

We have prepared an analysis of value on these securities.

Write for ANALYSIS "D"

GREAT NORTHERN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY, INC.

25 BROAD STREET NEW YORK

Editorial NOTES

Friends who favor THE AMERICAN MERCURY with manuscripts will do well to address them to The Editor, and not to individuals. In the latter case, especially during the time of Summer holidays, they may be subjected to annoying delays. All manuscripts properly addressed are read promptly. Those that come from volunteer contributors should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return in case they cannot be printed. THE AMERICAN MERCURY will not accept any responsibility for manuscripts not so accompanied, nor will it enter upon any correspondence about them.

The following gloss upon Mr. Pattee's article upon James Fenimore Cooper, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March last, comes from Mr. James Fenimore Cooper, of Cooperstown, N. Y., a descendant of the novelist:

> Cooper's troubles at Yale were largely due to over preparation. He was far ahead of the demands of the college, and had nothing to do but play and get into mischief. Cooper at twenty-one had seen life and many distinguished men on the frontier; he had had about four years' schooling under a brilliant Oxford scholar and man of the world, followed by three years at Yale; he had had over a year at sea, before the mast, in a merchantman and had visited many European ports, and, finally, had spent about five years as an officer in the United States Navy. He also was a great reader, especially of history. I only mention these facts as bearing on Mr. Pattee's suggestion that Cooper lacked education.
>
> Cooper's struggle with the newspapers did not arise from any criticisms of his writings by them. He sued a local paper for repeated libelous attacks on him for enforcing the provisions of a trust created by his father's will,

Continued on page xx

Within the means of all

Visitors from foreign countries invariably wonder at the number of telephones in America. "Why is it," they ask, "that nearly everybody in America has a telephone, while in Europe telephone service is found only in a limited number of offices and homes?"

First of all, telephone rates in the United States are the lowest in the world for the service given. Here, since the beginning, the best service for the greatest number of people has been the ideal. By constant improvement in efficiency and economy the Bell System has brought telephone service within the means of all. From the start, its rate policy has been to ask only enough to pay fair wages and a fair return on investment.

The American people are eager to adopt whatever is useful. They have found that Bell telephone service, comprehensive, prompt and reliable, connecting them with the people they wish to reach, is worth far more to them than the price charged for it.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Bind THE AMERICAN MERCURY!

THE May, June, July and August issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY constitute the fifth volume. They contain much that you will wish to preserve. In order that you may keep them in a convenient and permanent form, we have designed for each volume an unusually fine binding of figured Batik boards, reinforced buckram back and corners, with a paper label. The expense of the binding is $2.75, which represents exactly what the materials and work cost us.

If you wish your four numbers bound, please send them to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, notifying us that you have done so and mailing us your check or money order for $2.75.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

of which he was executor. The press of the State rushed to the aid of the defendant on the ground that Cooper was trying to rob the press of its right of free speech; in fact, he was endeavoring to curb the unlicensed personal abuse which the press of that day claimed the right to publish. Single-handed he tackled the most powerful papers in the country. He brought about fifty suits and won them all in the trial courts. One suit only was reversed on appeal. He forced Weed, Greeley, Stone and others to publish apologies and retractions and established the law of libel as it exists today. The attacks on his writings were merely a weapon resorted to by a much harassed and alarmed press in retaliation. Cooper fought for, and established, at great personal cost, a principle: that a citizen's private character is not at the mercy of a newspaper. It was one of the most important accomplishments of an active life. Nor did he thereby lose "completely the American people." He did win the vindictive hostility of a rather contemptible but united press, but he had and kept the respect and admiration of the great bulk of the best of the American people, if not of all of them.

The attacks on his "Naval History" came from friends of Commodore Perry, who had erroneously claimed for him the entire credit for the victory on Lake Erie, and, bitterly resented the publication of the truth as to Elliott's part in the fight. As most students of history know, New England has long had the habit, in histories written in and about Boston, of claiming credit for all wars won and battles fought. The battle of Lake Erie was no exception.

A recent review of James Stevens' "Paul Bunyan" inspires Mr. L. W. Beers, of St. Louis, to send in this:

The first twenty-two years of my life were spent in Northern Wisconsin and I have in my possession a picture of the Great American Hodag. This animal came into Wisconsin from Michigan in search of the Swamp Sauger that had its lair in the tamarack swamps. The battles between these beasts were witnessed by lumber jacks of those early days and related in detail. It is the Hodag that is responsible for the absence of second growth white pine in Wisconsin.

Your reviewer mentions "Lydia Pinkham" and also the cassowary in such a way that I am

Continued on page xxii

SEAMANSHIP AND A NATION OF MARINERS

FROM the far-off time when Jacques Cartier sailed his brave little boat out of grey old St. Malo harbor to find the thousand-mile St. Lawrence on the other side of the world, the men of Brittany have alway been sailors. The quickest of the little feet in sabots are always set apart to seek the sea . . . and the fairest of the little faces under the wide lace caps always grow up to wait for them.

Today, you'll find the French sailor in the steaming harbors of Indo-China—and round by Madagascar—you'll find him in blue Tahiti and lazy Martinique—in Algiers and Tunis, in the street of the mosque—you'll see him in New York and Shanghai, in Tokio and Marseilles—wherever the French flag flies over a French colony or a French ship.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique (French Line) alone has a hundred and ten ships on the seven seas, with thousands of these sturdy French seamen manning them. And in the great ship yard at St. Nazaire in Brittany, more ships are being born every year . . .

When you go to France, sail with a French crew. You'll never find better sailors. They serve with the French Line because these boats are France afloat and, by one of the quickest and easiest routes, reach the land of the Tri-color.

Walk into France at the French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another gangplank . . . then the boat train—and in three hours you're in Paris.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of the United States

Publishers
AND BUYERS OF PRINTING
Read this

Nowhere will you find better facilities for the making of large editions, books or printed matter.

Nowhere will you find large editions made better than by HADDON PRESS Craftsmen.

Nowhere will you find an executive personnel better qualified to give you complete service.

Exquisite typography, perfect plate making, the best Black and Color Printing.

Artistic bindings in cloth and leather.

Manufacturing facilities and equipment the equal of any, anywhere.

It will pay you to consider HADDON PRESS with its excellent shipping advantages, prompt deliveries and low operating costs.

A competent representative will call on request.

Haddon Press

INCORPORATED

Where Federal crosses Nineteenth Street

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

wondering whether or not he ever came in contact with the song of the lumber jacks entitled "The Little Black Bull." This song is a ballad if there ever was one; I doubt if Mr. Stevens would be able to transmute it into something softer. I have seen a saloon taken apart piece by piece to the roar of

> The little black bull came down from the mountains,
> Houston, Johnnie Houston!
> Oh, the little black bull came down from the mountains,
> A long time a-go!

The exploits of the bull are given in full detail, from the time he met "nine sleek heifers a-grazing in valley" to the day he wended his way slowly and painfully back over the mountains whence he came.

In an article by Mr. Chester T. Crowell published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March last occurred the following passage:

> Shortly after I arrived in Dallas there had been some sort of festival at the Southern Methodist University and many of the participants got drunk. Dallas laughed, and the Methodists smiled. There was a mild scandal, but no one was kicked out.

Dr. Charles C. Selecman, president of the Southern Methodist University, protests that this allegation was inaccurate. He presents a statement by Professor S. H. Moore, Secretary of the Discipline Committee, showing that one student was expelled solely for his connection with the party and that five others were expelled partly because they had attended it and partly because they had been connected with the publication of a rowdy campus paper, *The Dinky*. These students have not been readmitted to the University. In addition, a number of students were suspended for varying periods and Dr. Selecman contends that these also "were put out for the time being." He says further that the party was not held at the Southern Methodist University, but "at a pleasure resort several miles from the city [Dallas]."

IN every city in the world Melachrinos set the standard of cigarette quality.
PLAIN - CORK OR STRAW TIPS
M. MELACHRINO & CO.
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
ESTABLISHED 1879
ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO
"The one cigarette sold the world over"

BORZOI BOOKS

Complete!

THE ENTIRE NOBEL PRIZE NOVEL IS NOW AVAILABLE IN TRANSLATION

THE PEASANTS

by Ladislas Reymont

The Peasants is an epic of the soil, a vibrant panorama of all life in the town of Lipka as a background to the dominant story of Yagna, a woman fatal as Helen was, to whom love was as necessary as the breath of life. The whole action takes place in the course of one year and the volumes are named for the seasons, *Autumn*, *Winter*, *Spring* and *Summer*. The book is a vast symphony deeply and powerfully moving.

"Here is a noble book, a panorama of whole aspects of civilization. One can imagine readers, hundreds of years hence, grateful to the author for a work which enables them to re-create forgotten phases of social life better than Homer enables us to re-create Greece."—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

Four volumes, boxed, $10.00, *or* $2.50 *each*

Alfred A. Knopf

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In Canada, from The Macmillan Co.

BORZOI BOOKS

Check List of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE, 1884–1918.

Charles Scribner's Sons

$10 9¼ x 6; 546+573 pp. (Two vols.) *New York*

These letters, down to 1910, were selected and edited by Senator Lodge before his death; the work was completed by his secretary. The correspondence will be of great interest to admirers of Col. Roosevelt, but it throws strangely little new light upon the political history of the period covered.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM.

By Gustavus Myers. *Boni & Liveright*

$3 8½ x 5¾; 349 pp. *New York*

In this book the official view of American idealism is set forth with great eloquence. It is romantic stuff, and not to be taken too seriously. On the slip-cover is President Coolidge's immortal saying, "The chief ideal of the American people is idealism."

EARLY DAYS AMONG THE CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO INDIANS.

By John E. Seger. *The University of Oklahoma Press*

Free 8½ x 5¾; 91 pp. *Norman, Okla.*

The reminiscences and observations of an Ohioan who went to what is now Oklahoma soon after the Civil War, and has been in charge of an Indian school there for many years. A small but valuable contribution to frontier history. It is edited by Prof. W. S. Campbell, of the University of Oklahoma.

SINCE LENIN DIED.

By Max Eastman. *Boni & Liveright*

$1.50 7¼ x 4¾; 158 pp. *New York*

A critical history of the political intrigues which culminated in the downfall of Trotsky. It is very favorable to the latter.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By M. Dorothy George. *Alfred A. Knopf*

$6.50 9¼ x 6; 452 pp. *New York*

This extremely painstaking work is devoted chiefly to the life of the London proletariat. It is not as readable as it might be, but there is much solid substance in it, and a lot that is new. There is an excellent bibliography.

Continued on page xxvi

AMMO HELPS TO KEEP HEALTH IN THE HOME

Is your guest a "friendly enemy"?

YOUR GUEST casually remarks as she sips her tea, "My Dear, I have had a terrible siege of sickness—practically on the verge of pneumonia". And this expression is no doubt followed by a sneeze or cough—or both—to bear witness to this truth.

The incident is forgotten until the following day when your husband, your children or yourself are conscious of the symptoms of a bad cold.

Silverware and chinaware that are properly washed—purified and cleansed—always lessen the possibility of contagion. That this is a source of infection is evidenced by the following extract from a warning stressed by Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, Health Commissioner of New York: . *"Improperly washed cooking and drinking utensils may cause infection."* (NEW YORK TIMES, March 11th, 1923.)

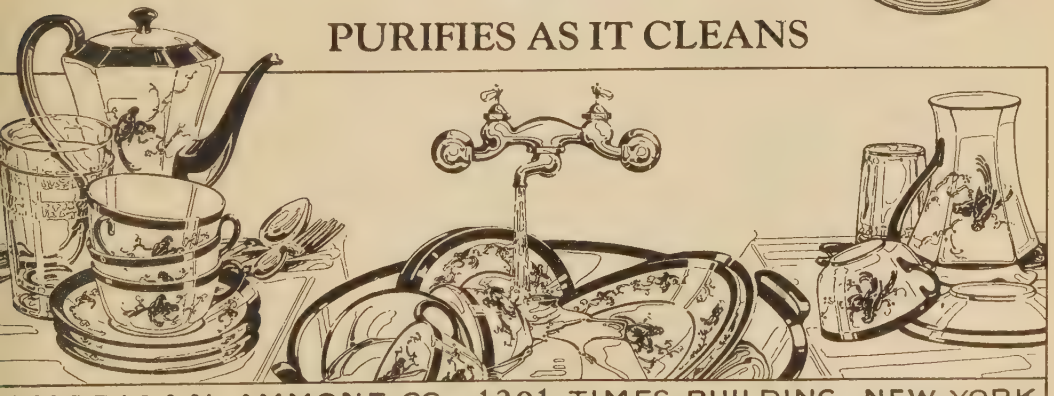
The everyday use of AMMO is essential—it purifies as it cleans. More effectively than general cleansing agents, AMMO penetrates below mere "surface cleanliness" and removes the grease film which may induce or harbor germs dangerous to the health.

Use Ammo every day for washing dishes because

The famous laboratories of the Lederle Institute rate the efficiency of Ammo at 99.999%

Ammo
AMMONIA IN POWDERED FORM
TRADE MARK

PURIFIES AS IT CLEANS



AMERICAN AMMONE CO., 1201 TIMES BUILDING NEW YORK

WHILE OUR business is *almost* exclusively with regular publishing houses, we also manufacture books for the occasional publisher or author.

In addition to the most careful workmanship throughout, the author-publisher receives, as a part of our service, the benefit of our extensive experience in planning and designing his book.

The
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

Main Office and Factory Binghamton, N. Y.
New York Office. 200 Fifth Avenue

AN EXHIBIT WORTH SEEING

THE FIFTY BOOKS OF 1925 selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts for their excellence of design and book-making will be exhibited in a nation-wide tour starting June 13th, after having been shown for a month in New York. Lovers of fine books in all parts of the country will wish to see this exhibition. We are proud of the fact that two volumes bound by H. Wolff are included: *The Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi* and *Figures of the Passion of Our Lord.*

H. WOLFF

Complete Manufacturers to Publishers Since 1893
518-526 West 26th St., New York
Telephone Chickering 8667

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

THE REIGN OF THE PIRATES.
By Archibald Hurd. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8½ x 5¼; 192 pp. *New York*

Entertaining chapters on Captain Kidd, Henry Morgan, John Plantain of Madagascar, Captain Gow of the Orkneys and other eminent pirates, including the two forgotten lady ornaments of the profession, Mary Read and Anne Bonny. There is an inadequate bibliography.

CHINA AND EUROPE. *Intellectual and Artistic Contacts in the Eighteenth Century.*
By Adolf Reichwein. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 174 pp. *New York*

A minute examination of the influence of China on the industrial, intellectual and artistic life of the Europe of the Eighteenth Century. There is a brief introductory chapter dealing with the contacts between Europe and China up to the beginning of the century. There are twenty-four plates and two diagrams. The translation from the German is by J. C. Powell. This volume is one of the series, "The History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden.

THE SALEM WITCH TRIALS.
By W. N. Gemmill. *A. C. McClurg & Company*
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 240 pp. *Chicago*

The evidence given at the trials is here put into the first person, and the more archaic expressions are modernized.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE. *The Rise of the Empire.*
By Walter Geer. *Brentano's*
$5 9 x 6; 395 pp. *New York*

A sharply realistic account of Josephine, often much at odds with the familiar legend. There are fifteen full-page illustrations.

BIOGRAPHY

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.
By George S. Hellman. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 9½ x 6¼; 355 pp. *New York*

The most complete biography of Irving so far written. It contains much new matter, and corrects many errors in previous biographies. There are sixteen full-page illustrations.

NOTES OF MY YOUTH.
By Pierre Loti. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 178 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Fragments of an early diary assembled by Loti's son, Samuel Viaud. The period covered is that of the author's early cruises as a naval officer, 1870–78. There are many lacunae.

Continued on page xxviii

THERE'S BEAUTY, TOO, BENEATH THE MASK OF DULL DRAB HAIR

"THE SECRET!"

HER mind flashed back to just a few hours ago when she had looked quizzically at the exquisite, colorful modes that had just arrived from her *Parisienne couturiere*. Clothes, *fourrures*—with all their entrancing loveliness, like her many other little elegances, they too had failed to provide that vague something she had lacked.

Then instinctively, she had turned to her cheval-glass. That intangible something? Her hair — how the sudden revelation had amazed her. She had seen it with another's eyes —it had covered her gleaming shoulders like—like a cataract of shadows.

Then the promise of her *confidante*—it had come true! She had found a new happiness—a real possession; for she had learned to well the fountain of *her own beauty*.

Now as she danced she knew instinctively that he seemed to realize this. "You look so beautiful tonight —er, radiant, like laughing gaiety."

Radiant!—The gleam of ballroom lights played about the ringlets of her soft chestnut hair until the soft rich brown tones vied with priceless bronze—burnished for the altar of beauty.

And the secret? She had removed the mask of dull drab hair with the famous product of DR. CHARLES MARCHAND, *Graduate Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufacturers de Paris.*

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

BUY a 4 oz. bottle, follow directions and see the charming result produced on a strand of your hair. Golden Hair Wash brings out the natural lighter colorings of the hair—the golden tint of girlhood or transforms dark or unattractive hair to rich tones of chestnut, auburn or lighter golden shades. And it is beneficial to the scalp, simple to apply and not affected by washing or shampooing. ***Write for booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair". Address: Charles Marchand Co., Dep't O, 220 West 42nd Street, New York.***

BORZOI BOOKS

The Blue Jade Library

A new series designed to cover the field of semi-classic, semi-curious books—books which, for one reason or another, have enjoyed great celebrity but little actual circulation. Its titles will be a perennially delightful wandering into the obscure haunts of great literature.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES

By A. Kippis

The fascinating chronicle of the life and voyages of the greatest English seaman since Drake, written by a contemporary. In a tale of strange adventures the narrator has given us an historical document of exploration and of the manners and customs of the eighteenth century.

Illustrated. $3.00

THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD

By Stendhal

The autobiography of the author of *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, written for his own amusement in order, as he said, to determine what sort of man he had been in fifty years of intense living. "It has more of the actual living Stendhal than all his books."—William Drake in *The New York Tribune*. $3.00

THE DIABOLIQUES

By Barbey D'Aurevilly

D'Aurevilly's style has been described as a mixture of "tiger's blood and honey." Passionate and bizarre, cruel but understanding, mystical and yet personal, the author lives with strange intensity in this famous volume of short stories. $2.50

MORE VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY

ALFRED A. KNOPF

730 Fifth Avenue New York

BORZOI BOOKS

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

DON JOSÉ DE SAN MARTIN, 1778–1850. *A Study of His Career.*
By Anna Schoellkopf. *Boni & Liveright*
$2 8 x 5¼; 142 pp. *New York*

A brief biography of the national hero of Peru with a preface by the Argentine ambassador at Washington. Though San Martin ranks next after Bolívar as a liberator, this seems to be the first biography of him in English.

WALTER VON MOLO. *Der Dichter und das Leben.*
By Franz Camillo Munck. *Max Koch*
M. 8 8 x 6; 227 pp. *Leipzig*

The first adequate account of a writer whose rising celebrity in his own country is certain to be followed, soon or late, by curiosity about him abroad.

MOSES MONTEFIORE.
By Paul Goodman.
The Jewish Publication Society of America
$1.25 7½ x 5; 255 pp. *Philadelphia*

A detailed and highly flattering life story of one of the most prominent English Jews of the Nineteenth Century, who took a leading part in the international Jewish affairs of his time. There are an introduction by the author and eight illustrations.

SOUTHERN PIONEERS.
By Howard W. Odum and others.
The University of North Carolina Press
$2 7½ x 5; 221 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Critical studies of Southern leaders. The men discussed are Woodrow Wilson, Walter H. Page, Charles B. Aycock, Seaman A. Knapp, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Joel Chandler Harris, Booker T. Washington and Edward Kidder Graham. There is also a chapter on a woman, Madeline McDowell Breckenridge. Most of the studies first appeared in the *Journal of Social Forces*, edited by Dr. Odum.

ROBERT E. LEE THE SOLDIER.
By Frederick Maurice *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8½ x 5½; 313 pp. *Boston*

A critical history of Lee's campaigns by the Chief of Operations of the British General Staff during the late war. A shrewd and valuable work.

BURSTING BONDS.
By William Pickens. *The Jordan & More Press*
$1.50 7½ x 4½; 222 pp. *Boston*

The autobiography of a colored man of extraordinary energy and ability. The book was first published as "The Heir of Slaves" in 1911. The author, born of poor parents in a South Carolina village, has been a professor in various colleges, and is now field

Continued on page xxx

Grand View Hotel

Lake Placid

in the Adirondacks

Open June 1st to October 1st

Accommodations for 300 guests

Thoroughly Modernized
and Fire Protected

Carefully Selected Clientele

Charmingly Situated in a Private Park
Atop the Hill
Overlooking the Lake

A. E. Coppard is a name you should not soon forget.
—N. Y. World.

Fishmonger's Fiddle

By A. E. COPPARD

When they got to the workhouse, the first thing they did was to undress Alice and put her into a hot bath. Then they put her to bed, and she never got up again. . . . Mollie was full of resentment and full of scorn:

"They said she died of a concert in her throat, but they'd no call to put an old woman into a bath—not all at once. She was too old for that sort of treachery. Wash when you can and when it's wanted, that's what I believe in. I washes up as far as I can, and the next time I washes down as far as I can, but I wouldn't be put in no bath for fifty shillings. If God in heaven meant us to drown'd ourselves in water we'd a bin made like fishes."

Always there is humor in his tragedy and pathos in his farce. The stories, too, show his vigorous versatility with an equal distinction in each variety.

To the readers of *Adam and Eve* and *Pinch Me* and *The Black Dog* there is no need of pointing out that Mr. Coppard's stories are unequalled in their quaint fantasy, poignant irony and poetic narration.

"He writes simply with beauty and often with humor, and life's little ironies often engage his attention, as in the excellent story, 'A Three-Handed Reel,' in which Destiny plays its gay little game with a man, and, weary of his struggles, kicks him into the death from which he had been so strangely snatched."—N. Y. Evening Post.

"Short stories on a hot summer's day are always acceptable. When gathered into a book, they are a convenience. And when they are by A. E. Coppard, they are insurance against listless ennui."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

At all bookstores, $2.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF **New York**

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS.
By Mary Lawton. *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8¼ x 5¼; 208 pp. *New York*

The story of Rosa Lewis, who was born in a Sussex village and became cook to King Edward VII. The work was composed for serial use in a women's magazine, and is done in a gurgly, journalistic fashion.

SINCE LEAVING HOME. *The Story of a Great Adventure.*
By Albert Wehde. *The Tremonia Publishing Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 575 pp. *Chicago*

The autobiography of a German whose wandering brought him to the United States and then took him to Central America. In 1914 he went out to the Far East to help his country in the war. On his return to the United States he was imprisoned for aiding revolutionists in India. An amusing tale, breezily written. There is a German translation, "Seit ich die Heimat verliess," published by Reimar Hobbing, Berlin.

RODA RODAS ROMAN.
By Roda Roda. *Drei Masken Verlag*
M. 9.50 8 x 5¼; 641 pp. *Munich*

The exhilarating autobiography of one of the most amusing of living German humorists. There are many excellent drawings by Andreas Szenes.

MY FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA.
By Leon Trotzky. *The American Library Service*
$1 7½ x 5; 60 pp. *New York*

Trotzky (so spelled in the book) was condemned to Siberia in November, 1906, for his part in the uprising of 1905. This is the story of his escape back to St. Petersburg, told by himself and translated from the Russian by Malcolm Campbell.

CRITICISM

THE LIFE AND POEMS OF NICHOLAS GRIMALD.
By L. R. Merrill. *The Yale University Press*
$4.50 9 x 5¾; 463 pp. *New Haven*

The first fifty-three pages deal briefly with the life and literary output of Grimald, who was one of the most distinguished English poets and dramatists of the Sixteenth Century, but who is now known to but few. In the remainder of the book two of his dramas, "The Resurrection of Christ," a tragi-comedy, and "The Archprophet," a tragedy, in the original Latin and in translation, and also some of his shorter poems, are reproduced.

Continued on page xxxii

"Biggest and best on earth."—Laurence Stallings.

THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

Compiled by BURTON E. STEVENSON

"An incredible job," *says Laurence Stallings in The New York World.* "An almost indispensable volume. Of new books it is to be acquired first." The best work of nearly 1,000 modern poets, major and minor. Uniform in format with the famous "Home Book of Verse."

SPECIAL OFFER

If you will send us this announcement, with your name and address, we will take pleasure in sending you "LIFE'S SUPREME MOMENTS," *a beautifully printed four-page descriptive brochure of this book.* THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE *is on display in all bookstores,* Price $7.50. *If you cannot obtain it, write direct to us at 19 West 44th Street, New York.*

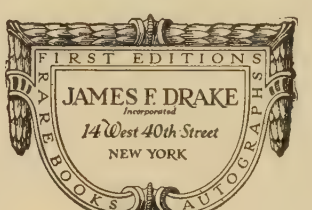
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
19 West 44th St. New York

James F. Drake

INCORPORATED

issue Catalogues of First Editions, Rare Books and Autographs which every collector will find of interest.

The shop at 14 West 40th Street is an ideal place for the booklover to browse.



AMERICAN SPEECH

A Journal Devoted to New-World English

EDITED BY

LOUISE POUND, *University of Nebraska*
KEMP MALONE, *Johns Hopkins University*
ARTHUR KENNEDY, *Stanford University*

SUCH noteworthy contributors as H. L. MENCKEN, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, A. M. ESPINOSA, OLIVER F EMERSON, MARGARET LYNN, and others.

Typical of the material to be published are:

COMMENTS ON CURRENT USAGE
PHENOMENA OF VOCABULARY
SHIFTING PRONUNCIATIONS
SPEECH IN SCHOOLS
STUDIES OF LOCAL DIALECT
DISCUSSION OF SLANG AND SLANG USAGES

BOOK REVIEWS — CORRESPONDENCE
COLUMN — NOTES and QUERIES

To be issued monthly Subscription price after publication, $4.00 a year

FIRST ISSUE SEPTEMBER 1925

Special pre-publication subscription price
$3.00

WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

The Williams & Wilkins Company
Baltimore, Maryland

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

UMAR KHAYYAM AND HIS AGE.
By Otto Rothfeld. *D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Compa*
R. 7/8 8¼ x 5¼; 89 pp. *Bombi*

An attempt to reconstruct the background of th great Persian poet. There is appended a critical ess on the Rubaiyat.

HENRY THOREAU, BACHELOR OF NATURE.
By Léon Bazalgette. *Harcourt, Brace & Compa*
$3 8¾ x 5½; 357 pp. *New Yo*

A somewhat lyrical work, not valuable as histor but shrewd as criticism and very readable. The tran lation from the French is by Van Wyck Brooks.

HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT.
By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. *E. P. Dutton & C*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 276 pp. *New Yo*

A very careful and interestingly written account the life and works of this famous Roman poet, co taining a colorful picture of the Rome of his time.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

POLITICS AND WELFARE. *A Business Study of A plied American Politics.*
By John Calvin Brown. *Brentano*
$2 7½ x 5; 299 pp. *New Yo*

A tract in favor of the Republican tariff and th other great boons nourished by that party.

THE SUBURBAN TREND.
By H. Paul Douglas. *The Century Compa*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 340 pp. *New Yo*

A statistical study of the movement out of the co gested areas of American cities, with an inquiry int the psychology of the suburbanite.

PUBLICITY. *Some of the Things It is and Is Not.*
By Ivy L. Lee. *The Industries Publishing Compa*
$1 7¼ x 5; 64 pp. *New Yo*

Mr. Lee is the press agent to John D. Rockefell and other millionaires. He contends that the ne science of "public relations" is to be differentiate from press-agentry, and that it has a code of ethi and much public usefulness.

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE LA RELATING TO TRADE-MARKS.
By Frank I. Schechter. *The Columbia University Pre*
$6 9 x 5⅞; 211 pp. *New Yo*

The law relating to trade-marks in America is sti somewhat tangled and uncertain. This is an attemp to unravel it by examining the growth of the doctri that a trade-mark is property. The dissertation is th first of a projected series of Columbia Legal Studie

Continued on page xxxiv

BORZOI BOOKS

An Outsider's Plea for a Great Novel

I ASKED ALFRED KNOPF for the privilege of writing this announcement because he, despite his enthusiasm for the book, expressed a doubt as to whether "Day of Atonement" by Louis Golding would sell. I believe it will, for the following reasons:

To write such a story of passion with such superb detachment is in itself a triumph. Add to this a theme which is its own supreme justification and a style that is the dress of literary royalty, and you have the essential elements of a masterpiece.

"Day of Atonement" has a touch of allegory in it. It is not merely coincidence that Eli, pale Russian student of the Talmud, should have confounded his teachers; or that he should have become a carpenter in English Doomington; or that he should have faced with such heart-breaking courage the inevitable results of his apostasy from the faith of Israel; or that he should have met death at last by the hand of his own race.

But the allegory is only the distillate from reality.

Eli and Leah are living, breathing children of a race made sick by twenty centuries of persecution. Their love for their own people and for each other has in it all the pride and passion of Jewish idealism, heightened and controlled by Jewish ritual, by the horrors of Russian pogrom, by the humiliating condescension of British respectability.

Are there in all literature two more sublime victories of conviction over love than Eli's clear-eyed adoption of Christian doctrine, and Leah's act of murder? And where can one find irony so bitter as in that last picture of Reuben, their son, hating both God and Christ, hearing in the sound of the rabbi's ram's horn only the pipe of Pan in the Sicilian hills?

Such a book will be read. M. H. W.

Publisher's Note:

Since the above was written, the early reviews of "Day of Atonement" have come in. Their verdict, thus far, unanimously supports M. H. W.'s opinion. The *New York Times* says: "So fundamental an idea has the savor of the universal which lifts this book, excellent in texture, design and technique, above the docile, well-groomed herd of novels which go down each year to feed insatiable oblivion." And "Day of Atonement" is *selling!* A. A. K.

DAY *of* ATONEMENT

By LOUIS GOLDING

At all bookstores *$2.50 net*

Alfred A. Knopf
Publisher
730 Fifth Avenue
New York

The American Mercury Authors

An architect, a perfumer, a United States Senator, a chemist and pharmacologist, a negro poet, a dentist, a naval officer, a tramp, a lawyer, a lumber-jack, a radio-engineer, a consular attaché, a Porto Rican, a photographer, a composer, a secretary to a Congressman, a meteorologist, a poet and critic who knows jewelry, a printer, a Chilean journalist, a ship's engineer, a librettist, newspaper men and women, physicians, surgeons, professors and instructors from all over the country, a musician and a Chatauqua lecturer!

These are a few of the writers who have contributed to The American Mercury. Every number is a symposium on American life.

Canadian Postage, 50c extra; Foreign Postage, $1.00.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York:

Please send me The American Mercury for 1 year. I enclose check or money order for $5.00.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

8-25

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

and was submitted to the Faculty of Law by a c
date for the new degree of *Juris Doctor* (J.D.). T
is an exhaustive bibliography.

THE SCIENCES

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THINGS.
By William Bragg. *Harper & Bro*
$3 7½ x 5; 232 pp. *New*

Six lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. of the clearest explanations of the fundamental na of matter ever put into English. An admirable h for the intelligent layman.

RATIONAL DIET. *An Advanced Treatise on the Question.*
By Otto Carqué. *The Times-Mirror*
$5 9¼ x 6; 540 pp. *Los An*

This book deals with the chemistry of foods their nutritive values. It is clearly written and many explanatory tables and drawings. It cont much useful stuff, but it is also packed with pseu science. The author argues against the germ theor disease and the practice of vivisection.

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.
By Floyd Henry Allport. *The Houghton Mifflin Comp*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 453 pp. *Bo*

A college text in sociology, based upon the so thesis that "there is no psychology of groups wh is not essentially and entirely a psychology of i viduals." In part it is original and in part platitu nous. There are extensive bibliographies. The aut is professor of psychology at Syracuse University

POETRY

THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE.
Edited by Burton E. Stevenson. *Henry Holt & Comp*
$7.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 1121 pp. *New Y*

This is an extension of the Home Book of Ve to which it is supplementary, and includes only poe written in English since 1900. There are more th 1400 poems, judiciously selected and well-printed. other existing anthology is so comprehensive; nev theless, there are some conspicuous absentees, amo them, Amy Lowell and Edgar Lee Masters.

HILL FRAGMENTS.
By Madeline Mason-Manheim. *Cecil Pal*
$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 59 pp. *Lon*

These poems are written in free verse. There i Whitman flavor in some of them. There are an int duction by Arthur Symons and drawings by Kah Gibran.

Continued on page xxxvi

THE LONDON MERCURY

Edited by

J. C. SQUIRE

Published: Monthly

Price: 75 cents

The Leading Review of English Literature

THE PURPOSE of THE LONDON MERCURY, since its appearance in November, 1919, has been to publish the best original work by living writers and to formulate and to apply sound critical standards. It is an indispensable medium for all, whether in America or the British Empire, who wish to keep informed of the progress of literature in our own day.

EACH NUMBER contains poetry, short stories, essays, and critical studies in modern and classic literature, as well as reviews of current books and chronicles relating to painting, architecture, music, bibliography, and typography. The contributors to its pages include practically every English writer of renown, among them:

Thomas Hardy	Robert Bridges	Max Beerbohm	G. K. Chesterton
George Saintsbury	Joseph Hergesheimer	Martin Armstrong	Aldous Huxley
Robert Graves	Sir Edmund Gosse	Joseph Conrad	George Moore
Shane Leslie	E. M. Forster	Hilaire Belloc	George Santayana
W. H. Davies	Sherwood Anderson	Edmund Blunden	Walter de la Mare
Alfred Noyes	Robert Lynd	W. B. Yeats	E. V. Lucas
Vachel Lindsay	Maurice Baring	Laurence Binyon	Siegfried Sassoon
Augustine Birrell	Osbert Burdett	Philip Guedalla	Conrad Aiken
J. B. Priestley	John Cournos	Lord Dunsany	G. Bernard Shaw
Robert Frost	Arnold Bennett	A. P. Herbert	Alice Meynell
Virginia Woolf	Robert Nichols	Maurice Hewlett	Rose Macaulay

THE LONDON MERCURY is recognised, not only as the first literary review in England, but as its most beautifully printed magazine. Text and advertisement pages are in accord with the highest standards of book production. A list of the best recent books published in England is to be found in each month's advertisements, and the announcements of the leading antiquarian booksellers.

We shall be pleased to send a Specimen Copy on application. The Annual Subscription is Nine dollars, post free, from any Newsagent, or, The Manager, THE LONDON MERCURY, Castle Court, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.4

AMERICAN AGENTS: The International News Co., 83-85 Duane Street, NEW YORK

"The Private Library for the Discriminating Few"

READ WITHOUT BUYING

Rare, Scarce, Out-of-Print Books; Limited, Privately Printed, and Subscription Editions; Reprints and Translations of Famous Classics; and Contemporary, Esoteric Items.

Members in thirty States have access to an interesting collection of unique books, largely selected by themselves, which is growing rapidly. We invite the interest of readers of discriminating tastes, who wish to avoid the heavy investment necessitated by personal ownership of such a library.

When writing for information and lists of books, kindly state occupation or profession.

Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc.
45 West 45th Street, New York City

Your boy's crucial years

are from 8 to 14. Longmeadow, a country day and boarding school, uses art, music and directed play in intensive, individualized work with this difficult age group. Small classes. *Address*

I. MANSUR BEARD
Longmeadow School, Box A, Longmeadow, Mass.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

(Catalogues upon request)

The CENTAUR BOOK SHOP

1224 Chancellor Street :: Philadelphia

Current
ENGLISH BOOKS

A carefully selected stock of modern and contemporary fiction, poetry, drama, essays and criticism

May we mail you our new list of current books? Our lists are made up from our own reading, and from a detailed study of the best in English and American criticism.

THE HOLLIDAY BOOKSHOP
10 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Telephone, Bryant 8527

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

FANTASY AND OTHER POEMS.
By Royden Burke. *Perry W*
$2.50 8¼ x 5; 43 pp. *B*

Many of the poems of this first book of verse the usual slush of the bards of Greenwich Vill but some of them have originality and are real poe

THE DRUMS OF YLE.
By J. U. Nicolson. *Pascal C*
$2 8½ x 5¾; 117 pp. *Chi*

A richly colorful romance of medieval Engla The story of the hopeless love of a baron for a peas girl with royal blood. There are illustrations by H. Reed.

QUACKERY

THE POWER OF A SYMBOL.
By Lee Alexander Stone. *Pascal Co*
$1c 9¾ x 6¼; 301 pp. *Chi*

A treatise on phallic worship, almost wholly dev of scientific authority or dignity.

THE GREATER REVELATION: *Messages from Unseen World.*
By Katharine E. von Klenner.
Siebel Publishing Corporat
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 259 pp. *New Y*

Spiritualistic balderdash. The author claims to ha received spookish messages from Nietzsche, Rosa Bo heur, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Buffalo Bill. Curiou enough, the message from Nietzsche was signed, n "Fritz," but "August."

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE, OR, BIO-PSYCH GENETICS.
By William Marcus Taylor. *Privately prin*
$2 8 x 5; 195 pp. *Nashville, Te*

A curious mixture of ill-digested physics and bi ogy, and pious transcendentalism. The author's co clusion is that "the very justice and moral worth God forbid that He shall give birth to . . . hum longings and develop them to the highest degree intensity just to disappoint them."

THE REVELATION OF MAN.
By Jutta Bell-Ranske. *Wm. S. Rhode Compa*
$3 9 x 6; 196 pp. *Reading, P*

Moony wanderings in the field between spiritualis and the New Thought.

Continued on page xxxviii

It is certainly unique that so outspoken a journal as The Nation should have survived for 60 years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, imprisoned clubbed, and expatriated as undesirable three times a week or so. The only encouragement I can offer you is that sixty has a better chance of reaching seventy than fifty of reaching sixty I have been through both myself; and I know

G. Bernard Shaw. 12/5/25.

Wouldn't you like to read the paper that is the object of such sympathy from G. B. S.? Why not subscribe for *The Nation* today?

THE NATION for a year	$5.00
Canadian	5.50
Foreign	6.00
With the AMERICAN MERCURY . .	$7.60

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street, New York

Let me see the journal which has survived so curiously. Send *The Nation* to

Name .....

Address .....

.....

AM8

WHITAKER & CO., Inc.

Sporting and General Tailors

681 Fifth Avenue
Between 53rd and 54th Sts.
NEW YORK

43 Conduit Street
LONDON, W

New Catalogue of Rare and Early Printed Books, Books from Private Presses including some First editions. Sent on request.

HARRY STONE
137 4th Ave. New York City

WE DELIVER ANYWHERE ANY BOOK REVIEWED

advertised or mentioned in this issue or any other book in print at bookstore prices. **We pay postage everywhere on all orders.** Promptest service assured. For your convenience, will send orders C.O.D. Our monthly magazine-catalogue "BOOKS OF THE MONTH" sent free on request.

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 5th Avenue Dept. A NEW YORK

EVERY PERSON SHOULD HAVE A
BOOK PLATE
SEND FOR SAMPLES AND SUGGESTIONS
COATS-OF-ARMS
PAINTED IN TRUE COLORS FOR FRAMING
PENN DE BARTHE
DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR
929 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

of every description thoroughly searched for and found expeditiously. We specialize in English editions. Imperfect sets completed. First editions supplied. Genealogies, family and town histories furnished. Sexological literature. Back numbers of all magazines supplied. *No charge for this service.* Inquiries solicited. Free literature on request.

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 Fifth Ave. Dept. A New York City
N. B.—We can supply all back issues of American Mercury and Golden Book. We also buy all back numbers of this magazine.

Books for the Collector

Foyles hold an immense stock of books (second-hand and new) on every conceivable subject, including Collecting, Art and Archæology. Also Rare Books and Sets of Authors. Send list of requirements, or mention interests. Twenty Departmental Catalogues issued; any Catalogue sent gratis and post free.

FOYLE'S BOOKLOVERS' PARADISE
121-125, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

For Safety's Sake-demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

FIRST EDITION
RARE BOOKS
THE BOOK PEDDLER
OMAHA NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
OMAHA, NEBR

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

IN OUR TIME.
By Ernest Hemingway. *The Three Mountains P*
? 19 x 6½; 30 pp. *P*

The sort of brave, bold stuff that all athei young newspaper reporters write. Jesus Christ lower case. A hanging, a carnal love, and two embowelings. Here it is set forth solemnly on Ri hand-made paper, in an edition limited to 170 cop and with the imprimatur of Ezra Pound.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.
By John Bigelow. *The New Church P*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 201 pp. *New Y*

The author, a thorough Christian, brands all pur physiological and psychological explanations of sl as heresy and offers as the only "rational notion" this phenomenon the theory that during sleep, wh was specially created for this purpose, God sends do to the virtuous divine energy which re-enforces soul in its struggle with evil. There are an histori note by Henry Van Dyke and a preface by Hora W. Dresser.

REPRINTS

CUSHING'S MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTAR PRACTICE. *Rules of Proceedings and Debate in Deli ative Assemblies.*
By Luther S. Cushing. *The David McKay Compa*
$1 6 x 3¾; 318 pp. *Philadelp*

This brief but valuable manual, first published 1845, has remained the standard work upon the su ject ever since. The present revision is by Paul Lowe.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS GEORGE SAINTSBURY, 1875–1920.
Three volumes. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$12.50 8¼ x 5¾; 433+358+383 pp. *New Y*

The best of Saintsbury, gathered from books of print and long-forgotten magazines, and select and edited by himself. The range is from the essa on the great Victorians and the studies of style papers on cookery. The three volumes are beautiful printed.

THE BEST TALES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.
Edited by Sherwin Cody. *Boni & Liveri*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 476 pp. *New Y*

Vol. 82 of the excellent Modern Library. Practical all of the more popular tales of Poe are included. T text in every case is the last approved by the auth himself, and shows his own punctuation.

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY

AS A READER of The American Mercury and because you have helped in its development you are, no doubt, interested in the progress that it has made since its beginning. When the magazine was first established in January 1924, the policy of the Editor and Publisher was clearly established. Mr. Mencken, the Editor, in his initial editorial said:

> "The Editors are committed to nothing save this: to keep to common sense as best as they can, to belabor sham as agreeably as possible, to give sensible entertainment."

And Mr. Knopf, the Publisher, said:

> "The magazine is to be built on a sane and conservative basis. It is to be as fine as possible both typographically and in format. It is to be sold on its merits alone, with none of the forced circulation methods that are sometimes used."

How successful that policy has been is shown in the circulation figures. In the first year of its existence, The American Mercury grew from 10,000 to 40,000. In the first five months of the second year it has grown to a figure over 50,000. With each month that figure is increasing. There is but one thing that has given the magazine so large a circulation in so short a time. That one thing is a genuine and spontaneous interest in what the magazine has had to say, and in the way it has been said.

You have indicated your approval of that policy. It has not changed. Nor will it change. With it goes the guarantee that the magazine will continue to be interesting. Each issue of The American Mercury is gaining more readers who recognize that it is the smart review of the day, much quoted—favorably and otherwise.

A Special Offer

For a limited period of time The American Mercury can be had with any of the magazines listed below, at a saving to the subscriber of approximately 25%.
Please note: Subscriptions at these rates can be entered only through the offices of the magazines desired.

	Price Separately	*Together*
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **The Nation**	5.00 5.00 10.00	**$7.60**
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **The Dial**	5.00 5.00 10.00	**$7.60**
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **The Century**	5.00 5.00 10.00	**$7.60**
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **The New Republic**	5.00 5.00 10.00	**$7.60**
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **Current History**	5.00 3.00 8.00	**$6.00**
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **Asia**	5.00 4.00 9.00	**$6.80**
THE AMERICAN MERCURY **Arts & Decorations**	5.00 6.00 11.00	**$7.00**

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York:

Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY and

{ The Nation, The Dial, The Century, The New Republic, Current History, Asia, Arts & Decorations } (Cross out all but magazine desired)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

If the magazine is to be sent to a foreign address, add $1.00 for magazine; if to Canada $.50

8-25

In the September number of

The American Mercury

(Ready August Twenty-fifth)

will be the following:

THE FOREST FIRE — *by Winifred Sanford*

A powerful and impressive short story by the author of "Allie," in the July issue.

THE SHADOW MAKER — *by George Sterling*

A chapter of delightful memories of Ambrose Bierce, by one of his best-loved disciples.

JASBO BROWN — *by DuBose Heyward*

A brilliant long poem by one of the South Carolina group of new poets.

AMERICAN MARRIAGE — *by Mary Austin*

Three charming sketches of Indian life by the author of "The Arrow Maker."

WHY I LIVE IN AMERICA — *by Paul Tanaquil*

A vigorous counterblast to Mr. Thomson's article, "Why I Live Abroad," in the May issue.

PICTURES IN THE PAPER — *by Walt McDougall*

The final chapter of the memories of the dean of American cartoonists.

MADE BY THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN AT
HADDON PRESS, INC., WHERE FEDERAL
CROSSES NINETEENTH, CAMDEN, N. J.

"The SWEETMEATS of KINGS"

By Appointment to

H.M. *King George V*

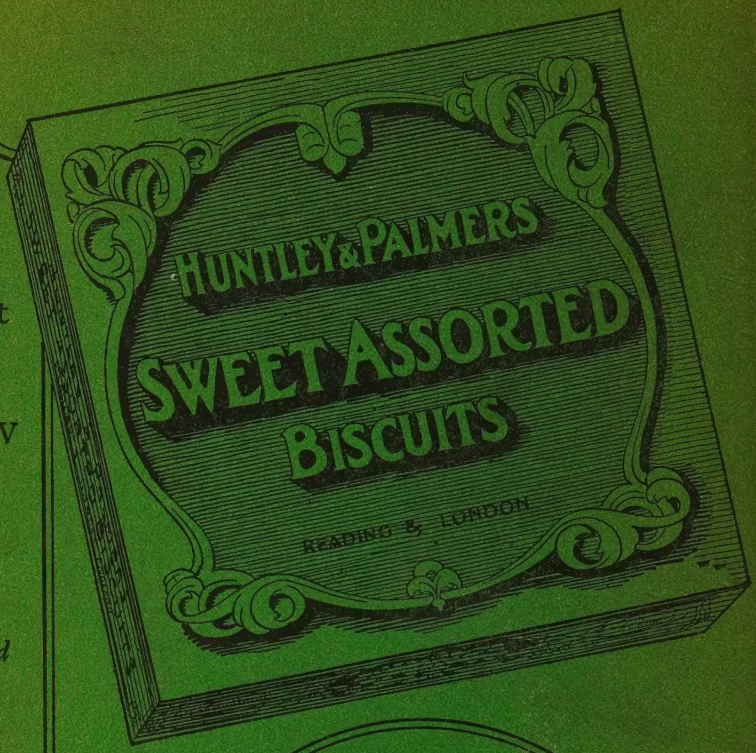
H.M. *The King of the Belgians*

H.M. *The Queen Mother of Holland*

H.M. *The King of Sweden*

The Imperial House of Japan

H.M. *The King of Italy*



Special Introductory Package

THIS is an assortment of twelve kinds of biscuits—every morsel a product of the master baker's art and so worthy of that expression, "The Sweetmeats of Kings."

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will be glad to send you a package of HUNTLEY & PALMERS Regal Assorted Biscuits for $1.35 and include, with our compliments, a liberal sample of Her Majesty's Blend Tea.

Ridgways Tea Company
Dept. A, 60 Warren Street
New York

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER